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Coronet

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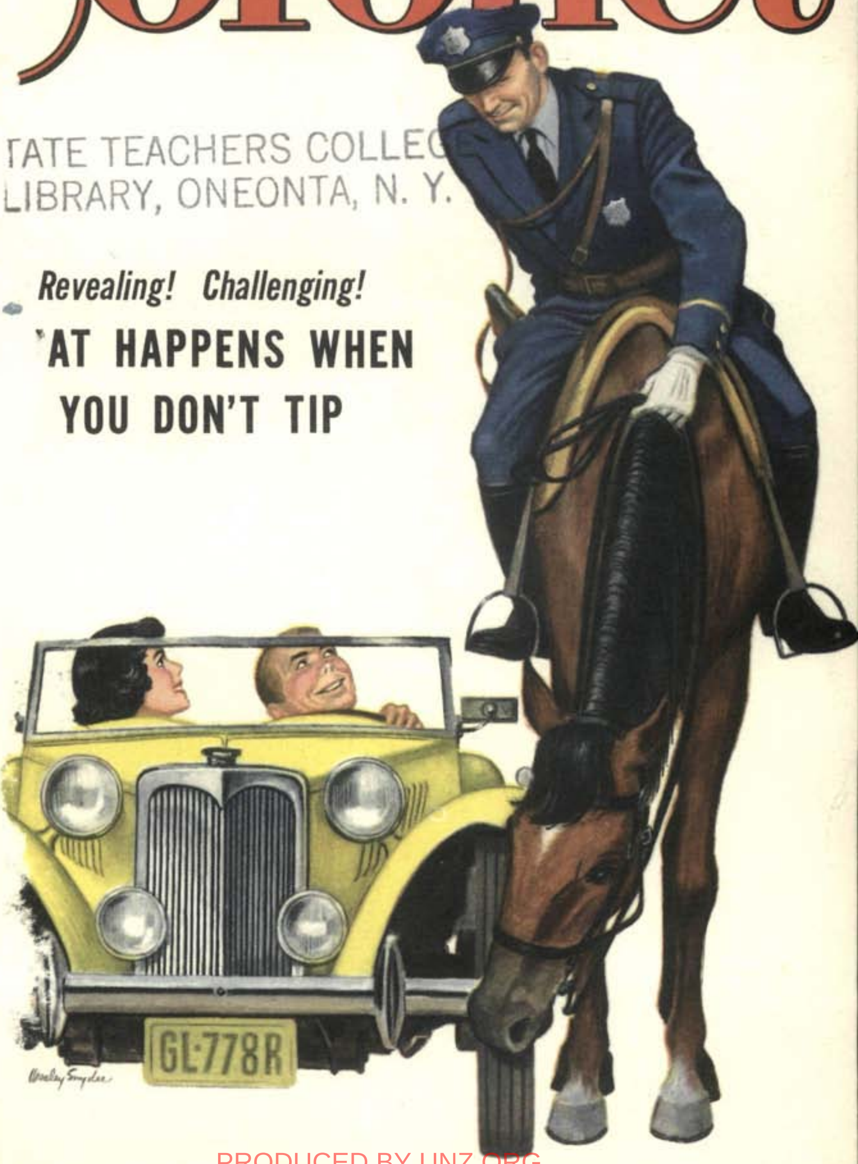
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THE MONTH'S BEST...

LeRoy (right) with Montalban

NOT INFREQUENTLY, the end of a day's shooting may find director Mervyn LeRoy alone in a projection room, viewing the "rushes" of a single scene involving some 3,000 extras at a cost of perhaps $200,000. If he is awed by his responsibility or intimidated by the staggering price of possible failure, no one has ever noticed it, least of all the studio heads who, it seems, call on LeRoy for every M-G-M super-epic. It may be that a most solid grounding in movie techniques and a list of hits from *No Place to Go* in 1928 to *Latin Lovers* in 1953 has simply endowed LeRoy with the habit of success; in any event, pictures like *Quo Vadis* (cost: $6,000,000) have established him as one of the great money-making directors in the history of the films. As Coronet's guest reviewer, he chooses as the month's best:

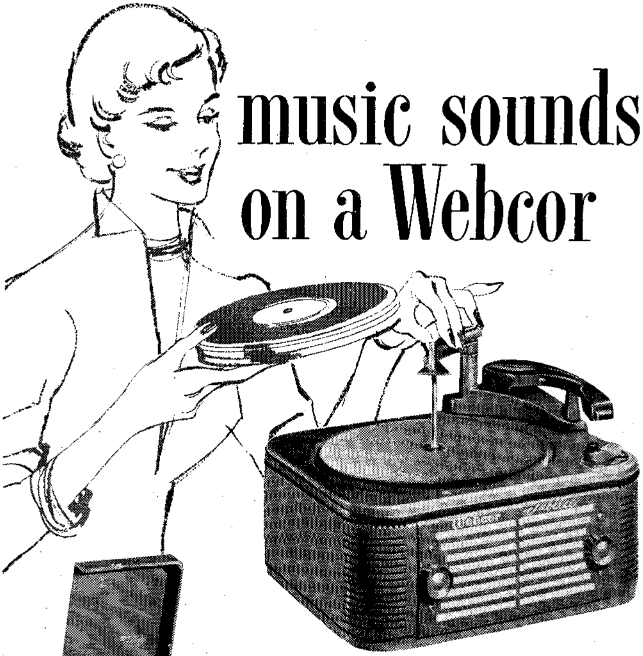
THE JUGGLER

In a sensitively conceived and beautifully enacted story of a man's loneliness and fear, Columbia has reunited producer Stanley Kramer and his star of *Champion*, Kirk Douglas. Haunted by memories of concentration camps, Douglas comes to Israel and learns to live again in a dramatic climax.

SHANE

Superb characterization and storytelling, blended with a never relenting tension, give this Paramount Western a tremendous impact. Alan Ladd is at his best as the gunfighter who throws in with homesteaders Jean Arthur and Van Heflin. Technicolor lends magic to magnificent mountain backgrounds.

music sounds better on a Webcor



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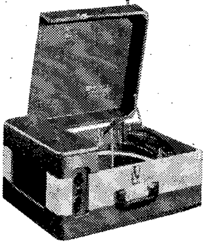

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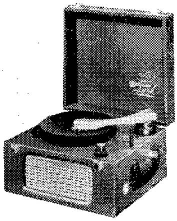

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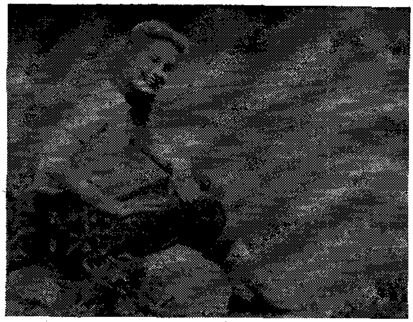
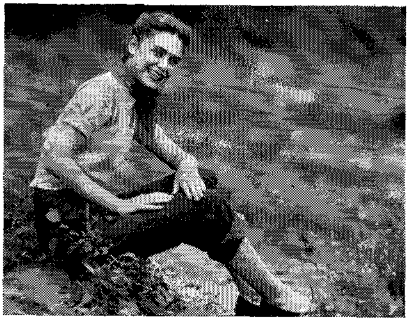
Picture Pointers

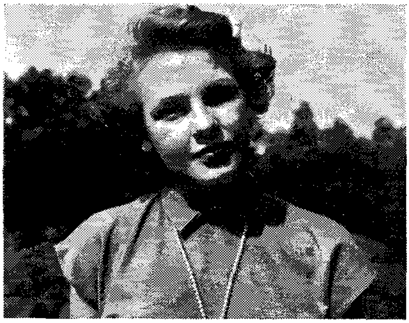
No camera, regardless of cost, is better than the individual behind the shutter. On the other hand, even the simplest camera will yield sharp, satisfying photos, if you use it correctly. Does it have a focusing adjustment? Be sure it is set for the correct distance. Is there more than one shutter speed? Choose one fast enough to "stop" the action. Are you a poor judge of light and dark? Get an exposure meter, which need not be an expensive piece of equipment. Here are some examples of picture rights and wrongs. Once mastered, these lessons will give your photos that professional touch.



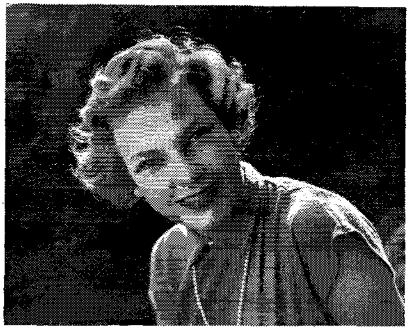
WRONG: If you don't clean your eyeglasses, the world looks hazy. If you don't clean your camera, so do your pictures.



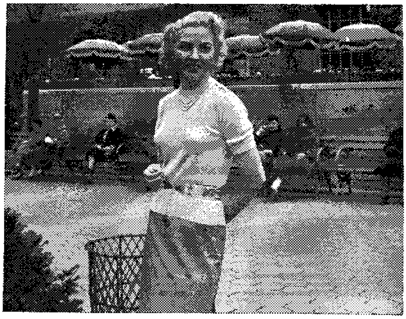
RIGHT: To make sure that your camera eye—the lens—is really clean, wipe it regularly with a special lens tissue.



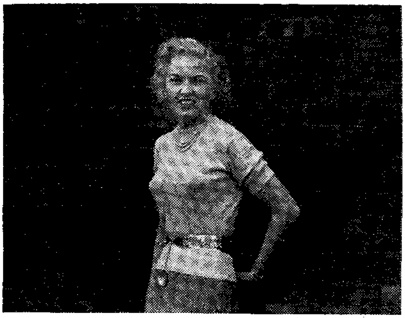
WRONG: When the sun shines directly into your subject's face, the result is a heavily shadowed photo, eyes like slits.



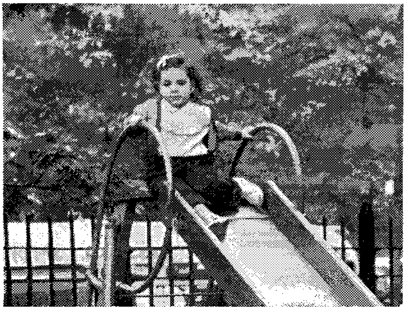
RIGHT: Put your subject in the shade with back to the sun. A newspaper used as a reflector helps to "open" shadows.



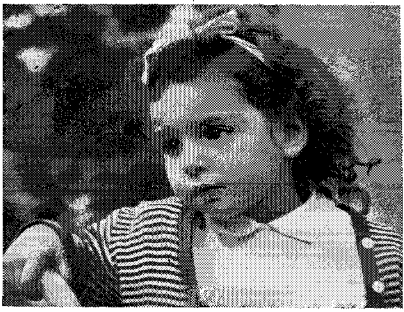
WRONG: Cluttered backgrounds or telephone poles growing out of the subject's head are obvious signs of the amateur.



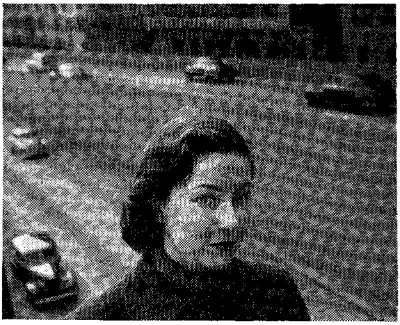
RIGHT: For photographing people, a plain background is best. Use a wall or shoot from below for a sky background.



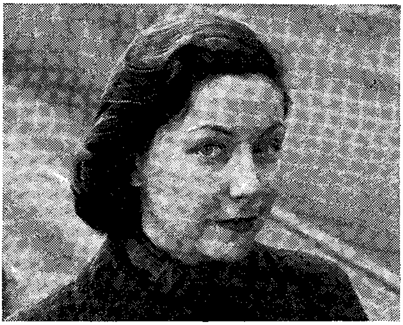
WRONG: Most of this picture is wasted. The subject is too far away, almost lost in confusing, nonessential elements.



RIGHT: Don't be afraid to move close and capture a "real-life" quality. Lens attachments enable you to make portraits.



WRONG: Everyone has seen pictures in which one part was good, the rest blurred or distracting. The remedy is simple.



RIGHT: Cut off the unwanted part and have the rest of the photo enlarged, a second chance to get good composition.

THE MUSIC MAKERS

The Five Lives of Mr. Gould

MORTON GOULD, who made a nostalgic ballet out of a gory old murder case, and who recently wrote a gravely classical concerto for tap dancer and symphony orchestra, is (as you were probably just thinking) the most unclassifiable man in the history of American music. He is not only a composer, arranger, conductor and performing pianist, but he is prone to compose, arrange, conduct and perform at a variety of musical levels, or hair-lengths. This is vaguely disquieting to people with neat minds, who like to keep their contemporaries nailed up in boxes marked "Heavyweight" (guaranteed immortal), "Middleweight" (certified semi-immortal), or "Lightweight" (to be enjoyed without worrying about it). Such people find themselves secretly wishing that Mr. Gould had been born, for the sake of orderly filing, at least five different men.

There is, to begin with, a Morton Gould who composes symphonies, concerti, and ballets in classical form but with an unmistakably American beat and flavor. This Mr. Gould is one of the most frequently performed contemporary composers, and very snugly enshrined in the standard concert repertory. Next, there is a Morton Gould who takes popular songs and packages them in sensuous and velvety arrangements intended to add to the agreeableness of life rather than to its perplexities, and this Mr. Gould is responsible for some of the most relaxed Martini-in-hand listening that is done in this country. Still another Morton Gould is a major influence in musical education—a composer of unpatronizing pieces for school orchestras which have brought sparkle to the eye and muscle to the lip of thousands of apprentice hornblowers and woodwind men. The fourth Morton Gould writes Broadway hit musicals such as "Billion Dollar Baby" and "Arms and the Girl." And finally, there was a Morton Gould who wrote that singing commercial for Cresta Blanca Wines—a progression of notes as haunting, for better or worse, as the opening chords of Beethoven's Fifth.

We called on the five Morton

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Goulds recently and found them co-existing amiably in one nice-looking man of thirty-nine with a mild voice, humorous eye, and an unpressed Donegal tweed suit. Mr. Gould, who had been laboring over a new piano concerto for Dimitri Mitropoulos, wouldn't let us get far with our apology for interrupting him. "I like to work but I love to stop," he said, closing *that* subject. We asked him how he happened to have done so much to break down the fences between "popular" and "serious" music, and he told us there wasn't anything deliberate about it. "I've always felt that music should be a normal part of the experience that surrounds people. It's not a special taste. An American composer should have something to say to a cab driver that makes sense, and it can't make sense unless it's heard. I've written for radio, movies and the theater as well as for the concert hall because those are the places where most people hear music. I grew up, like most other kids, on cowboy ballads, jazz, spirituals, carols, hot dogs, high school proms, vaudeville shows, band concerts in the park, and all the rest of it. So it was natural for me to use that musical language when I began to compose. Classics grow out of pretty common soil. Take Carl Sandburg—those wonderful poems made out of little colloquial words. Well, popular tunes and rhythms are the colloquialisms of music, and it's just plain sensible for an American composer to take them seriously. However," said Mr. Gould with sudden emphasis, "you don't want to pay too much attention to what a composer *says*. The thing to do is listen to what he does."

We took Mr. Gould's advice, got an armful of his records from Columbia, and spent the next three hours listening to all the Morton Goulds—all piled up on the phonograph in no particular order. And it seemed to us that the automatic record changer, in its blind wisdom, revealed that the diversity of Morton Gould is a pretty simple thing after all. It is the diversity of an artist who has reacted with sympathy and love to all kinds of American experience—to Main Street and Times Square, the front porch and the cocktail lounge, rhumba lessons by mail and square dancing in the school gym, the Gettysburg Address and the Lizzie Borden case, Carnegie Hall and bubble gum, and kids' space-caps with propellers on them. It all belonged, it was all about us, and it was all true.

However, as a fellow once told us, you don't want to pay too much attention to what people *say* about music; the thing is to get out and listen. Any Columbia Records dealer can get you started listening to Morton Gould, and after that we rather doubt you'll ever want to stop.

These Are My Latest

by Morton Gould

Rhapsodies for Piano and Orchestra

•

Curtain Time

•

After Dark

•

Fall River Legend—
Ballet Suite composed by Morton Gould,
conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos
with the Philharmonic-Symphony
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Morton Gould Records *Exclusively* For Columbia Records, 799 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y., originator of "Lp," the modern long playing record.

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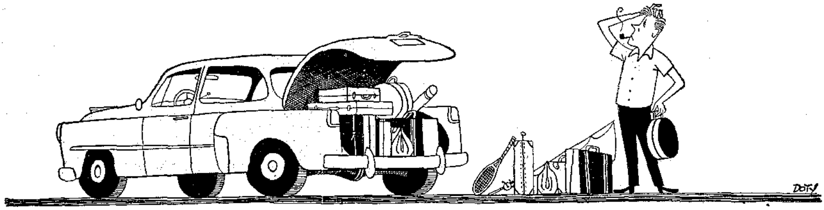
TRAVEL

PACKING FOR COMFORT



IF YOU'RE LIKE the many American families taking to the highway for your vacation this summer, your car will be your "home" for several days. A poorly packed car is as difficult to live in as a disorganized house.

1. *Make a list of all the items you have to take with you.* Not only will this insure your not forgetting anything, it will make it possible for you to plan just where you are going to put it all. You may be staggered by the amount of paraphernalia required to keep a family supplied away from home. But don't give up; you *can* get it in, and still have room for the people.

2. *Divide your items into three groups:* a) Those you will be using daily, inside the car; b) those you will use at overnight accommodations en route; and c) things you won't need until you reach your destination.

3. *Pack the inside for comfort.* All the items in the "a" list should go inside the car to save trunk rummaging. The problem is to make best use of the limited storage space, which boils down to the rear window ledge, the glove compartment, a small portion of seat, a fraction of the floor.

The glove compartment is best for the first-aid kit and a toilet kit. Clip road maps to the sun visor to give a bit more space in the glove compartment—enough for film and the camera perhaps.

The ledge can hold a surprising number of things, but don't use it for things the sun can damage—like film or crayons. Also, the ledge is no place for hard or sharp objects, which, in case of a sudden stop, can become hurtling missiles inflicting injury on the passengers.

For suits and dresses, a modern lightweight luggage called Car-Sac allows you to carry clothing without folding. Hang it in the back of the car, or lay it flat on top of other luggage in the trunk. When you get there, your clothes are unwrinkled and ready to wear.

4. *Load the trunk scientifically.* Try a trial loading first. Take out all the suitcases, *empty*, and maneuver them around to see how they fit best. After you have settled the arrangement, put all the "c" items you can in the suitcases which best fit furthest inside the trunk. Make a diagram so you will be sure to remember which piece of luggage goes where.

5. *If you need still more space, try one of these devices:*

(a) There are bound to be odd spaces left around the suitcases. Fill them up with form-fitting bundles tied in paper.

(b) If the back seat is being occupied by children only, they may actually prefer to sit on a box or suitcase, so that they can see more.

(c) A luggage carrier for the car top can be bought for about $15 and a good canvas cover for around $6.50. A luggage carrier is roomy enough for five or six suitcases—which may mean you can take along some extras to give you an even more pleasant trip.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS daytime radio drama "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

DO

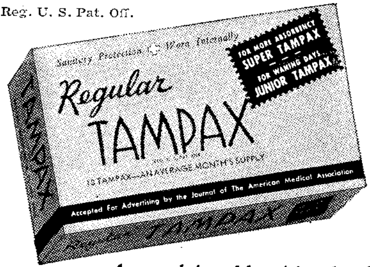
go near the water

You can go swimming wearing Tampax.* Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tampax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tampax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

A page must be between 14 and 18 and, by custom, should not tower over Congressmen.

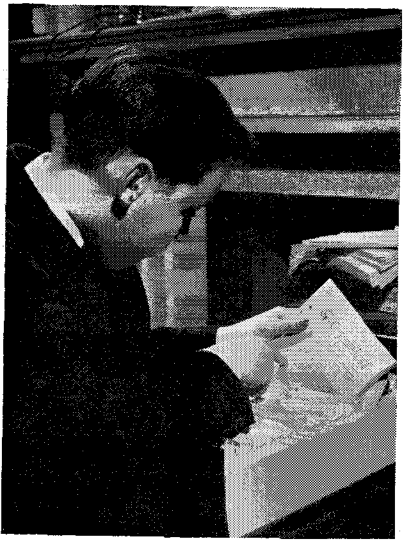
Junior Legislators

SHORTLY AFTER Andrew Jackson's inauguration in 1829, nine-year-old Grafton Dulany Hanson was appointed to be the first Capitol page boy. Young Hanson's chief duty: to see that a supply of snuff was available to lawmakers.

Since that day, the Congressional page corps has grown in size and stature, and today, despite an arduous schedule, is the most sought-after juvenile job in the land.

A special school for pages convenes at 6:15 each morning. By 9:45, the boys are at their posts, putting a copy of the *Congressional Record* and the day's Calendar on each desk. Fresh pencils, bills, documents and messages must be in the right place at the right time. Then they stand by, ready to run errands, track down information and listen tactfully to the muttered asides of Congressmen.

For this, pages are paid $285.22 a month, but their real reward is a front-row seat at the making of history. And if a page dreams of taking a seat as the representative of a sovereign state, who can blame him? More than one of his predecessors have done just that.

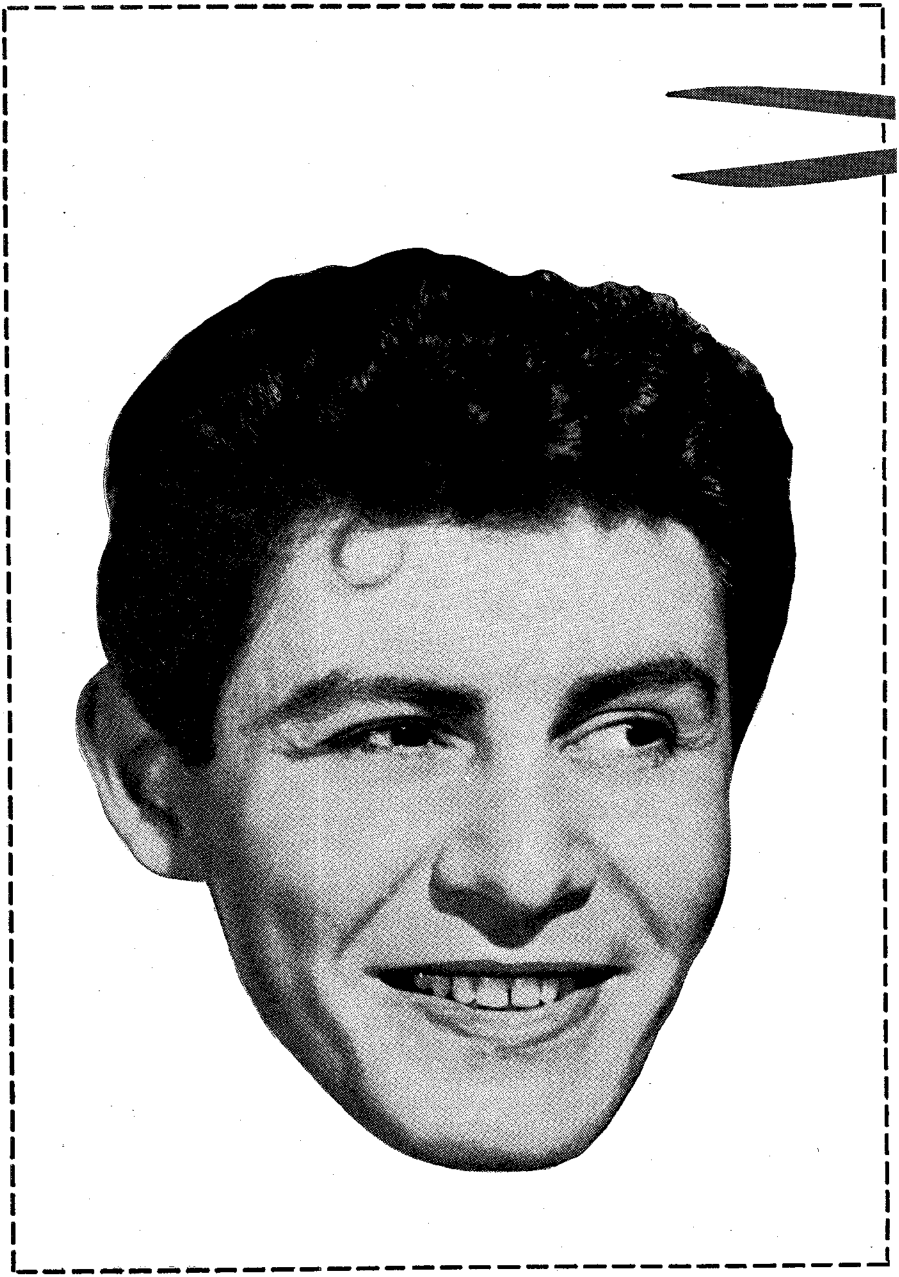


Tracking down information may take a page from the Library of Congress to old copies of the *Congressional Record.*

All cloak-room telephone calls are taken by pages. Often, they may interrupt a speech to deliver an important message.

Each of the 21 Senate pages serves a function that goes beyond the daily delivery of pads, pencils and paper clips.

In their maximum four years on the job, tact, discretion and knowledge make them an invaluable aid to lawmakers.



Something worth saving . . .

a reminder to enjoy

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The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Must America Live in Fear?

by MARY ELLEN CHASE

LAST SPRING IN Cambridge, England, I stood for half an hour in a long line of people, known to the British as a *queue* and particularly familiar in these past twelve years of rationing. I wanted to buy some sweets, or, as we say, candy; and since sweets were still rationed, I was obliged to take my turn in getting some. Once within the queue, I soon found myself, as we moved on step by step, deeply interested in those who were also "queueing up."

They represented every kind of person; university undergraduates in tattered gowns, farmers, polite children, college dons, and a generous number of the simpler sort of English housewives, clearly not too blessed either with cash or with education. Two of these women were talking together in that peculiar, slurring East Anglian speech difficult to understand.

"I often thinks as how we'll queue up forever," one said. "'Tis a weary time, an' now an' again, funnily enough, I get plain scared, I do."

"Nonsense!" said the other, shifting her heavy basket. "Whatever are you scared of? Old England's safe. She'll not fail us. She never 'as, 'as she?"

The spirit behind this remark of the faithful to the fearful is characteristic of the British spirit in general. Of this reassuring truth I have been convinced during the many months I have spent in England, both before and after World War II. Old England, in spite of what she has weathered in the past 14 years—perhaps, indeed, because of it—seems both safe and sane.

That sense of optimism and even of security in an island insecurely located meets one on every hand and from every sort of person. Perhaps it has been rooted there through many centuries of war and peace, adversity and prosperity; perhaps it lies deep within the English nature, unhurried, more casual, less tense than our own; perhaps a controlled radio and a press which is less sensational than ours ward off despondency and fear.

Or perhaps even the pastimes of the English, old and young, their delight in games, in country walks, in their yearly family departures for seaside holidays, contribute to the faith that, whatever happens, England will somehow "muddle through."

Once the American has returned home, however, the atmosphere is so different as to be frightening. The pages of even our best newspapers tend often to warn rather than to encourage. War is imminent, and, if it comes, civilization is doomed; Russia clearly cannot be dealt with on any terms; a grave depression threatens; honest men are more rare than in the days of Diogenes; the purveyors of narcotics are on every street corner; teenagers are fast becoming irreparable; our schools and colleges harbor "subversives" on their faculties, and even the high places of government are beset by spies.

Young people no longer take life seriously; spiritual values, if not nonexistent, are clearly on the wane, and our good old days as a people have gone beyond recall. Not only the press and the more excitable radio commentators, their readers and listeners, sound this doleful note, but even speakers at college commencements are given to tolling the same knell. The young are about to set forth into a world which the mistakes of other generations have made perilous and which they must reform before it is too late.

Of course, there is a measure of truth in all these dark prophecies, but the fear which such forebodings constantly generate is most certainly far more ominous than any of the wrongs which exist among us or than any disaster which may, or may not, call forth our common courage and our resources as a people. For fear cripples initiative and resolution, makes us forget the past in the apprehensions of the present, dulls the sense of adventure, questions our resiliency and strength, and renders us incapable of taking pleasure in the simple, costless satisfactions of daily life.

THOREAU, who was one of our greatest Americans, said truly in his Journal for 1851, *Nothing is so much to be feared as fear;* and he said it in another dark period of history when division threatened our Union. But we survived that crisis as we had survived others from our beginnings as a people.

A good antidote to those anxieties which seem at present to be making cowards of many of us is to review our history: our first settlements on a forbidding coast; our faith in religion and culture nobly shown in our early founding of churches, schools and colleges; our struggle for freedom and independence against what seemed to be overpowering odds; the pushing of our frontiers westward against seemingly insuperable hardships; our reception and steady amalgamation during the past 150 years of millions of foreign immigrants; our perhaps slow but sure and even compassionate concern for the general welfare of all our citizens of every race, creed and color.

These achievements were accomplished in spite of those lapses, mistakes and stupidities of which all nations as well as all individuals are sometimes guilty. Why not think of them with pride in our past and cling steadfastly to the confidence that we shall be able not only to emulate them but even to better them in our future?

I was myself granted another antidote against the sinister inroads of fear when last autumn I traveled by train from Massachusetts to California. Gazing from my window, I realized anew what the courage of average men and women had done in the making of a country. Those great farms of Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, with their black, fertile soil, their herds of cattle, their windmills and spacious red barns, were not there 100 years ago; the deserts of Utah were conquered and made habitable by faith both in God and in the strength of men's hands and minds; those light and power lines rising among the spurs of the Rockies were somehow riveted there by Americans of many origins who were bent on homes, schools, churches and children in what for centuries had been the most inaccessible of territories.

One morning in the diner, I lingered over my coffee to look out upon the rocky valleys of Wyoming, white under a heavy fall of snow. A herd of antelope, huddled in a sheltered place, sprang away in graceful leaps as the speeding train roared past.

"A wonderful country!" I said to the waiter.

"Yes, ma'am!" he said. "I never get tired of thinking of the folks that opened it up. They had what it takes all right. It seems to me most folks today don't remember them enough."

He was quite right. Too many of us, in the dread of some hypothetical future, forget those qualities which have marked us as a nation and which are today our goodly heritage, never to be lost or held lightly in our minds: self-reliance, adventure, courage and faith.

But, thousands will say, this fear which is creeping upon and within us is different from the fears of the past, because it has more means of communication today than ever before. With the press and radio and television, there is no escaping it.

That is very true, and therein lies this fear's cumulative menace. It is like a snowball being rolled up by excited children, which finally becomes immense and immovable.

A few days ago a neighbor of mine from the isolated Maine fishing village where I spend my summers came to see me. Upon my asking how people were faring there, he gave me *his* bad tidings.

"Not so good," he said. "Everybody's first-rate as to health, but for some reason everybody's uneasy. It's no fun any more even to smoke a pipe in the store. They're all kind of suspicious and afraid, and they all talk of bad times coming. Seems as though most people have lost their common sense. I don't like it. Fear don't set well in a man's mind."

In his laconic country speech, he was echoing the words of Thoreau, who knew and believed in common people, and himself valued common sense. Where is that common sense, that down-to-earth way of thinking, plentifully seasoned with humor, which has always been judged by other nations as typically American? Why not summon a little common sense to our aid in dispelling the terrors which beset us?

Even while in our cities we are faced with Air Raid Shelter signs and on our country highways note those designated for use in case of enemy attack, why not survey our fellow countrymen as we ourselves know them? How many "subversives" or Communists or "dangerous" persons do you and I know? Are the teen-agers in our communities on the way to becoming criminals? And if a few of them seem to be seriously out of line, what is the cause and what are we doing about it?

Do we honestly believe that our sons and daughters are less reliable and less intelligent than we were at their age? Is the behavior of the overwhelming majority of them either monstrous or ill-mannered?

My own lot as a teacher has been cast with them for many years; and I can confidently say that they seem to me far more awake and alive to civic and national responsibilities, far more ready to do their part for the common welfare, than were the young of my time. And granted that there is dishonesty in high places and even those who are secretly working against our way of life, why harbor suspicion against all manner of persons from the rather silent, uncommunicative man, who is a stranger in our midst, to the teachers in our schools?

Just as Thoreau knew that nothing is to be so much feared as fear, he knew also how to deal with it. "I know of no more encouraging fact," he wrote in *Walden*, "than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor."

How much conscious endeavor are most of us making to free our minds from the alarms which are fettering them? Where is that sheer force of will which we are quite able to use on far lesser matters? Surely, we do not have to listen to radio programs seemingly bent on the spreading of apprehension, or read only those newspapers and books which prophesy disaster. Fear, if uncontrolled, has a stealthy way of fattening on itself until it becomes a far more dangerous enemy than any of its initial causes; and as my neighbor said, "It don't set well in a man's mind."

There are a hundred light-filled substitutes for its dark place there, once we have recognized our "unquestionable ability" to cast it out and thus to raise our minds to a higher plane. There is the rediscovery of those ideas and ideals of human freedom which have weathered many a crisis in our past and which will weather many more, whatever their nature; there is the remembrance of our standing together as a united people during the years of the late war, the magnificent job performed alike by our soldiers and our industrial workers, the faith that filled us all with courage.

There is the assurance of leaders whom we ourselves have chosen, and the sustaining knowledge of millions of men and women like ourselves who take pride in their work and pleasure in their homes and who, as the Hebrew poet said, "make up the fabric of the world"; and there are always at hand books and music and the companionship of friends, which no wars and rumors of wars have ever destroyed.

Twenty-four centuries ago, Pericles, the great Athenian statesman and leader, stood upon the Acropolis and spoke to the men and women of that city who were facing the fears of war. His wise advice to a people in time of crisis, preserved by the historian Thucydides, has never been surpassed.

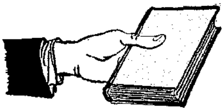
He reminds the Athenians, first, of the honor and valor of their ancestors, who gave to their descendants a free state in which each man may be distinguished "not because he belongs to a particular class, but because of personal merit." He warns them of the importance of every individual in the ceaseless struggle for the common good, and defines the man who takes no part in the bettering of his own community as "good for nothing."

In particularly understanding words he speaks of the delight each should find "in things which daily drive away sadness," in the much-loved possessions within one's homes, and in the games and the pastimes which adults and children may enjoy together. And then, he calls upon all to face whatever dangers may threaten with that courage which is their inheritance, and which alone can assure a future of strength and happiness.

"Do not borrow trouble by anticipating miseries which are not yet at hand," he says, "but depend upon that courage which springs from your own manner of life. For they who would rightly be thought most courageous are those who, realizing clearly the pains which may be involved, do not turn away from danger, knowing that to a manly spirit, fear itself is the most bitter of humiliations."

That the skies overhead seem threatening and the clouds low is surely true, but that they have cleared and been dispelled in times past by American strength and faith, is equally true. So on we go, and whether to tragedy or to triumph depends squarely on the manner of life and thought of each individual, who, multiplied by 160,000,000, make up our country.

Title Talk



J. M. Barrie, the famous Scottish novelist and dramatist, was once approached by a young man who had written a book and was finding difficulty in selecting a proper title for it. He asked Mr. Barrie if he would help him in this.

"Any drums in your book?" was the curious question of Mr. Barrie.

"No drums," said the man, surprised.

"Any trumpets?"

"No trumpets."

"Then," said Mr. Barrie wryly, "I would call the book, 'No Drums, No Trumpets'." —Norman Vincent Peale (*Post-Hall Syndicate*)

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T TIP

by MORT WEISINGER

The results can be surprising, and shed *light on an evil which only you can end*

LAST YEAR, when a Broadway columnist broke the news that the Duchess of Windsor never tips the powder-room attendant at El Morocco, the reporter was amazed at the number of his readers who wrote in praising the regal lady for her firm stand as a "stiff"—service worker's slang for a non-tipper.

A few summers ago, when James B. Lee, president of Lee Hats, put a soft-roll hat on the market which could be folded like a handkerchief and tucked away in one's pocket, it proved a strong seller in metropolitan areas. Although designed for lightweight convenience, investigation showed the number's popularity was due to the fact that men could doff their lids and park them in their pockets prior to entering a restaurant.

More recently, when an enterprising real-estate man purchased a string of dying motor courts along the Florida seacoast, he plastered highways with signs reading: "Stop at a motel instead of a hotel. There's no fun on a trip when you have to tip!" The jingle proved catchy enough to win the trade of hordes of thrift-conscious tourists.

These items are significant in that they reflect how most Americans feel about the tipping racket, a larcenous levy on our incomes which costs us approximately $750,000,000 a year.

According to the Department of Commerce, some 1,800,000 service workers depend on tips for a substantial part of their earnings. You pay this involuntary tithe every time you spend one of your hard-earned dollars. During the working week you tip the waiter, the cabbie, the barber, the bootblack. At home your wife tips the delivery boy, the beautician, the laundry man, the handy man, the baby sitter. When you go out for weekend fun, the amenities call for you to tip ushers, doormen, bartenders, parking-lot attendants, hat-check girls, cigarette girls and waiters.

When you travel, you tip porters, stewards and guides. When you vacation at a hotel, the "gimme" brigade includes room clerks, carhops, bellhops, beach boys, bus boys, waitresses, chambermaids, elevator operators and, if you are thorough, members of the dance band.

Yet, although we may seem to condone tipping in practice via the Niagara of coins we shower into outstretched palms every day, actually almost everyone condemns the custom in principle. When pollster Elmo Roper made a national survey on the subject, 65.1 per cent of those queried said they were opposed to tipping, only 22.2 per cent were in favor, and 12.7 per cent were undecided.

There you have it. Most of us hate the practice, but it still thrives. Labor claims it has to panhandle the public because the employer won't pay a decent wage. Employers blame the public, and they point to the case history of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. In 1947, the C & O courageously instituted no-tipping on its dining cars, raising the waiters' wages to make up for the loss of gratuities. On table cards, the railroad informed its passengers: "You are our guest—please do not tip."

Sad to report, the taboo on tips was terminated three years later when studies showed it was not even 50 per cent effective. Failure was pinned on the public when the company said: "We found that our patrons were ill at ease not leaving a tip, and equally ill at ease if they slipped a coin under a saucer. Either way the diner too often felt he was on the spot."

Recently, to analyze the failure of the C & O experiment, I lunched with a labor official in New York City. "I think the plan would have been successful," he said, "if the entire railroad industry had got behind it, so people traveling on this particular line wouldn't feel they were defying convention. Experience has shown that although the public gripes about tipping, too many people lack the courage to participate in an experiment that breaks with custom."

As he talked, I was working up a slow burn. The waiter had yet to clear the table and take our order for dessert, despite the fact that I had twice beckoned him.

"Look," I told my companion, "our waiter has been treating us like poor relatives. No napkins, no water. When I asked for ketchup, he ignored my request. This waiter won't get a plugged nickel from me. What's more, I'll come back here tomorrow and see how he treats me."

When I paid the check, the waiter returned promptly with the change. I deliberately scooped up the coins. He stared .45 caliber bullets at me, but I gave him a blank look and walked out.

Next day, when I returned to the scene of my crime, the waiter spied me. I got the same routine. No water. Creeping service. This time, when I paid the check, I again pocketed all the coins.

"Say, mister," he said gruffly, "you can report me to my boss if you want to, but I depend on tips for a living. If you can't afford to leave a tip, won't you please eat somewhere else?"

"I didn't tip you because you gave me poor service." Then I listed my complaints.

I wasn't prepared for his answer. "You're right," he agreed. "But did you ever stop to think that this restaurant is understaffed? Sure, they could use more waiters here, but since tips make up the greater part of our pay, more waiters would mean less for each of us."

"Why don't you fellows make your boss give you a decent wage so that I don't have to tip?" I said irately. "If I buy a suit in a store and the salesman spends an hour fitting me, I don't tip him. Why don't I tip the druggist who fills a prescription for me? It's obvious you fellows prefer tips to a straight salary, or you would have done something about getting better wages long ago!"

"Mister," said the waiter, "I have news for you. Under the state minimum-wage law, because I receive tips, I'm paid only 42 cents an hour. For a 40-hour week, I earn $16.80. As a result, my Social Security benefits are based on the lowest scale. When I try to buy a car or a radio on the installment plan, I'm rated as a poor credit risk. When I'm out sick, the tipping part of my income automatically stops. I'd swap tips for a regular salary any time—and I'm sure our union would like nothing better!"

I pressed $2 into his palm. The fervent "Thank you" he gave me would have melted anybody's heart.

My experience with the waiter suggested a new line of investigation. By not tipping him, I had provoked him into disclosing some crucial sidelights. What would happen if I repeated my tactics with other service employees?

My first skirmish took place when I checked in at a popular, first-class hotel in midtown Manhattan. My "luggage" consisted of a small overnight shaving kit. After I had signed the register and paid in advance—$8.70—I asked the clerk for my key.

"The bellboy will show you to your room, sir," he said.

I turned to the bellboy. "You can give me the key," I told him.

"I'm supposed to show you to your room, sir." Then, reaching for my tiny kit, he offered: "May I carry your bag, sir?"

"Look, Buster," I insisted, "give me the key. I'm no Superman, but I'm in good enough shape to handle this little bag."

NOW THE BELLBOY was beginning to squirm. "I know why you want to show me to my room," I pursued. "Because when we get upstairs, you'll open up my window six inches and for that I'm supposed to tip you a quarter or a half. Isn't that true?"

"My orders are to show you to your room, sir," he replied, redfaced. "Why don't you speak to the manager?"

When I met the manager, I told him that I had nothing against the bellboy. "It's just that I'm opposed to tipping for nothing," I explained. "If you had charged me $9.00 for my room, I wouldn't have complained. But I'll be hanged if I'll pay the bellboy's salary just because the hotel won't!"

The manager nodded his head sadly. When I told him that I was preparing an article for a national magazine on the abuse, his face brightened. "Good!" he declared. "Maybe something will come of it. It's a terrible racket. Our out-of-town guests squawk about our city sales tax, only three cents on the dollar. But they never complain about the money they have to shell out on tips, at least 15 per cent whenever they dine out, take a taxi or go to a nightclub!"

Play the part of a stiff for a week or so, and you get a variety of reactions. Bartenders are the most good-natured about being ignored, I have discovered. I stiffed one three nights running, but no cyanide was added to my drink.

It doesn't require much courage to bypass a hat-check girl. I asked a pert miss in an expensive restaurant, "Don't you wonder why I'm not tipping you?"

"I really don't care," she replied. "I don't keep the tips; they all go to a concessionaire."

Stiff a barber or a bootblack, however, and you get the feeling that they will stick pins in you. Doormen register their contempt by slamming the door of your cab and sarcastically calling out, "Thank you *very* much, sir!"

It's dynamite to cross up a parking-lot attendant, however. Once they have you marked as a stiff, they will discourage your business by scraping your fender.

The toughest person to stiff, I found, is the attendant in the men's washroom. He will fawn over you as you wash your hands, spring forth with a towel, brush imaginary lint from your suit, then stand by with a hangdog expression.

What happens when employers enforce a "No Tipping" rule? Does the ban chase away customers? Does it lower workers' morale?

No industry has done more to eliminate tipping than the airlines.

As a result, the companies, the crews and the customers are happy.

"We know from experience that customers react favorably to our policy of non-tipping," reports E. O. Cocke, official of Trans World Airlines. "The saving to the traveler is considerable on a long haul, and the avoidance of embarrassment as to just whom to tip and how much to tip is popular with the passengers."

Restaurant owners would do well to study the operation of "Chock Full o' Nuts," a chain with 25 branches in New York City. Since 1926, when it opened its first store, the company has maintained a strict "no tipping" policy.

Employees work a 40-hour, five-day week. They receive full pay for all holidays, even though the stores are closed. After one year with the company, they get two weeks' vacation with pay—and three weeks' pay after five years. When they are ill, they receive two-thirds of their salary and free medical care.

After one year with the firm, each employee is given a $1,000 life insurance policy, which increases $1,000 a year until it reaches $10,000. When they retire, they get half-salary for life. "Chock Full o' Nuts" pays the entire cost.

Nor is that all. Employees are off on their birthdays—with pay. They receive a $5 monthly attendance bonus. While on duty, they may eat as much as they wish without charge. Every Christmas they have received bonuses of two weeks' salary. Should they need financial aid, they may borrow from the company, and no interest is charged.

Recently, when I ate a 75-cent lunch at one of these shops, I purposely slipped a dime under my plate. "Thank you, sir," the waitress said politely as she returned my coin, "but we are not permitted to accept tips." She smiled pleasantly. "Can't I serve you another cup of coffee instead?"

During the past few years, the war against tipping has seen several new battlefronts open up. Many national supermarket chains, such as Grand Union and Food Fair, volunteer counter-to-car delivery service for shoppers and forbid employees to accept tips. Gasoline stations throughout the country have built up tremendous goodwill by supplying free service to motorists on the road: attendants will wipe your windshield, check your battery, pump air into your tires, give your directions—and politely spurn a tip if you offer one.

While these examples may seem isolated, they indicate a trend. More and more, far-sighted employers are eliminating tipping by raising the wages of workers and absorbing the cost out of profits. In most cases, the added expense is liquidated by increased business, customer loyalty and improved labor relations. Meanwhile, gloomy students of the tipping problem maintain that the habit can never be wiped out, that you can't eradicate a custom which goes back to Biblical times, when the Good Samaritan gave the host at a wayside hotel twopence as a gratuity for taking care of the sick traveler.

Progressive employers and prestige-conscious service workers, however, feel differently. I spoke with hotel presidents, steamship officials, travel directors, restaurant owners. Virtually all agreed that the only way to make the worker independent of handouts is to pay him a decent wage. New York State's Industrial Commissioner Edward Corsi tellingly summed up the tipping problem last December when, conducting the final hearing on proposed new minimum-wage laws that would cover almost 250,000 restaurant workers throughout his state, he declared:

"Tipping is unworthy of labor in the twentieth century. It makes a servant out of the worker. It is a disgraceful thing that the worker has to depend on tips for a living!"

Practical Peculiarity

THE LATE THOMAS A. EDISON's peculiarities extended to the matter of hiring help. He believed, for instance, that good mechanics had pear-shaped heads; also, that prospective employees should pass some kind of written test. These were often tricky. Here is a sample:

"You are down to your last ten dollars, and without prospect of getting more. You are playing poker with a stranger. He stays pat on the first hand. After the draw you have three eights. There is 50 cents in the pot and the stranger bets a quarter. What would you do?"

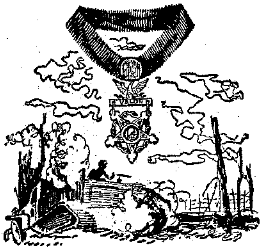
One applicant simply wrote: "I do not play poker."

He got the job.

—KARR SHANNON (*Arkansas Democrat*)

Surprise for a Hero

by **Don McNeill**



IT WAS A FRIGHTENING prospect for the young lieutenant, one of the first real heroes to come back alive from World War II. A radio network was to dramatize the story of the day he sat alone on top of a shelled-out tank destroyer and killed or wounded more than 50 Nazis, winning a battlefield commission and the Congressional Medal of Honor.

A country boy, orphaned in his teens and raised by his sister in a tiny town, he had never known fame, wealth or much formal education. Assigned a task in the battle for Europe, he had carried it out in what seemed to him the only way possible. The fact that his action had amazed the experienced fighting men of many lands was still incredible to him.

But that was behind him. He was glad it was over. This business of being a hero—and now a radio actor—well, it wasn't for him.

He went to the studios that morning and met the writers and directors. They seemed nice enough and were all amazed that he was even more impressed with them than they were with him. They showed him the script he was to read. It seemed ridiculous to him. He couldn't act. He was just a farmer.

Patiently, the director and the other actors tried to help him, but when the words came out they weren't real. He heard the director whisper to one of the writers, "Well, he may be a hero, but the Lord knows he'll never be an actor!"

That didn't hurt. He never wanted to be an actor. He just wanted to get away from all the excitement and take it easy.

What a relief it was when the director decided to bring in a professional to play his role. He sat in on a couple of the rehearsals. What a business! He wanted no part of it.

The day before the show, he overheard some of the actors talking about him. "What a sweet little guy, so shy he can hardly talk." Well, thought the lieutenant, they're right. Never went in much for talking. Always been shy around big people like that.

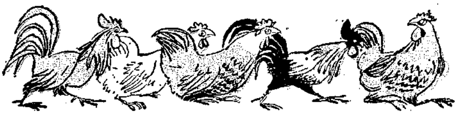
But the fates have ways of surprising even young war heroes who only want to get home to Farmersville, Texas, away from the lights and confusion of show business.

The young lieutenant who was too shy even to talk, who wanted no part of the likes of actors, not only still carries with him the distinction of being the most decorated military man in American history, but he has also managed to become a Hollywood leading man, one of the nation's young movie stars.

His name is Audie Murphy!

Don McNeill is toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC-radio, Monday through Friday

MAIN STREET



I like hens. I like the soft, crooning song that accompanies their leisurely search for whatever it is they are looking for when scratching the earth. I like their busyness, the way they dust themselves in the petunia bed, and above all I approve of their sensible contentment in motherhood. I even enjoy the audible pride they express on having laid an egg, the hen-house chatter as they gather on the roost for the night, and I do not object to the squawking of pretended panic that lady chickens indulge in when startled by a sudden "shoo." I like to watch them dip a wing in the dust, feathers separated like a fan, and then stretch a leg far to the back, just like a dancer taking warm-up exercises backstage.

—Kay Metz, *Chronicle*, Lamoni, Iowa

He may have a greasy hat and his trousers may be shiny, but if his children have their noses flattened eagerly against the windowpane a half hour before he is due home for supper, you can trust him with anything you have.

—Katheryn Launtz, *Journal*, Washta, Iowa

This is the only country in the world where a man can ride in his own car over to the courthouse in order to collect his unemployment compensation check.

—*Sioux County Capital*, Orange City, Iowa

I like the way a gust of wind will catch a column of smoke and hurl it madly into the sky. I like the mysterious quiet of rivers locked by the ice key of winter, the furry crust of snow on the little hills, and the remote aloofness of white-frosted high hills. I like the fine light that winks from an old-fashioned kitchen range and the heat it extends into a freezing kitchen. I like the winding paths of woodland and the deep sense of peace in lone walks.

—Irene Gogerty, *Times*, Alden, Iowa

A small town is the place where a fellow has to walk around a dog enjoying a nap on the sidewalk.

—A. W. Perrine, *Herald and Democrat*,
Siloam Springs, Arkansas

Birth notes in a small-town newspaper cause a good deal of phoning around, unless the editor explains in his story who the mother was prior to her marriage. The folks always want to know that.

—Opal Hollomon Melton,
Cooper County Record, Boonville, Missouri

I was riding along the road looking at the speedometer and the mileage of my car the other day, and I got to reflecting how that mileage records human life. Mine is an average sort of life, and on that 4,000-mile journey that has been scored there since I got this car are these little everyday dramas: taking a friend to the hospital to have her baby; carrying flowers to a stranger who was ill; riding in a funeral procession; taking my daughter to the airport to get a plane back to the world's greatest city; riding along in the dark with my boy, who was leaving shortly thereafter for Alaska, singing the

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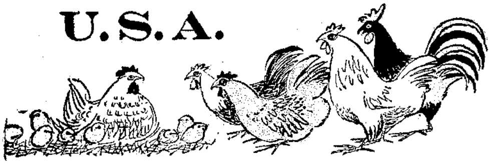


old songs we sang when he was knee-high to a duck and the new songs he likes on the "Hit Parade" and the church songs that echo through the heart's depths; going to the city shopping; and meandering through a country lane looking for flowers. Thus does the little row of figures slide over the days and hours and minutes of this, our human existence upon the earth.

—BERNICE BROWN MCCULLAR, *Stewart-Webster Journal,* Lumpkin, Georgia

I DO TRULY BELIEVE that next to religion, which varies for each one of us in its meaning and scope, a love of birds and flowers is the nearest thing to an eternal joy and comfort that we mortals can obtain on earth.

Youth flies, age comes, health departs, children grow up and vanish, old friends pass away, the eyes grow weak and reading becomes a chore instead of a pleasure; but unless we grow both blind and deaf, birds and flowers remain to enchant us. Religion is an inward consolation, but God sends us visible signs of His compassion from without when we rejoice in nature.

—EVA M. KNIGHT, *Democrat,* Bedford, Virginia

TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER, the clotheslines on Monday morning don't give much information as to whether the family is raising boys or girls—it's all blue jeans and boys' shirts, no matter what the gender.

—LAURA M. KLINEFELTER, *Adams County Times,* Adams, Wisconsin

MY PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT: The chimes were ringing in the church tower. I was peeling potatoes while a pie cooled on the window sill. Grandma was upstairs listening to her favorite radio story as she mended the overalls. One boy sat on the kitchen floor licking the baking pans and another was in the yard, while his Daddy showed him how to use a fly rod. The dog slept in a square of sunlight on the porch. God's in His heaven, all's right with the world.

—KATHARINE PIPER, *Herald-Ledger,* Eldora, Iowa

MAGIC IN THE kitchen? Surely. A child wrapped in security by Mom's lunch-pail kiss. Mom's own world steadied by a man's call, "Hey, what's for eating in this house?" Eternity assured by an elbow-high daughter coaxing, "Teach me all you know, Mom."

—WILMA M. COLLINS, *News,* Grimes, Iowa

NATURALLY I AM delighted that Thomasville is growing, but there are decided disadvantages to rapid growth. Once upon a time I was able to walk down the street and speak to everybody without getting an icy glare. They knew me and I knew them. I still speak to everybody, but the strange women give me a look that practically spells "wolf"! The strange men probably think I am a politician. I don't know which look is the more insulting. I was born here in Thomasville. It is my home town and I'll just be damned if I'll let a bunch of newcomers make me change the habits I have formed over a period of 45 years.

—EARL L. TUCKER, *Times,* Thomasville, Ala.

They Keep Us Walking

by **John Pfeiffer**

Some amazing facts about those intricate and versatile mechanisms—your feet

YOU'RE STROLLING ALONG, minding your own business. Suddenly someone calls your name, you turn, and he tosses a 75-pound medicine ball at you. This would be one practical joke that you couldn't laugh off. The ball would certainly knock you flat on your back, and you'd be lucky if you got away with nothing worse than a few broken fingers.

Fortunately, catastrophes of this sort are rare. But every day of your life you're standing up to far more severe punishment—and the miracle is that you don't even notice it. Every time you climb a flight of stairs or, for that matter, every time you take a walk, your feet are subjected to sledgehammer impacts that would wreck other parts of the body. If you're a housewife, it's not unusual for you to walk twelve miles or so a day.

That means you take about 27,000 steps. Now, for an important fraction of a second during each step, your full weight, say, 120 pounds, rests on the ball of one foot. In other words, your feet have to take a daily total of 3,240,000 pounds in jolts! If you're a man, you have a somewhat easier time of it. But the jolts are harder because you weigh more, and the strain is still measured in hundreds of tons.

Even greater forces are released in running. According to one estimate, when you sprint to catch a bus, each stride places a force equivalent to ten times your weight on your ankles, arches and toes. You can imagine what tremendous stresses are involved when a sprinter propels himself forward at the start of a 100-yard dash or a basketball player leaps for a shot at the basket.

THE HUMAN FOOT is a living shock absorber. It is also one of the most ingenious and versatile devices ever evolved, serving as a five-in-one system—support, lever, hydraulic jack and catapult, as well as cushion. Furthermore, the entire works is amazingly compact. No other part of the body contains as many different structures in so small a space.

Nature has successfully crammed an intricate multi-purpose mechanism into a space no bigger than that of a candy box. The moving and supporting parts are 26 neatly intermeshed bones—driven by millions of muscle fibers, nourished by a maze of blood vessels, coordinated by the electrical signals of thread-like nerves. The power supply consists of great contracting muscles in the calf and upper leg.

Simply holding ourselves upright represents a major feat of human engineering. You stand on gently curved arches—natural suspension bridges that can support several hundred times their own weight. You can keep your balance because your weight is distributed with mathematical exactness. The load is divided up, pound for pound, and placed in strategic locations.

Each arch contains, among others, five slender bones connected with the toes. The business ends of these bones make up the ball of your foot and carry their share of the burden. If you weigh 144 pounds, for example, the bone attached to your big toe takes 12 pounds of the load and the bones attached to your smaller toes take six pounds apiece (your heels bear the rest of your weight).

Your toes have nothing to do as long as you simply stand still. They hang in mid-air and when you stand in bare feet, a piece of cardboard can be slipped under them, without touching. But they preserve your equilibrium the instant you start moving. Turn on your ankles and reach to the right. Your weight shifts toward the big toes of your left foot and the little toe of your right foot.

Every time you change position complex forces are redistributed swiftly and automatically. Your toes respond to each variation by relaxing and becoming rigid so that you keep your balance.

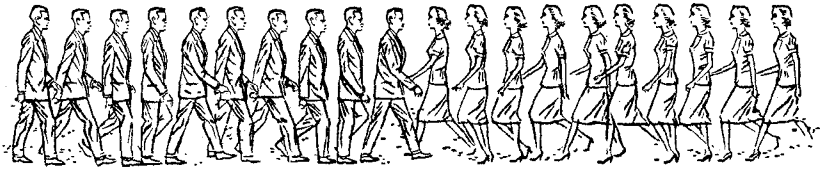
It's amazing how the parts of the foot work together when you walk. Your arch acts as a lever, lifting your weight much as a screwdriver lifts off the top of a paint can. The lifting is done gradually, until you are about two inches above normal height. At the same time, muscles in your toes tighten up to give you a firmer contact with the ground.

Now you're in a state of delicate balance, like a car perched on the top of a roller coaster. Your foot has to let you down slowly, or else you would lose your balance and fall. Also, you would land on your heel with a jarring thud if your feet didn't include special emergency devices. These are muscle springs which propel you forward at the last instant of coming down, so that you "glide" in for a smooth landing.

Doctors are just beginning to understand what happens during a single step. One of the nation's leading foot specialists, Dr. Dudley J. Morton of New York, has spent years on the problem. In new research, he has used high-speed cameras and called in engineers to help analyze the complex mechanics of walking.

The average man, walking at about three miles an hour, has a 28-inch stride, which lasts a little less than a second. For two-tenths of a second his full weight is balanced on one foot and the final forward push takes only about 0.08 seconds. In all, the elaborate process involves a sequence of perfectly synchronized stages, of which Dr. Morton has defined seven.

As the part of the body farthest from the heart, the foot's blood supply poses unique problems. The biggest problem isn't sending blood to such remote points as the tips of



the toes, but getting it back again. The vital fluid has to be pumped four feet against gravity, a trick performed with the aid of ring-shaped muscles around important veins. These muscles squeeze the blood upward by relaxing and contracting in a "milking" action.

But they won't work unless you move about. Unless you move your legs and feet, vein-encircling muscles aren't stimulated, blood tends to collect in a "pool," and fluid may escape from blood vessels into surrounding tissues. That is why soldiers shift from one foot to another after standing at attention, and policemen at their posts instinctively rock back on their heels.

Because of their peculiar blood-supply system, your feet happen to be remarkably sensitive indicators of abnormal changes in other parts of the body. A weak heart has difficulty pumping blood through them, and swollen ankles may be the first sign of heart failure.

When you say someone has cold feet, you're referring to the well-known fact that fear—like all intense emotions—upsets the circulation. In many cases, warm blood is shunted to the brain and other temperatures tumble.

There's also a sound reason for keeping your feet dry. When your feet get chilled, your heart does extra work in trying to pump more blood to them—and even more work trying to pump the blood back around the long artery-vein circuit. The effort may lower your resistance to colds and flu viruses.

Nature hasn't finished tinkering with the human foot. There are signs that short metatarsals are on the way out, which means our remote descendants may have less foot trouble. Also, the little toe and the one next to it seem to be disappearing. Man is getting lazier, more push-button conscious, and spends more time in a sitting position.

We may wind up as three-toed creatures in a hundred thousand years or so. Meanwhile, sensible shoes are the best way of doing right by our changing feet.

Various Views on Happiness

HAPPINESS ALWAYS HAS this tremendous advantage over great wealth—people don't try to borrow it. —*Brickwork*

NOTHING SHOWS how happy your puppy is to see you as a light suit. —FRANKLIN P. JONES

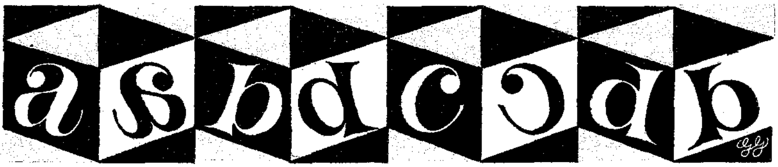
A WOMAN IS HAPPY if she has two things: furniture to move around, and a husband to move it around for her. —RICHARD ARMOUR

EVERY MINUTE you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness. —IRVING HOFFMAN

THE MAIN ESSENTIALS of happiness are something to do, something to love and something to hope for. —*Tuam Herald* (in Tales of Hoffman)

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

REVERSE ENGLISH

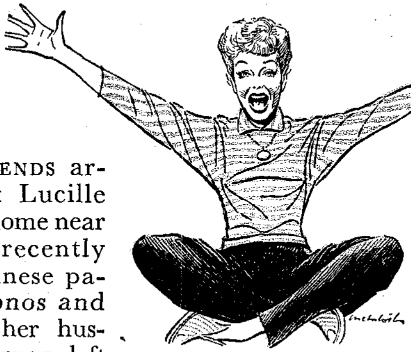


Bill Cullen, quiz master and host of "The Bill Cullen Show" (CBS-TV, Thursdays, 11:15 to 11:30 A.M. EST), reverses his field and appears as a guest on leading panel shows, answering instead of asking the questions. He challenges your ability to reverse yourself with the quiz below. In each case, description "a" suggests a common word while description "b" connotes another word whose spelling is the reverse of the first. For example: (a) small fly and (b) penetrating taste or odor are answered (a) gnat and (b) tang. Fifteen correct reversals give you a passing grade. Answers are on page 68.

1. (a) civil wrong ______ (b) gait ______
2. (a) victim of an endemic chronic disease ______ (b) to thrust back ______
3. (a) to whip ______ (b) game ______
4. (a) vaunt ______ (b) attire ______
5. (a) plant ______ (b) trust ______
6. (a) monster ______ (b) hence ______
7. (a) wagon ______ (b) unit of length ______
8. (a) to praise ______ (b) two-fold ______
9. (a) a crucifix ______ (b) means of access ______
10. (a) snare ______ (b) portion ______
11. (a) swallow ______ (b) favorable mention (slang) ______
12. (a) a College ______ (b) a brief record ______
13. (a) a fabric ______ (b) burrowed ______
14. (a) to stream ______ (b) fearsome animal ______
15. (a) spirit of evil ______ (b) dwelt ______
16. (a) periodic change in oceans ______ (b) to prepare for publication ______
17. (a) tall grass ______ (b) animal ______
18. (a) to make merry ______ (b) mechanical device ______
19. (a) peep ______ (b) retain ______
20. (a) wading bird ______ (b) one who is untrustworthy ______
21. (a) frame of mind ______ (b) adverse fate ______
22. (a) to resign ______ (b) scheduled ______
23. (a) common fund ______ (b) fold forming a catch ______
24. (a) poet ______ (b) dull gray ______
25. (a) short, fleshy stem ______ (b) to refuse ______
26. (a) an aged beer (b) like a king ______
27. (a) hoarfrost ______ (b) an Arabian Chieftain ______
28. (a) an emporium ______ (b) a streetcar ______

What's the Secret of "I LOVE LUCY"?

by GRADY JOHNSON



By just being herself, TV's Lucille Ball has made her *show a favorite of millions*

WHEN FRIENDS arrived at Lucille Ball's ranch home near Hollywood recently wearing Chinese pajamas, kimonos and coolie hats, her husband, Desi Arnaz, left the pig he was roasting in the back yard to go with two barking dogs to greet them. "I don' get eet," he said in characteristic Cuban accents, blinking at their costumes.

"Lucy said it was an 'After-eating-Chinese-food-party,' " one blandly explained.

Arnaz shrugged at this absurdity like the long-suffering "Ricky Ricardo" he plays on their "I Love Lucy" television show. "Only theez mornin' she told me eets a 'Day-before-Washin'on-Birt'day,' " he said, leading the laughing guests into the house to be met by his beautiful, red-haired wife dressed as the "Spirit of '76," playing a Cuban bongo drum with a pair of chopsticks.

For entertainment the guests spent much of the evening in a game of looking for objects she had hidden about the house—pins, needles, buttons and spools. Later, she gave a girl a henna rinse and a permanent with the professional beauty-parlor equipment she keeps to use on any who will let her.

These goings-on, far from indicating need for psychiatric therapy, explain in part why 40,000,000 people watch Lucy on the CBS-TV Monday-night show. For there's a great deal of irrepressible Lucille Ball in harebrained "Lucy Ricardo."

She likes to give ludicrous costume parties in order to wear funny clothes. She admits that when she wears comic garb on TV she becomes, for the moment, "a little girl playing dress-up." Aware of this, her writers never pass up an opportunity to make her a witch, a gangster, a house painter or half a horse, or to plaster her head with modeling clay.

A five-foot-six-inch hoyden who talks with her hands, arms and legs, she illustrates simple stories with such flailing gestures that close friends step back for safety when she speaks. Recently, while telling a new and unwary associate, Charles Pomerantz, of her excitable husband's actions at the birth of their first child, she grabbed him by the lapels and shoved him around the room until he was dizzy.

"I learned then not to sit next to her," he says.

"She can't talk; she has to act everything out," explains equally ebullient Vivian Vance who teams with dour William Frawley to play "Fred and Ethel Mertz," friends and landlords of the "Ricardos," in the domestic comedy series. "She makes you think of a little girl to whom something wonderful has just happened. When she laughs at something extremely funny, she jumps up and down, squealing. I guess we're both crazy. We roll on the floor at our own jokes."

TWENTY YEARS AGO, this uninhibited kinetic nature lifted Miss Ball from a modeling job into motion pictures. When she started acting herself on TV, it brought her the biggest success of her career, and a new life at 40.

Attempting to explain her unprecedented TV triumphs, Jess Oppenheimer, her head writer and producer, says: "You take the greatest living comedienne—and work from there."

Many of the show's situations, like her costumes, are lifted out of real life. Lucy Ball, the actress, plays "Lucy Ricardo," a wife with extravagant ambitions, while Desi Arnaz, a rumba-band leader, is "Ricky Ricardo," her band leader husband. Of this Lucy says, "Most actors don't want to be typed, but I campaigned for years for a chance to play the role I play best—that of Lucille Ball."

The "Ricardos" quarrel realistically because the Arnazes have had plenty of practice. Early in their 12-year-old marriage, Desi frequently left home in a huff. Now able to laugh about it, Lucy says: "He built a rumpus room in the back yard to sulk in."

Following a two-month separation several years ago, Lucille filed suit for divorce. Hearing of this, Desi rushed home, unpacked his bags and made up. On the day set for the court hearing, however, she perversely insisted on going through with the action, obtaining an interlocutory decree. Over coffee next morning, Lucy read him newspaper accounts of the divorce already voided by reconciliation.

This real-life comedy was dramatized on the show by a quarrel between the "Ricardos," ending in tender reunion and a second honeymoon to Greenwich, Connecticut, where Miss Ball and Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha III were married in November, 1940.

Writers tailoring material for her know that Lucy superstitiously knocks on wood, so they have her spoil a business deal for "Ricky" by consulting a horoscope. Because she likes to imitate Tallulah Bankhead, bop musicians and French poodles, is superstitious about steak knives and jokes about lips, and can't resist buying baskets and bulky coats she can't use, writers think nothing of making her steal an elephant on the show or impersonate a clown or a harem queen.

"I never can get cool; Desi is never warm," Lucy says, explaining the inspiration for a show in which each sought to outsmart the other in surreptitiously opening and closing windows after going to bed for the night.

Writers Bob Carroll, Jr., and Madelyn Pugh—both young and single, and consequently forced to study their subjects for marital comedy situations—know all about Lucy's failure as a farmer. When the Arnazes bought their five-acre ranch, Lucy went all-out, stocked it with chickens, a cow and two pigs named "Alexander" and "Alice Faye." She made pets of the chickens and couldn't let them be killed.

"They wandered around dropping feathers all over the place until they died of old age," Lucy recalls sadly.

The pigs and cow she gave to a neighbor who promised to cherish them. Now she raises only citrus because, Desi says, "she can't pet an orange."

Last year, Lucy Ball—and consequently "Lucy Ricardo"—ran smack into life in earnest when she learned that she was going to have a baby—Lucille Ball's second, Mrs. Ricardo's first. The news made Desi happy, then apprehensive and, finally, overjoyed.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "you have come up weeth a great geemeck. We will have the baby on the show!"

A backlog of shows was filmed. These, supplemented by reissues of old ones, permitted the burgeoning comedienne to go into retirement for a couple of months without interrupting the program. "This is where I came in," quipped irrepressible Lucy, recalling that when she and Desi filmed the first sample of their show for their Philip Morris sponsor, she was awaiting the birth of their first child, Lucie Desiree, who was born in July, 1951.

Last January 19, "Lucy" presented "Ricky" with a son after walking to the hospital carrying her own suitcase. On the same day, by the kind of prearrangement that makes showmen and press agents gibber with joy, Lucille Ball gave birth by Caesarian section to her baby, also a boy and named Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV. Having wanted a boy, they confidently made the show baby a boy.

Twenty years ago, Lucille Ball, then a blonde New York photographer's model, was brought to Hollywood to play herself—one of six models decorating Samuel Goldwyn's "Roman Scandals," starring Eddie Cantor. Her broad, volatile gestures immediately stamped her a "character." Veteran director Ed Sedgwick, now a close friend, associate and godfather of little Lucie, likes to tell of his first impressions of her.

"Her facial expressions would change rapidly while talking," he recalls. "One moment, she'd have a burning look in her blue eyes, then she'd grimace, mug and throw her hands and body around. I went up to her and said, 'Young woman, if you play your cards right, you can be the greatest comedienne in show business.' "

Miss Ball, having failed repeatedly to land showgirl roles on Broadway, didn't swallow this. "She thought," says Sedgwick, "that I was being fresh. She looked as though I were trying to measure her for tights."

When "Roman Scandals" was finished, she worked as an extra at several studios, as a contract stock actress at Columbia, and finally as a secondary featured player under contract to RKO. In the meantime, Sedgwick was touting her to M-G-M without success. One day he conspired to have her impersonate a cigarette girl at a charity ball given by Mrs. Ida Mayer Cummings, sister of Louis B. Mayer, then head of that studio.

"Give 'em all the slapstick and daffy routines you know," he advised. "If I'm not mistaken, Mayer's representatives will get in touch with you."

They did—that night. She made pictures, on loan, to M-G-M and other studios. But she never became the big star many thought she might because, she says, she played only loud, brash showgirls and insincere clotheshorses.

Three years ago her film career went into a slump and she began working more in radio, with her own program, "My Favorite Husband," than in pictures. Meantime, Desi, a former vocalist for Xavier Cugat, was leading his rumba band around the country and toying with the idea of going into TV in order to spend more time at home.

When CBS suggested "I Love Lucy," the Arnazes did a series of public appearances testing it. It was received so enthusiastically that they gave up $500,000 worth of movie and band engagements to gamble everything on the show.

"Friends looked at me like I had two heads," Miss Ball recalls. "They said, 'You'll starve and kill your film career.' "

But the show, resembling "My Favorite Husband," was an immediate hit. In its first two seasons, their show won over 50 awards. Arthur Godfrey, advertising rival Chesterfields, said of Lucy on his show: "I know my sponsors won't like it, but isn't she wonderful?"

Red Skelton, accepting the TV industry's first "Emmy" award for his comedy show, said, "Lucille Ball ought to get this." And she *did* win it the next year!

With success has come more money and more leisure (three full days every week) than the Arnazes ever knew. They are sole owners of the show, have commissioned Sedgwick to edit three motion pictures from accumulated film which will be released to theaters, can reissue or sell the shows in this country and abroad, are endorsing a dozen products for sale in retail stores, and are featured in newspaper comic strips.

IN ADDITION, they produce the "Our Miss Brooks" show, as well as filmed commercials for Red Skelton, General Foods and other companies. Even their former movie employers are cashing in on their TV popularity by rereleasing to theaters old films featuring them.

Last February, Lucille and Desi signed an $8,000,000 contract with CBS and Philip Morris to continue their show through 1955. The contract, made in Hollywood, is reportedly the largest single agreement ever signed in the TV industry for the length of time involved.

Backstage with "I Love Lucy," one would think no one loves anybody.* In rehearsal the four principals, and the director and producer, yell at one another and argue heatedly over lines. "You're not going to read that line like that, are you?" they say critically.

"The way we treat one another is horrible," reports Miss Vance, a stage veteran who credits working on the show with curing her of a nervous breakdown. "But nobody gets mad. We're a big, brawling, happy family."

The show is filmed, after three days of rehearsals, on Friday evenings on Stage 1 at General Service Studios, a rental plant converted from motion picture to TV film production for half a dozen shows. A typical Friday finds Miss Ball in slacks and sweater, curlers in her blonde-dyed-red hair, acting as hostess at dinner to approximately 100 actors, guests and crewmen on a sound stage adjoining their "Desilu Playhouse," a stage camouflaged as a summer theater. Usually the dinners turn into cake-cutting parties, because she likes to commemorate birthdays, anniversaries or any event she can speciously justify.

While Arnaz goes out to warm up the audience with jokes, make-up men and hairdressers get the rest of the cast ready. Occasionally, winning contestants from radio shows are privileged to visit backstage, and it's not uncommon for Lucy to yell at Frawley, standing in his shorts in the door of his dressing room, and Miss Vance being made up in hers, "Spruce up, folks, we don't want to disillusion the tourists!"

Often Miss Ball calls by Miss Vance's dressing room to watch the make-up man's finishing touches and make quips intended to relax both. "You're making her look too young, man," she'll say. "We've got to get more sleep. We're beginning to look over 30." (Actually, Lucy is 41.)

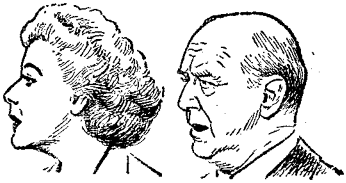
Miss Vance, who makes chili and spaghetti for the Arnazes, has a stock answer to these remarks: "I can always open a chili parlor on Highway 66."

Not long ago, Lucy received a wire saying Vivian had died. She popped her head into the latter's dressing room, peered at her, said dryly, "You look warm to me," and walked away.

Lucy is kidded for using what she calls an "alphabetical system" to remember her lines, concentrating on the order of key verbs. When she forgets her dialogue, some wag is sure to start reciting his a b c's. Once, after she had stumbled over a speech eight times in succession, she yelled out into the audience to her mother, "Don't worry, Mom, I'll get it!"

Filming the show permits eliminating mistakes in the cutting room. If an actor makes only a slight boner, the show's three 35 mm. cameras keep turning and the mistake is corrected with a closeup of the actor reading the line again after the scene is completed.

Arnaz's Cuban accent—he was born in 1917, in Santiago, Cuba, where his father was mayor—often makes retakes necessary. He says "ever thin" for "everything," "mushing peectures" for "motion pictures." Once his reading of "recognize talent" came out distinctly as "recognize Stalin." But his slips, like his rumba band, only contribute to the story line as writers seize



on his speech idiosyncrasies to have Lucy worry whether their baby will grow up talking like him.

Lucille Ball was born in 1911 in Butte, Montana, the daughter of Desiree and Henry Ball, an engineer who died when she was four. Moved to Michigan, at the age of two, and then to Jamestown, New York, she began studying music when she was five, and admits she once dislocated an arm in an overenthusiastic *apache* dance for a local revue. She appeared in high-school plays and left home at 15 to study dramatics in New York.

Until two years ago, her career was marked by disappointments. Four times she rehearsed for road shows, but was never hired and had to take a job as a soda clerk. Her next work was modeling dresses and hats for out-of-town buyers, then for department stores and Hattie Carnegie. Just as jobs were coming regularly, she was injured in an automobile accident in Central Park.

For eight months doctors feared she would never walk again, and it took three years for her to recover. Able to work again, she became a photographer's model—the job which took her to Hollywood.

After working for Goldwyn, she landed a stock contract at Columbia which meant little more than posing for publicity cheesecake pictures and, occasionally, doing a bit in a film. Thinking she had a foothold in the business, she proudly sent for her mother, sister and grandfather to come to Hollywood. Before they arrived, Columbia had dissolved its stock company and she had to find work as an extra.

Finally she did a bit in an RKO film which got her a contract starting at $50 a week. After several small parts, she drew critics' raves as a Honky Tonk dancer in "Dance, Girl, Dance." While making "Too Many Girls," adapted from a Broadway play, she met Arnaz, who had been brought to Hollywood to play the lead he had enacted in the play.

Seven months later they were married in Greenwich. Recalling the event, Arnaz, then leading his band at the New York Roxy, says he had to interrupt a newspaper interview that she was giving to propose. "I thought she'd never quit talking," he says. Three years ago they were remarried in Arnaz's Catholic faith.

Until Arnaz quit his band for TV, their marriage never had a chance, Lucy says. "He'd come off the road and I'd be working in a picture, so we didn't get to see much of one another."

When their Desilu Productions began assembling a staff for their show, Lucy invited several old associates to join.

Hal King, who was her make-up advisor for years, had become an executive for a cosmetics manufacturer and was reluctant to leave his job. "I don't care what you do seven days a week, but you'd better be here on Friday nights," she ultimatumed. He came.

Cinematographer Karl Freund, who had photographed her in films, was working as a government consultant in Washington, D.C., but he jumped at the chance to work with her. He has won praise for his photography, which eliminates the "washing out" of images that tended to plague early TV films.

Desilu Productions is a corporation the Arnazes formed in April, 1950, to promote their film, radio and band engagements. It produces and owns the TV show. The corporation pays the salaries of the performers, writers and studio technicians, and taxes on the profits of the enterprise. Desi is president, or "boy prez," as Lucy calls him, and she is vice-president.

Once inclined to be cocky, Desi has become quietly grateful with good fortune. His acting ability, mediocre in pictures, has vastly improved on TV. He is first to credit Lucy for the improvement, while she throws bouquets to him for his executive knowledge in handling what she calls "gruesome business details."

"I haven't seen one of my paychecks in years," she says.

The Arnazes live quietly in their home in Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley, 20 miles from Hollywood, preferring sleep to nightclubs. Energetic Desi spends nearly every weekend fishing on his 34-foot launch, named, like everything they own, "Desilu." Their home is sparsely furnished with several simple pieces of furniture which Lucy calls "Early Northridge," for Northridge, which is a nearby suburban farm community.

"I must admit that it's all junk except a few pieces given me by agents," she says.

The house, added to over the years, reflects the old-fashioned tastes of her mother and of Desi's mother who live near them—starched white curtains, crocheted antimacassars and doilies on sofas, chairs and tables. They have a swimming pool, and occasionally Desi likes to barbecue foods, including whole pigs, for half a hundred friends at a time, borrowing chairs and utensils to accommodate them from the nearby Birmingham Veterans Hospital, where Lucy and Desi go to entertain servicemen occasionally.

Like millions, they gather around their TV set on Monday nights to watch "I Love Lucy." But unlike most, they frown at their images, asking one another "Why did I do that?" in displeasure at their performances.

"It's healthy," says Lucy. "If we ever become satisfied, we're really through!"

Could Be True

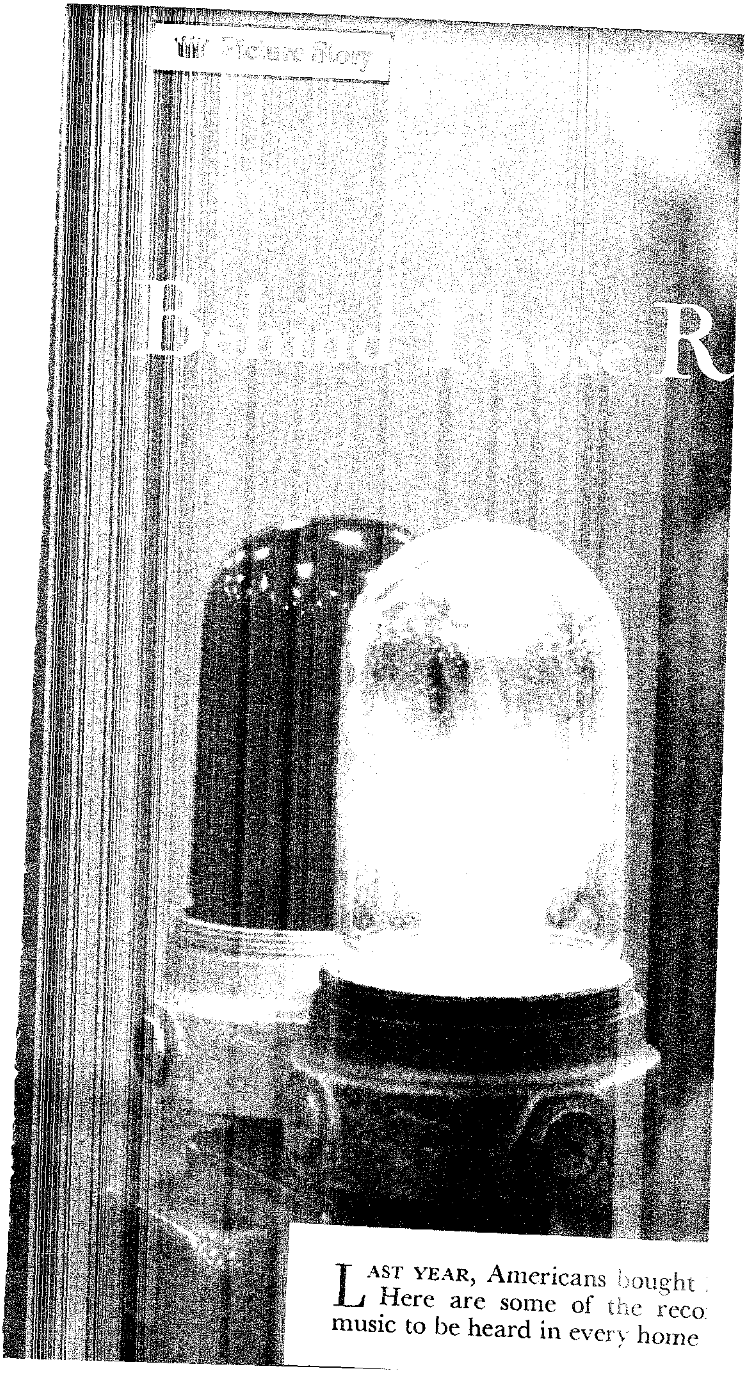
A MAN was justifiably proud of his lawn until one year a heavy crop of dandelions appeared. He tried everything he had ever heard of to get rid of them, but without success.

At last he wrote to a school of agriculture, giving a list of the remedies he had tried, and ending with an appeal: "What shall I do now?"

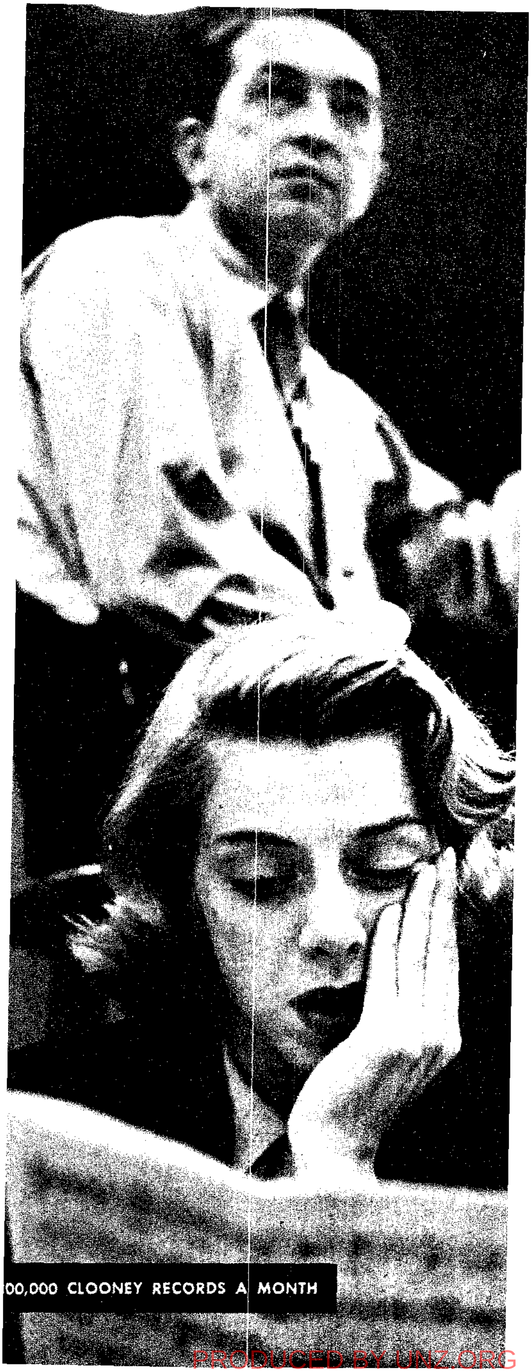
In due course he received this reply: "We suggest that you learn to love them."
—*Woodmen of The World*

Picture Story

Behind Those R



LAST YEAR, Americans bought
Here are some of the reco
music to be heard in every home

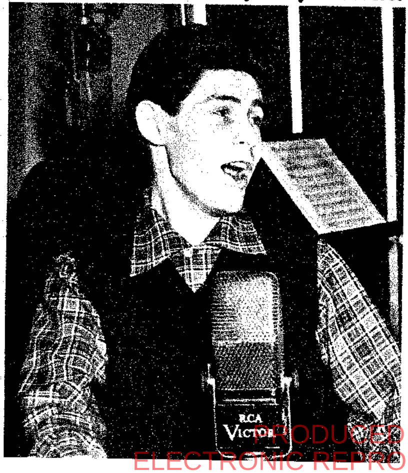


00,000 CLOONEY RECORDS A MONTH

Used to facing the mike as a band vocalist, Doris Day is relaxed at record dates.

Along Tin Pan Alley—a non-geographical jungle of music publishers and song pluggers centering only very roughly at New York's Broadway and 50th Street—there's a foolproof way of gauging the success of a new tune: who recorded it? In the swing-crazy 30's, the big boom in records was ignited by the big bands. Today, the vocalists make the platters spin. The svelte tones of Jo Stafford or the gravelly hypnotism of Nat Cole can make a struggling songsmith a respected ASCAP-er overnight. Who buys the records? Teen-agers, the pollsters used to say. Now they're not so sure. Johnnie Ray packed the Copacabana recently—and there wasn't a bobbysoxer in sight.

Eddie Fisher is a disk-jockey favorite.



Arthur Godfrey got June Valli started.

Vaughn Monroe, recording star of *Ballerina*, cuts a disk with newcomer Sunny Gale.

The Sauter-Finegan dance band features rarely used instruments: harp, flutes, triangle.

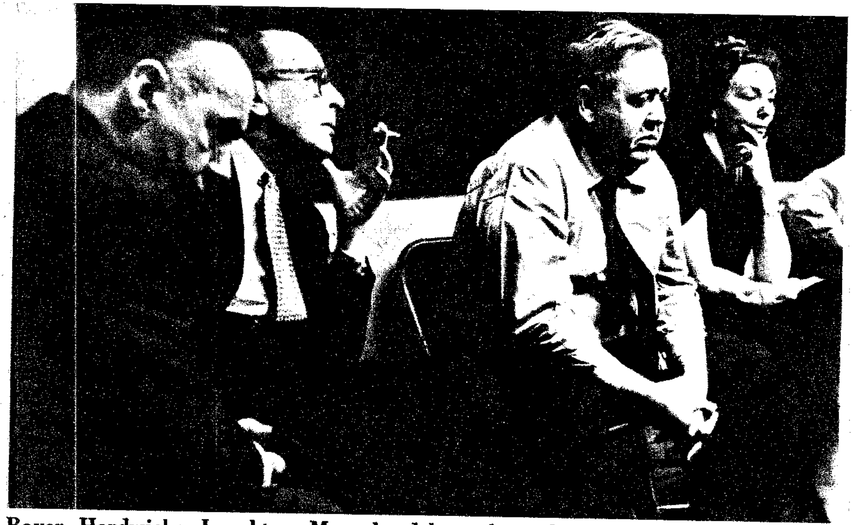
Dinah Shore and Tony Martin, ballad singers, team up on novelties like Manhattan.

Bearded Mitch Miller, popular record boss at Columbia, listens to a Ray playback.

Certain songs and certain singers are, it seems, meant for each other. Separately, they hover just outside the periphery of success. Brought together, they soar to stardom on a mountain of record sales and an avalanche of nickels-in-the-juke box. That's what happened to Rosemary Clooney and *Come On-a My House*. It doesn't happen often—only one in every 35 recordings becomes a hit—but when it does, a new bandwagon is loosed and countless imitators scramble aboard.

Frankie Laine recordings total 67. His claim to fame is *That's My Desire.*

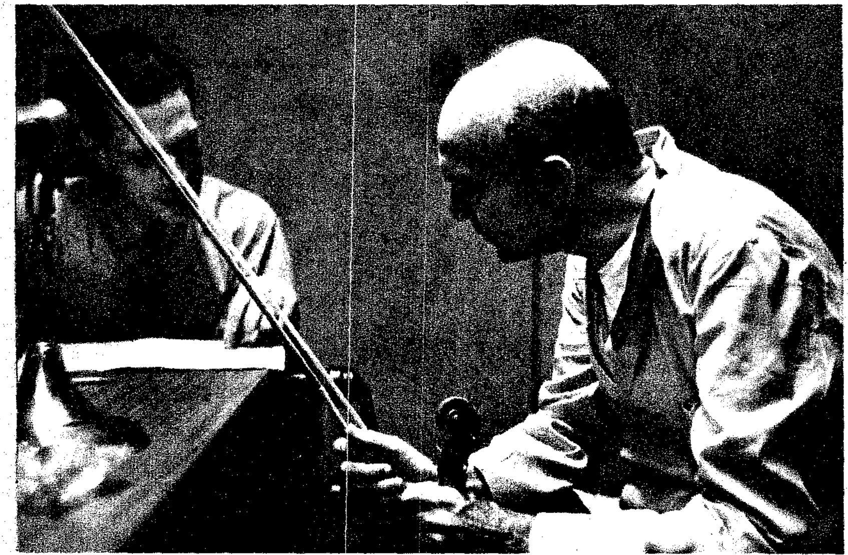
Benny Goodman ventured into classical music, now has a new swing band, too.



Boyer, Hardwicke, Laughton, Moorehead hear themselves read *Don Juan in Hell.*

They're called records, and they are—enduring records of every important singing, acting and history-making voice that can be led to a microphone. From the time of Theodore Roosevelt, every American President has spoken for the recording machine—and posterity. The first atomic blast, the sound of the *Hindenburg* exploding, the epic moment when the Japanese surrendered in Tokyo Bay—these, too, have been recorded. Across the U. S., would-be theatergoers enjoy hit plays and musical comedies even before they finish their Broadway runs—all because of an ironclad record company dictum: if it's significant or instructive or entertaining, get it on wax.

As the first cut plays back, Mary Martin sings a mental duet with herself.



Violinist Joseph Szigeti carefully practices his score for hours before recording.

When Enrico Caruso signed a recording contract with the Victor Company in 1904, howls of anguish were heard across the country: the faithful despaired that the immortal tenor had been hypnotized by a mechanical freak. But other artists —chiefly singers at first—followed

Between record sessions, violinist Isaac Stern plays over 100 concerts a year.

Even at rehearsal, cellist Gregor Piatigorsky is utterly lost in his music.

Hand tapping the beat, Rudolf Serkin's sensitive ear listens for minor flaws.

Caruso's example. Soon the phonograph became a medium for noted violinists and pianists too, and, most recently, solo performances on the more rarely heard instruments—harpsichord, xylophone, lute, zither, cymbal—have been recorded for all to hear.

The greatest living interpreter of Chopin is pianist Alexander Brailowsky.

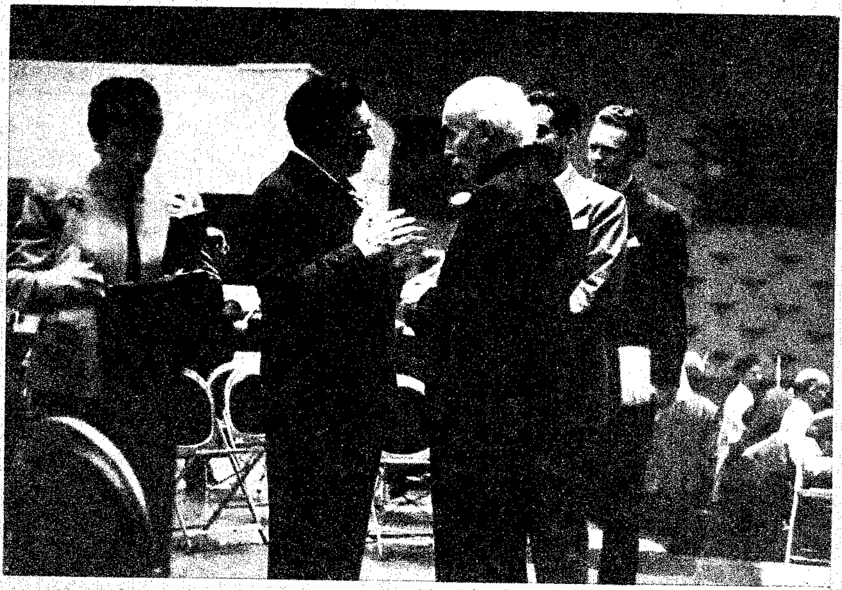
At 74, Wanda Landowska is dedicated to recording Bach's harpsichord music.

The Metropolitan broke precedent by recording Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* in English.

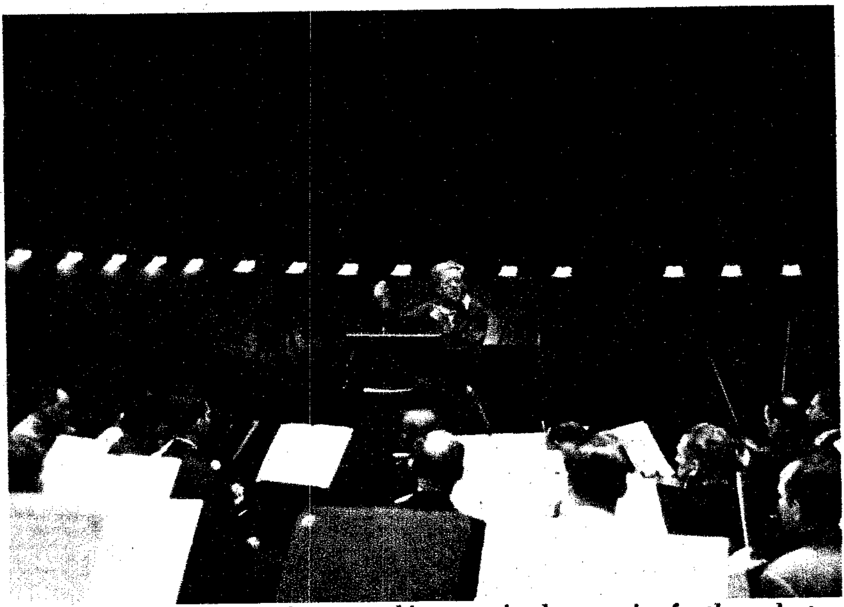
Dorothy Kirsten records popular music.

Despite the great names on their labels, classical recordings remained a secondary art form, a limited hobby and a minor business enterprise until 1948. Then suddenly, like Jack's beanstalk, they burst those narrow confines and, within a matter of months, became a major entertainment industry. To a field that had seemed crowded by the five major record firms of pre-war days, there flocked nearly 1,000 new companies, all of them frantically occupied with the task of adding symphonies and sonatas to their repertories of ballad and bebop. They scrambled to sign up studios, sound engineers and, above all, talent. They recorded, released and most prospered. What happened? For one thing, the advent of long-playing records made it possible to put entire symphonies on a single disk at substantially lower prices. For another, audio reproduction came closer and closer to perfection. Television, spotting a trend, brought the classics—including grand opera—into millions of homes. And so, and most important, the American buying public came to appreciate an opportunity that a short while ago had been afforded only to a privileged few. They came to recognize—and savor—the beauty of classical music. Today, the classics account for four of every ten records sold, with the percentage still rising. Along with a genuine revival of centuries of musical achievement came a boom in modern, even experimental, music. Every composer, long dead or still trail-blazing unique musical forms, as well as every performer, has his own cult of avid enthusiasts.

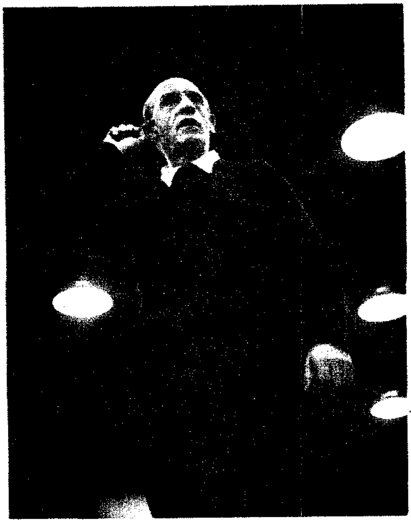
Stokowski pioneered symphony records.



A living legend, Toscanini is a tireless conductor, an exacting musician.



When Artur Rodzinski conducts, even his expression has meaning for the orchestra.

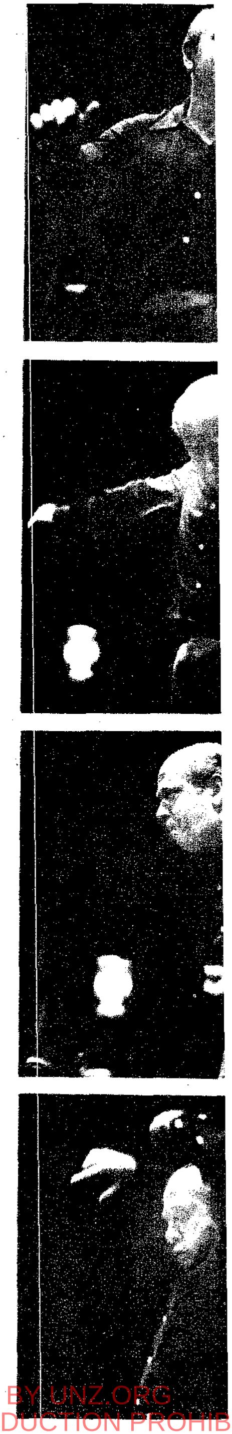


Dimitri Mitropoulos briefs his New York Philharmonic before each recording.

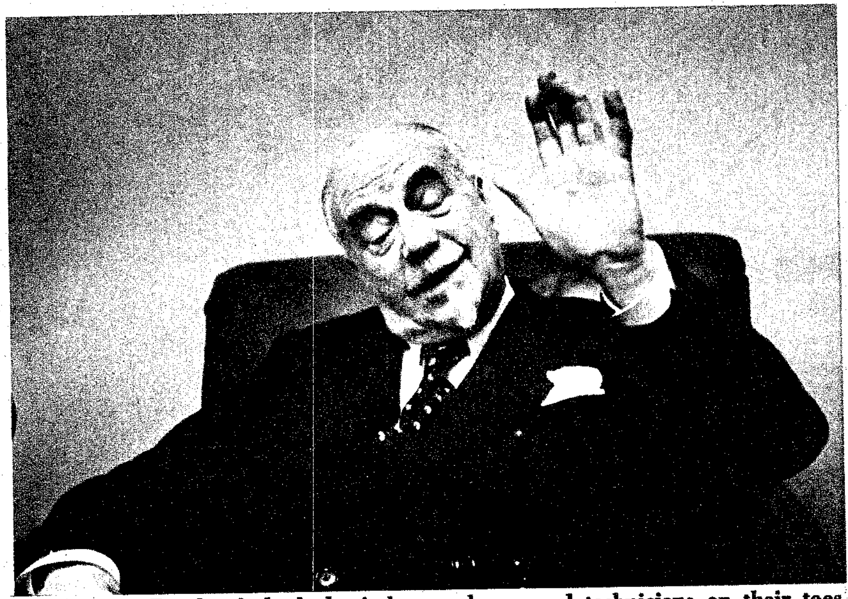
André Kostelanetz's music bridges popular and classical, is sometimes both.

White tie and tails, *de rigueur* at concert performances, have no place in the soundproof studios where records are made. There, you are apt to see a symphony orchestra in shirtsleeves, the conductor in a sweat shirt. Dispensed with are all visible trappings; here, the only thing that matters is performance—and that matters very much. Even with the magic of tape, from which faults can be snipped and corrections inserted, a single score is apt to be played over and over before the master cut is okayed. It took two symphony orchestras, 10 years and 26 tries before Toscanini would approve a 23-minute work by Debussy. In the relentless circle within which artists try to match every improvement in sound-reproduction technique with a more intensive striving for perfection, the aura of irrevocability hangs heavy over record sessions. A mediocre on-stage performance can be corrected next time. A mediocre performance on a record can never be redeemed.

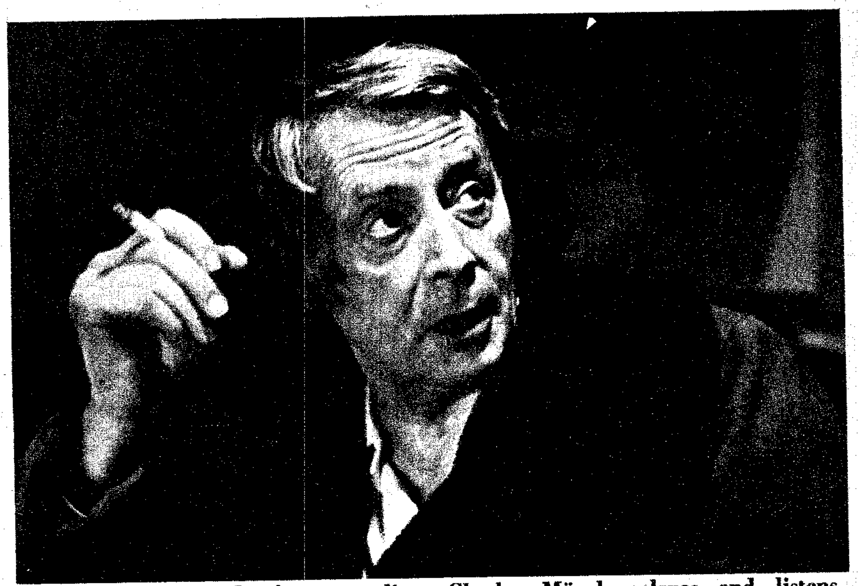
Caruso would be utterly bewildered by a contemporary recording studio. He wouldn't see the spinning wax cylinder at which he had to strain his diaphragm at every note merely to be heard, nor the awesome receiving horn around which every orchestra member crowded. Today, panels bounce sound in precisely the right way, and engineers can increase resonance or mute an obligato with the turn of a dial. And the finished product reaches more people than ever heard Caruso in all his lifetime. The classics have gone popular.



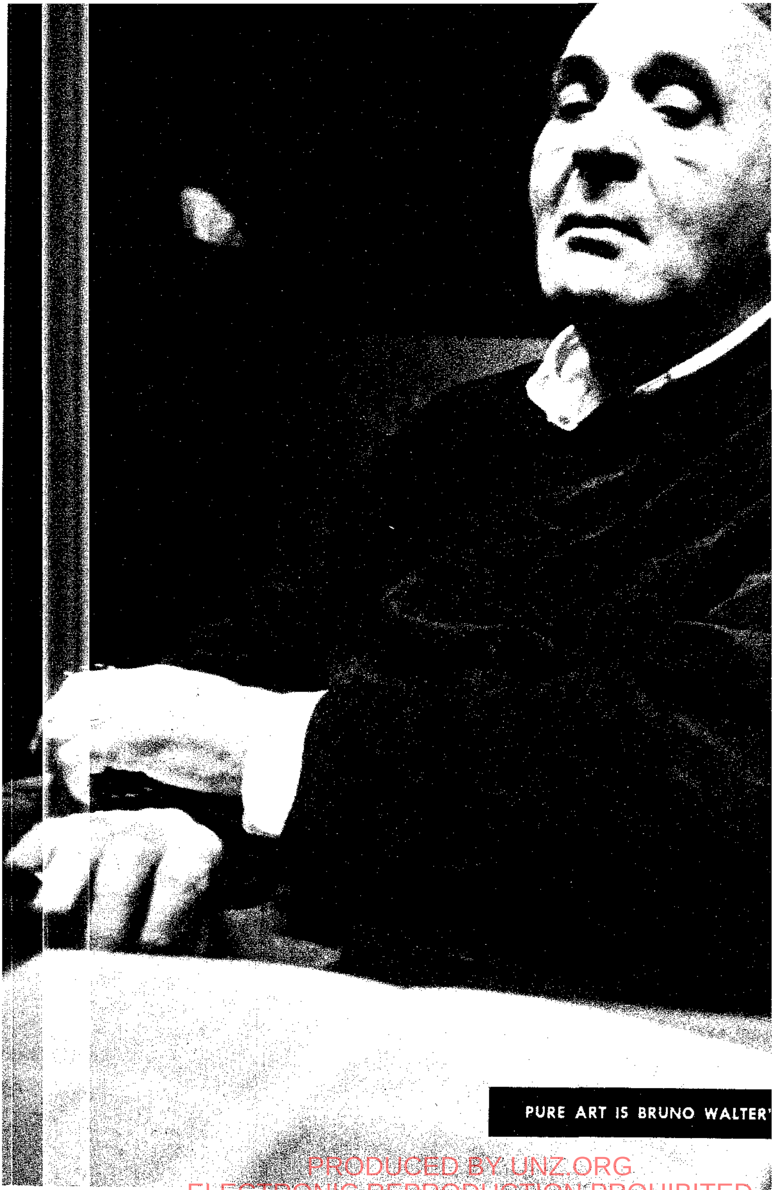
Face and hands full of emotion, Eugene Ormandy directs an orchestral recording.



Sir Thomas Beecham's barbed wit keeps players and technicians on their toes.



Spent and exhausted after recording, Charles Münch relaxes and listens.



PURE ART IS BRUNO WALTER'

STRAVINSKY OFTEN RECORDS HIS OWN WORKS

The Worst Racket of All

by **Henry Lee**

Beware the grafting ghouls who yearly exact a frightful toll from the bereaved

THE TELEPHONE CALL tore at the heartstrings of the Korean war hero's family in the little town of Lemay, Missouri. And yet, pathetically, they wanted to hear every painful word. For all they had known up till now was contained in the bleak Army telegram that broke the sad news to them.

"I was with your son when he died," said the voice calling from San Francisco. "Oh, I wish—" the voice broke boyishly—"I wish I'd been killed, too. It was so horrible."

There was a moment's silence and the family thought the connection had been broken. Then the caller went on haltingly. He had some letters, knicknacks and cash that had belonged to his dead buddy, he said. He wanted to deliver them to the family, to visit them and see his buddy's home town, but didn't have enough money to cover the railroad fare. Would they care to advance funds?

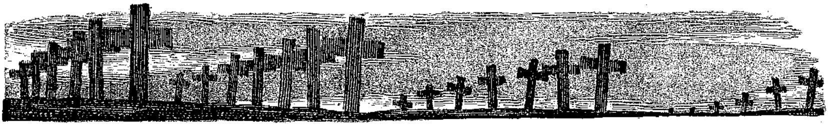
Fortunately, the family did not send the money. Instead, suspicious over discrepancies in his story, they notified authorities, and San Francisco police arrested the 22-year-old "Korean veteran" as he was trying to cash a money order wired from Detroit by an unwary father. The swindler readily admitted that he had already collected hundreds of dollars from the grieving survivors of servicemen.

All over the country today, the Army, the FBI, police Bunco Squads and Better Business Bureaus are fighting the heartless crooks who prey on dead men's patriotism and their families' grief. Working out of phone booths, with newspaper casualty lists as leads, these despicable "hearse chasers" clip families for "expenses," which they usually keep purposely low to stay within the realm of petty larceny.

Nor are the civilian bereaved spared by these worst of crooks who feed off the obituary columns. In a dozen rackets that may net from $10 to $1,000, they swindle widows at a time when they can least afford to lose the money.

Considering that some 1,500,000 Americans die yearly, "hearse chasing" is a lucrative racket. Yet this callous exploitation of a sacred emotion, this indecent deepening of a family's sorrow, angers even fellow criminals, and makes "hearse chasers" the pariahs of the underworld.

Only last year, for example, a fleet of shiny new cars and trailers descended on Montgomery Coun-



ty, Virginia. Concentrating on the Gold Star families of Korean dead, peddlers of photographic enlargements made some remarkable misrepresentations.

The government, the victims were told, had singled them out for a "memorial award," the only one in their city and county, at a price "poor people" could afford.

A woman whose nephew had perished in Korea testified in court that she paid $460 for enlarged portraits (supposed to be worth $1,800!). The salesman, she said, had told her he was an Army veteran himself and, through the government, the jobs were being done by disabled vets.

Similarly, the widow of the first Roanoke GI killed in Korea said she was told the "War Department" had chosen her "because of my husband's good conduct and character reference." She was asked to pay $250 for a "freehand painting which would be $1,000, once they went on the market generally."

"I thought I was obligated to take a picture since the War Department had chosen me," a Negro soldier's widow said. "The salesman told me it was $1,200, but I only had to pay $480. The government would pay the difference."

It is a pleasure to report that this "hearse chaser" was apprehended and sentenced to pay a $500 fine and serve ten days in jail.

Even more vicious is the "graves racket" directed against the families of dead GIs. This flourished so heartlessly for several years after World War II—and shows signs of a Korean revival—that Defense Department officials urge the public to remember these facts:

1. Beware the stranger who assures you he can expedite return of a GI's body. Even if employed by the Defense Department or if a member of the Armed Forces, an individual cannot hasten the return of a particular body.

2. Beware those who offer photographs of overseas graves, or promise that they can be obtained. Unauthorized persons are prohibited from taking such photographs.

3. Beware any persons offering to arrange with individuals abroad for the care and the decoration of graves. The government itself provides perpetual care—without "fee."

4. Beware those cruelest of creatures who say they can locate or materially help in locating men who have been reported missing in action. It is practically impossible for any civilian to do this.

Emphasizing that return of the dead has been delegated exclusively to the Office of the Quartermaster General, the Army says: "If there is something you want to know, if there are questions which need to be clarified, there is no need to appeal through a third party. Your letter to any of the Armed Services will receive a prompt reply."

There are a thousand and one rackets aimed at veterans' families. In Oklahoma, for example, the promoter of a six-volume set, "Fighting Men of Oklahoma," drew a three-year mail-fraud term. Most of the thousands of subscribers received only a book or two.

These "vultures of victory," as FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has scornfully called them, may attempt to get widows to invest insurance payments in get-rich-quick schemes. Or they may ask fees for filing claims for government benefits.

For what little consolation it may afford, "hearse chasers" do not concentrate on war families alone. Their shabbiest trick is peddling cheap, unwanted, overpriced merchandise C.O.D. (which, in the trade, means "Collect on Death"). Thus, bad watches, inferior perfumes, gimcrack pen-and-pencil sets, are mailed directly to the deceased, in the hope that the survivors will assume the stuff had actually been ordered.

A favorite ware is a Bible, often stamped in gold with the dead man's initials, because to many families it would be almost shameful to reject such an item. In a recent instance reported in Houston, the C.O.D. charges were $2.98, but the swindler had forgotten to remove the Bible's price ticket—39 cents.

ANOTHER TRICK IS to seek the "balance" due on securities or property that the dead man had allegedly been purchasing, perhaps as a "surprise" for his family. On getting the money, the swindlers make good—but the stock or land is practically worthless, of course.

In simplest form, "hearse chasing" is a whining note to the dead man asking "repayment" on a loan of $10 or $20 because the writer, an "old friend," is "down on his luck." Most families pay and forget.

The more greedy crooks write the widow that they are holding her late husband's note for $100. "No doubt you've already seen a memo about it in his papers," the crook adds, "and I know you'll want to honor his debts." She has found no such memo, of course, but out of pride, she pays.

Let's take a specific "hearse chaser," fortunately now in jail, who has worked all over the country. He is J. M. Landau, a highly respectable-looking old gentleman with gray hair, high forehead, kindly gray eyes behind rimless glasses. You would never dream that he once broke out of a Kentucky penitentiary. Around St. Louis alone he is known to have mulcted more than 100 trusting widows.

Landau would strike up a conversation on the subject of religion, then ask about the lady's late husband and be "terribly distressed" to find he had unwittingly mentioned such a painful topic.

After a moment, he would get around to insurance, saying he was positive the dear man held a policy that his widow hadn't known about. (Either the employer had taken it out for him, or the good man was keeping it as a "surprise," he explained.)

To press the claim, Landau admitted, would take a little time and money, and quite reluctantly he finally accepted $20 or $25, or whatever the traffic would bear, for his "expenses." He even gave his victim a receipt for the money advanced, but the name he signed was never Landau, and, of course, she would never see him again.

Through this modest racket, Landau for years lived well and traveled widely.

In this seamy trade, the top dogs—and the word is as good as any to describe them—are the "biographters," or high-pressure vanity salesmen. They work on families who think their departed ones merit inclusion in forthcoming biographical volumes intended "for library or historical purposes." At best, puff biographies do not make the library shelves; at worst, the volumes are not even printed.

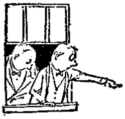
One of the "biographters'" tricks is to wheedle victims into signing a "reservation"—which actually is a hard-and-fast contract. Sometimes, through charging fraud, the victims can force a settlement or break the contract—but more often they have to pay and pay.

In one case, a widow charged that she signed a $2,100 bill, without her glasses on, for the biography of her husband and a family genealogical history—and the paper turned out to be a note for $21,000!

Whether you are a service or civilian family, beware any proffer of advice, services or merchandise which follows on a death in the immediate circle of your loved ones. If a lawyer or businessman is assisting in the settlement of the estate, turn over such communications to him at once.

If you are going it alone, you can count on cooperation—eager cooperation, in fact—from the government, the police, or your local Better Business Bureau, Chamber of Commerce or any of the veterans' organizations.

Actually, even if it seems simpler to pay the $10 or dismiss the whole miserable matter from your mind, cooperate for the sake of the next bereaved family—who may desperately need the money stolen from them. Only an aroused public can put the heartless, shameless, miserable racketeers where they belong—behind bars.



Deftly Described

HOME FROM THE CAPITAL, a Pittsburgh business man looked out the window and saw a big log floating down the river. He pointed it out to a friend. "See that log," he said. "That's just like Washington. If you examined that log closely you'd find 10,000 ants on it—and each one of them thinks he's steering it."

—*Typo-Graphic*

A FRENCHWOMAN who was visiting the United States for the first time received a letter from her sister in Paris asking her to describe what Americans were really like. "It would have taken a book to tell her," the Frenchwoman confided to American friends. "So I just sent her the latest Sears Roebuck catalog."

—H. V. McCoy

A CITY MAN sent his son to work on a farm, hoping to impress upon the boy what hard work was like. A few weeks later he called on the farmer to inquire how the youngster was making out.

"I'm not going to bandy words with you," the farmer replied. "If that boy had another hand, he'd want another pocket to put it in!"

—Adrian Anderson

Baseball's Clown Prince

by **ROBERT Q. LEWIS**

THE END OF THE 1936 baseball season seemed like the end of the line for the popular manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. "He doesn't have the sense to handle a potentially superior team," announced the owners when they fired him. "He's nothing but a clown."

There was a certain truth in their statement, since through more than 40 years of baseball ups and downs, his outlandish antics as player and manager had become legend.

Ordered from the field by an umpire, he had gracefully doffed his cap—and out flew a sparrow. There was the time an arbiter flatly refused to call a game despite a sudden shower. As the next batter walked to the plate, our hero followed him and, in full view of thousands of delighted fans, thoughtfully handed him an umbrella.

He seemed to suffer from a constitutional inability to remember names. His catcher was "the guy with ten thumbs behind the bat." In a burst of utter candor he characterized the Dodgers as "first in peace, first in war and last in the National League."

The fans loved it—but the stockholders were not amused. Knowing baseball men begged him to end the clowning and the jokes.

"Look," came the reply, "baseball is a game, not a war. I've always played it this way and I always will. Give me a good team and I'll win—but I'll still be laughing."

He drifted down to the minors. Then, in 1949, the baseball world was staggered by the news item that the ex-pilot of the Dodgers had been chosen to manage the New York Yankees.

He was still laughing, still clowning—but he began winning. And it came to pass on the afternoon of October 7, 1952, just 16 years after he had been fired, that the Dodgers met his Yankees in the deciding game of the World Series.

When it was over, a tumult of excited sounds engulfed the victors' dressing room. But ringing above it—clearly audible next door where the Dodgers dressed in sullen silence—was that inimitable laughter.

The man who had been dubbed a senseless clown had just led the Yankees to their fourth straight world's championship, and it's a good bet that his name—Casey Stengel—will eventually be enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame.

Robert Q. Lewis stars on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show,* CBS radio, Monday through Saturday, and on *The Name's the Same,* ABC-TV Tuesdays.

"AWAY, ALL BOARDING PARTIES!"

by LAURENCE GREENE

The fantastic story of the daring American flattop that captured a Nazi submarine

THE BROOM lashed to the foremast of the baby flattop *Guadalcanal*, as she steamed into the Bermuda Naval Operating Base on June 19, 1944, was a great deal more than the traditional symbol of a clean sweep.

For the *Guadalcanal*, in one of the most daring Naval actions of World War II, had defeated and boarded an enemy submarine on the high seas. Not since 1815, when the U.S.S. *Peacock*, seized H.M.S. *Nautilus* after a battle in the Straits of Sunda, had American bluejackets rallied to the order: "Away, all boarding parties!"

The feat was so fantastic that both London and Washington disbelieved the first radio reports. Then, when the facts were known, a super-Top Secret classification was placed on the story of the *Guadalcanal's* victory.

So successfully was the secret kept that the most comprehensive histories of the war at sea, written after the surrender of Germany, make no mention of it. But now the story can be told—as Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery, commander of the *Guadalcanal*, remembers it.

The story begins, actually, with the commissioning of the *Guadalcanal* at Astoria, Oregon, September 25, 1943. Gallery, a salty type who would have done well in the old days of sail, listened to the critics of the jeep flattops and determined that his would make her name: within a year she would fly the coveted Presidential Unit Citation at her foretruck.

She won the citation by the fabulous capture of one of Germany's best submarines, the *U-505*. But because of the importance of the capture, the P.U.C. flag, also, had to remain top secret. Naval Intelligence had found too much of vital importance aboard the *U-505* to let the Nazi high command in Berlin know that the sub, intact, was in our hands.

Gallery had seen service in Iceland, as commandant of Naval subchasing aviation. He well knew that the U-boat pack, operating beyond the range of shore-based aircraft, was almost invulnerable. The skippers of the subs surfaced boldly, often by day, and cruised on their Diesels to keep their banks of storage batteries fully charged, so that when necessary they might operate

Adapted from *Clear the Decks*, by Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery (William Morrow & Company)

underwater for as long as 24 hours at a time.

The job the untried jeep carriers faced, then, was a Homeric one. They had postage-stamp decks and a small complement of aircraft. Such a task group as Gallery's consisted of a carrier and four destroyers, little enough to be hurled against an undetermined number of hidden submarines.

Much of what Gallery took aboard his ship was knowledge. But he had more. He revered seagoing traditions: that a good ship must have a bright star to guide her, that every man who serves aboard contributes to the shining of that star by "leaving a little of his soul when he leaves the ship." And finally, there was the wild Gallery dream—to capture, somehow, a living submarine and bring it into port!

Gallery's officers and men did not hoot at the idea. They remembered the memo they had been handed as they came aboard for the first shake-down cruise.

"The motto of the *Guadalcanal,*" the then Captain Gallery told them, "will be 'Can do,' meaning we will take any tough job that is handed to us and run away with it. The tougher the job, the better we'll like it."

It was corny but it worked. The youngsters immediately renamed their flattop the *Can Do.* And they made it a smart ship.

Finally, they went into the Atlantic as the heart of Task Group 22.3. They sank four submarines in their first two cruises, largely because of a harebrained gamble Gallery took. He instituted night flying and made it work with an infinitesimal fraction of error. He pays tribute to his pilots in this phase of the *Guadalcanal's* career: "They were right out of Pensacola and they didn't know you weren't supposed to fly at night from the deck of a jeep."

The *Guadalcanal's* third sinking was the *U-515,* commanded by *Kapitän-Leutnant* Werner Henke, one of Hitler's best. A night flier spotted the *U-515* at 10 o'clock April 8. Planes and ships dogged and harassed the sub until the afternoon of the ninth when, badly hurt, she surfaced.

While Henke and 43 of his men were being plucked from the sea, the Task Group plastered the U-boat with everything it had. Four minutes after the conning tower emerged from the deep, the sub gave a final lunge, pointed her prow at the heavens and slid beneath the oil-scummed waves.

In that flashing instant, the Gallery dream crystallized. Why blast a vessel whose crew had abandoned without sign of fight? Why not find another set of circumstances like these, board the sub and take her into port? At a conference of his skippers before setting out on Cruise Three, Gallery outlined his ambitious idea.

On Sunday morning, June 5, the *Guadalcanal* and her escorts were off the coast of French West Africa. Oil was dangerously low. Gallery had to make for Casablanca to refuel, but he still hoped there would be another engagement—and that it would lead to capture.

He scanned his copy of the Plan of the Day. One section brought a wry smile to his lips. It was headed "Crew for Captured Submarine" and listed the scant 20 men from the ships of the Task Group who knew a little about undersea craft.

Gallery handed the Plan back to his orderly, with the remark, "Well, maybe we'll have some luck on the return voyage."

He went below to Mass. He had just returned to the bridge when the squawk box said, "*Chatelain* to Task Group commander—I have possible sound contact."

The *Jenks* and *Pillsbury* swung off toward the *Chatelain*, bow waves boiling. Because a jeep carrier "has no more business in the neighborhood of a sound contact than an old lady at a barroom brawl," Gallery ordered his aircraft launched and then turned tail, to wait at a safe distance.

Seconds later, pilots of two Wildcats sighted the U-boat, running submerged. It was learned later that the Germans were unsuspecting until the first depth charges of the *Chatelain* went off, spilling men, tables, dishes and the Sunday dinner onto the deck.

In one of the few such instances recorded, the fliers played seeing-eye dog for the destroyers, maneuver by maneuver. The surface ships, as though leashed, followed the *U-505's* changes of course with lightning speed.

Twelve minutes after the first sound contact, the sub surfaced. The Nazis emerged from the conning tower and went over the side.

THE U-BOAT HAD BEEN abandoned so suddenly her motors were left running. With her rudder jammed, she circled at a steady eight knots. As she did, the order never before given on a modern public-address system boomed out of the speakers aboard the American ships: "Away, all boarding parties!"

Lieutenant A. L. David, of the *Pillsbury*, displaying heroism that won him one of the two Congressional Medals of Honor awarded in the Battle of the Atlantic, was first aboard. His whaleboat crew made fast to the moving sub and he leaped to the deck. Armed with a tommy gun, he raced down the conning tower ladder.

Torpedoman's Mate A. W. Knispel and Radioman S. E. Wdowiak were next aboard. They rushed below on the heels of David. All three knew they were toying with death if there were any Germans still aboard; descending the ladder into the main control room, they would have been perfect targets. And if the ship were deserted, they knew that any one of the 14 demolition charges known to be on every Nazi sub might reach the end of its fuse and send them to the bottom.

But the capture itself transcended all else. The eight men fanned out and found no one aboard. They began closing every seacock they could find. David, in the control room, threw the switches, but the sub began to go down by the stern and he had to start the motors again so that the propellers might help keep the ship level.

More boarders plummeted down the hatch. Within minutes they had closed every valve and the *U-505* was taking water only through minor cracks in the pressure hull. The depth charges, they found, had burst only the external ballast tanks.

Busy as they were, the boarders found time for other things. They paused in their work twice, at the sound of terrible crashes against the hull. One of the reverberations was caused by a boat from the *Pillsbury*, which was lifted by a huge wave and deposited on the U-boat's deck. The other was a collision with the *Pillsbury* itself, which came too close and was badly torn forward by the submarine's diving planes.

And the souvenir hounds were active. Sailors with one hand on a valve reached with the other for "the damnedest collection of junk you've ever seen"—binoculars, cameras, officers' caps, insignia, Luger pistols.

Gallery, ordering the *U-505* taken in tow, maneuvered the carrier to bring its stern close to the submarine's bow. He looked at the torpedo tubes, only a few feet from his stern, their deadly missiles plainly visible. Quietly he uttered a prayer: "Dear Lord, I've got a bunch of inquisitive young lads on that submarine. Please don't let any of them monkey with the firing switch!"

The boarders finished disconnecting the 14 demolition charges and turned to other things. A youth who knew about the disposition of documents aboard a U-boat gathered up everything he found—code books, charts, operational plans, general and special orders—and sent them across to the *Guadalcanal*.

Gallery looked at the haul and knew he had hit the jackpot. When Naval Intelligence was given what he had, it would, in effect, own a pipeline direct to GHQ, in Berlin.

Commdr. Earl Trosino was sent over from the carrier to head up the prize crew. Trosino, up from the merchant marine, was the kind of engineer skippers pray for—and sometimes to. He knew everything there was to know about marine machinery, and he could keep it running whether it was fresh from the factory or patched together with baling wire.

One of his first chores was to straighten the jammed rudder. But when Trosino reached the door leading to the after-torpedo room, he found what he feared was a booby trap. Gallery, an ordnance expert, had ordered that he alone would deal with booby traps, and the find was immediately reported to the carrier.

The skipper received the report gleefully. He needed an excuse to quit his bridge and take a look at his prize. He went aboard the *U-505* and, with Trosino and a couple of others watching, examined the booby trap and found it to be a fake. It was an anxious few minutes, though, as is evidenced by Gallery's later comment: "I don't know how many booby traps you have to open before you're entitled to retire from the business. It's a racket that has no future in it—it's bad for your ulcers!"

When Gallery returned to the *U-505's* deck, he found his painters busily renaming her. On the conning tower, in huge red letters, was the new name: *Can Do, Jr.* Ever afterward, to the *Guadalcanal's* crew, the submarine was known as "Junior."

Gallery asked permission to put into Dakar, but was overruled for

the sensible reason that the place crawled with Vichy French, who would have told Berlin of the capture within hours. The Task Group was ordered to proceed to Bermuda instead.

Gallery acquired some new gray hairs when he read the order. The carrier was almost out of oil and Bermuda was 1,700 miles away!

To win battles and medals, men must be lucky as well as brave. Gallery was both. The tanker and tug that he requested rendezvoused with him on the fourth day. Refueled, he could proceed to Bermuda as he chose.

Now, one of the greatest Naval exploits of any war moved from the realm of action into the more rarefied strata of keeping a secret and utilizing what had been seized. A threat to both of these aims was in the crew of the *Guadalcanal* itself, in the matter of souvenirs.

Gallery stepped on that one fast, with this announcement: "There is no use whatsoever in having a souvenir unless you can show it and brag about it. So, all of those having souvenirs turn them in tomorrow—and no questions asked. If a souvenir is found after tomorrow, no questions will be asked either—but the boom will be lowered!"

Within hours of her arrival in Bermuda, the *U-505* was back in the war—on our side! The code books were rushed to Washington. There they gave Intelligence a listening post on the U-boat frequencies. A regular watch was placed on those frequencies, and every communication between a submarine and Berlin was decoded immediately after its receipt.

The value of the haul was beyond calculation, because it was known to be safe (a code book delivered by a spy might have been a fake) and because even though the codes changed periodically, their key was always to be found in the books.

Moreover, the *U-505* carried five of the Nazis' secret acoustic torpedoes, of which our Navy had only heard. With the missiles themselves in hand, ordnance experts quickly devised counter-measures to make them relatively harmless. And when Germany surrendered, the crew of the *Guadalcanal* received an added accolade.

The *U-505* had been carried in German Naval records as "missing and probably sunk" since June 3!

* * *

Reverse English

(Answers to quiz on page 35)

1. (a) tort; (b) trot 2. (a) leper; (b) repel 3. (a) flog; (b) golf 4. (a) brag; (b) garb 5. (a) wort; (b) trow 6. (a) ogre; (b) ergo 7. (a) dray; (b) yard 8. (a) laud; (b) dual 9. (a) rood; (b) door 10. (a) trap; (b) part 11. (a) gulp; (b) plug 12. (a) Eton; (b) note 13. (a) denim; (b) mined 14. (a) flow; (b) wolf 15. (a) devil; (b) lived 16. (a) tide; (b) edit 17. (a) reed; (b) deer 18. (a) revel; (b) lever 19. (a) peek; (b) keep 20. (a) rail; (b) liar 21. (a) mood; (b) doom 22. (a) demit; (b) timed 23. (a) pool; (b) loop 24. (a) bard; (b) drab 25. (a) tuber; (b) rebut 26. (a) lager; (b) regal 27. (a) rime; (b) emir 28. (a) mart; (b) tram

How to Maintain Your Self-Confidence

by JAMES GORDON GILKEY

Making full use of your hidden resources will bolster your poise and assurance

IN A CURRENT VOLUME on personality problems I find this pitiful letter. It was written by a young man who had lost faith in himself.

"One of the things I despise myself for is my lack of backbone. When I was a youngster, I had plenty of nerve, but now I'm afraid of everything. I plan to do a certain piece of work, but when the moment to act arrives I invariably dodge the task before me. I know what it is I ought to do and how to do it, but when I attempt to start working I am overwhelmed by doubt.

"Some of my self-distrust is due, I think, to the fact that I never received much encouragement at home. My mother was always criticizing me, contrasting my poor points with the good points of other boys. She wanted to rouse me to try harder, but her efforts had exactly the opposite effect. They made me seem small in my own eyes, instilled in me the idea that I would never succeed, and created in me an I-don't-care attitude.

"I realize I'll never get anywhere if I continue as I'm now going, but I don't know how to change myself. I seem to be minus something. If you conclude I'm a worthless person, you've hit it about right. Can you give me any suggestions about improving my attitudes?"

How would you define that young man's difficulty? You might define it in negative terms by saying that he was the victim of an overwhelming sense of personal inadequacy. You might define it in positive terms by saying that he needed more self-confidence.

Was this young man's situation unusual? Do only a few youngsters suffer from self-distrust?

Recently a group of 275 undergraduates at one college submitted to a thorough psychological examination. No less than 90 per cent of them proved to have "serious feelings of personal deficiency." Some of them said they are inferior (or at least that they feel inferior) in personal appearance, athletic ability, mental power, personal charm. Others said they lack normal health and strength, that they are unsuccessful in love, that they are burdened by a sense of shame and guilt.

What about us older people? Are there times when we, too, must fight fear? You may be interested to hear the confessions of two famous men.

The first is Enrico Caruso, the great tenor. Once he delayed for nearly an hour the raising of the curtain at the Metropolitan Opera

From *Here Is Help for You*, by James Gordon Gilkey, Copyright 1951, and published by The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

House in New York City. What had happened? Poor Caruso had succumbed to stage fright. He told the director of the opera that he could not go out and sing.

But the second confession is the strangest. Bobby Jones, the incomparable golfer, once wrote: "Toward the end of a certain important match I lost my nerve completely. I stood there on the eighteenth fairway with my knees knocking together. I can remember hoping they would stop long enough to let me take a swing at the ball."

The battle against self-distrust is a battle which all of us, the old as well as the young, must fight. And now, what is the secret of winning this recurrent battle—of maintaining adequate confidence in one's self?

Perhaps the first thing we should do is remind ourselves that self-distrust has a variety of sources. Some self-distrust springs from fatigue, nothing more. Why did Bobby Jones' knees suddenly begin to knock together? Because he was tired, far more tired than he realized. The strain of 17 holes of championship golf under a broiling sun had sapped his strength.

Why did the experienced Caruso have an attack of stage fright? Because he, too, was tired—tired mentally, emotionally, physically.

Your own self-distrust may be exhaustion, nothing more. When you are rested, when your strength has returned, the shadows of fear will disappear.

What is the second source of self-distrust? It is a group of false ideas about ourselves, our resources, our probable future. These unfounded notions gain access to the mind, and there create unjustified but devastating anxieties.

Are there many individuals whose fear of themselves can be traced to this source? I venture the guess that two out of every ten people who are burdened by self-distrust are overtired physically. Three of the ten have deep-seated mental or emotional disturbances. Meantime, five are afraid because they are victimized by false notions about themselves.

Obviously the two tired individuals can cure themselves by giving themselves food and sleep. Obviously the three with mental or emotional disturbances should consult an expert in psychiatry. But what of the five others? They must conquer their self-distrust by expelling from their minds false ideas—which generate fear. They must then bring into their minds true ideas, ideas which create courage.

The first affirmation is this: "I have within myself significant reserves of physical strength. They were given me by the life-process which God conceived and incorporated within the scheme of things. Thanks to these reserves of physical strength, I can do the work my situation demands. I need never be afraid. I need never let myself grow panicky."

You say that such an affirmation has no basis in fact? Then listen to the story of a girl who was living in New England about a century and a half ago.

Her name was Lydia Arnold; she married a boy named William Buffum; they made their home in the isolated village of Smithfield, Rhode

Island. There was no doctor in the community, and Lydia had no woman neighbor to care for her. When it came time for her first baby to be born, she arranged to return to her mother's home in Danvers, Massachusetts, and give birth to the baby there.

But how could she make the trip from Smithfield to Danvers? There was only one way: she would have to ride the 50 miles on horseback, and ride alone. And she proceeded to do so.

When her second child was due, she made the trip to Danvers again, with her first baby perched on the saddle in front of her. During the years, Lydia Buffum bore no less than 14 children. When the oldest ones left Smithfield to establish homes of their own, Mrs. Buffum told her husband she felt lonely. Would he permit her to adopt a new brood of children? When he consented she welcomed to her home eight more youngsters, all of them children of other parents.

Did the immense and prolonged strain of rearing 22 boys and girls leave this woman broken in body and mind, exhausted in spirit? Certainly not! Mrs. Buffum wrote in her diary that she managed every one of the youngsters as long as management was necessary, and then she added grimly that she thrashed every one of her sons and foster sons soundly after his twenty-first birthday.

Another affirmation we should make is this: "I also possess some form of specialized ability. Maybe I have not yet discovered it. Maybe it is not the one my friends have. But some form of specialized ability lies hidden within my life. When I discover it, develop it, and am able to put it to effective use, I shall be able to do something with better-than-average skill."

You say you have searched for years but found within yourself no specialized skill? Then perhaps you have pictured specialized skill in the wrong way. Perhaps you have thought such skill means the ability to play an instrument, or speak effectively in public, or create a business organization.

Obviously these are forms of specialized ability, but there are other forms quite as significant. If you can manage human contacts well, get along with all sorts of people, you have specialized ability which is enormously valuable. If you can apply imagination to your daily tasks, do your work in an original and ingenious way, you should realize you have specialized ability which is of immense worth.

And what about the power to make yourself work long and hard —work after everyone else has quit? The capacity for sustained exertion is one of the most precious of specialized abilities. From it flows the capacity for unique achievement.

Years ago a teacher at Harvard, writing out of long experience with young men, penned these significant words: "The patient dedication of the will counts far more than native ability. Capacity flows more often from desire than desire from capacity."

Here is a third affirmation all of us must make, particularly when we reach life's later years. "The record I have made in the past may, or may not, forecast accurately the record I shall make in the future. If I now draw on my reserves, my power to achieve may increase. If I now discover and utilize my specialized ability, I may rise to a new level of accomplishment. If my situation now changes, I may be able to win tomorrow successes which were beyond my reach yesterday."

Abraham Lincoln's life story shows how true these statements are. When Lincoln was 32 he was so discouraged that he wrote: "I am now the most miserable person living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth."

Why such despair? Partly because Lincoln had not yet found himself. Partly because he had met a bewildering series of reverses. Partly because his situation did not evoke his best abilities. But was Lincoln's early record an accurate forecast of his later one?

You have just read words that Lincoln wrote in 1841; now read words he spoke in 1862. Addressing a joint session of Congress, he cried heroically: "The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise to the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think and act anew. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth!"

What a difference between the two Lincolns! Maybe you, too, can shake free from a frustrated, unhappy past. Maybe you, too, can now become your best.

The Punch Line

AN AMERICAN GUIDEBOOK for visitors to Europe says that the English are "a healthy, handsome, sturdy people, clean-limbed, fair-skinned and athletic, who suffer from the most agonizing, excruciating national inferiority complex in the world." We're furious about that last bit.

AT THE END of June, 50,260 fewer people were waiting for telephones than in June of last year. It is denied that the reason for this is that they have all emigrated.

INDICATIONS in a recent survey, that Britain is settling into the sea at a rate of two feet every hundred years, should end all that wild talk about America intending to use it as an unsinkable aircraft carrier.

TALES HE HAD HEARD of unpunctuality on British Railways, says a visitor from abroad, were quite discredited when a train he was waiting for steamed in five minutes before time. No one told him it was yesterday's.

AFTER THE loud and fantastic claims made in advance for the liner *United States* it comes as something of a disappointment to find them all true.

"A YOUNG AMERICAN will give a piano recital at the Athenaeum, Bury St. Edmunds, on Thursday next week, and another chapter of an Anglo-American friendship will be closed." —*Evening Standard*

Be fairer to wait until Thursday, wouldn't it?

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Red Ribs

MALENKOV called in his top "yes-men" one morning and boomed, "Boys, I've got a great idea. Let's liberate the Pribilof Islands from the suffocating grasp of those money-mad Wall Street bankers."

One "yes-man" was slow with his usual enthusiastic endorsement. "I must point out," he quavered, "that there isn't a single human being on the Pribilof Islands. There is nothing but seals."

That didn't stop Malenkov, however. "Seals? People?" he roared angrily. "After we get finished liberating them, who will be able to tell the difference?"

—BENNETT CERF, *Good for a Laugh* (Hanover House)

IN AMERICA, politicians run for office. In Russia, they run for the border. —NICK KENNY

A HUNGARIAN walked into a Budapest hospital and asked for directions to the eye and ear section. The nurse told him the sections were separate; there was one for eyes and one for ears.

"Oh, but I must go to both," exclaimed the man: "I don't know what has happened to me during the last few years. I don't see what I hear." —NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR A FREE EUROPE

THE SOVIET FOREMAN called his workers together and announced: "Comrades, from now on we will be able to increase our 'must quota' by 15 per cent as Comrade Improvement Suggester has just constructed a clock which runs 25 hours a day!" —GERARD MOSLER

THE STORY GOES that Malenkov was discussing a new government building project in Siberia with the head of the Soviet Secret Police, Beria. Said Beria, "It'll take about 20,000 to do the job."

"Rubles?" asked Malenkov.

"No," replied Beria. "Slaves."

—PAUL STEINER

BACK IN THE old days, four top Russians were playing contract bridge. Gromyko, who was the first bidder, had a long suit and opened with three diamonds.

"I'll make it four spades," said Molotov.

"Five diamonds," said Vishinsky in turn.

Stalin then bid. "One club."

This was followed by:

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass." —RED SKELTON

YOUNG ADAM wandered around the Garden of Eden before a rib became Eve. To his amazement he encountered an old man. "How did you get here, and whence did you come?" exclaimed the First Man.

"Can't you guess?" was the pompous reply. "I'm a Russian."

—*Air Conditioning & Refrigeration News*

Don't Talk to Us of "Living Death"!

***as told to* ROBERT ROBINSON**

WE HAVE a happy home life—my wife and I. A simple statement, that, but we never make it to our friends. They can't believe it.

The uselessness of trying to convince them became clear just before our third child, Jeff, was born. Joyce and I had stopped at the Burnses' for an evening visit. The practical nurse who lives with us was at home with Eddie and Nancy.

Across the room I heard Mrs. Burns adopt the maternal tone which meant she was thinking of our boy Eddie.

"Oh, I know you're happy, my dear," she said to Joyce. "You and your husband are so brave, having another one. With living death right in your home that way. . . ."

Joyce merely looked at Mrs. Burns, smiled and said: "Living death? What is that?"

Mrs. Burns flushed and looked away. Joyce and I left as soon as we could. "Let's quit trying to make people understand," I said as we drove home.

We have never explained our home life since. Instead, we've made our home a mysterious island, immune to the probing pity and curiosity of friends and relatives. We inhabitants of that island are happy with it. We think that also holds true for Eddie, our first child, now nine years old, the real object of this misplaced sympathy.

Eddie is one of those children born in every generation whose brain never develops. In short, our oldest boy is an idiot. We accept that fact. But until that day four years ago when both of us faced it, we had no family life, were near divorce, and Joyce teetered on the terrifying edge of insanity.

Born a beautifully formed baby, weighing an adequate seven pounds, today Eddie looks like any normal nine-year-old, though his arm and leg muscles are slightly flabby from disuse. Brown curls twist over his head. His sole outward sign of feeble-mindedness is the vague shadow of a smile that flickers continually across his face.

We always speak of what happened to Eddie as "The Accident." Dr. Green, who delivered him, introduced us to the word. On Joyce's last evening in the hospital, I sat beside her bed, warmed by the sight of her fingers lightly playing across the baby's face.

The door opened softly and Dr. Green entered. His face was tight. "Don't take my word as final," he said, "yet I would be less than honest if I didn't give you my frank

From *Today's Health*, copyright, 1951, American Medical Association

opinion. Eddie is the victim of one of nature's accidents. I'm afraid his brain will never develop. He has all the signs of feeble-mindedness."

"How can you tell?" said Joyce fearfully. She drew the baby closer in a protective gesture. "He's only five days old. How can you tell?"

Dr. Green's words came haltingly. "There are thousands of exceptional children born every year. You must not let it frighten you or affect your normal life."

As he talked, I reached for Joyce's hand. Then Dr. Green turned and, without looking back, left the room.

"Don't worry," I was saying to Joyce. "We'll see other doctors. Even Green admits he may be wrong. . . ."

On that note we set sail on a five-year voyage. Our ultimate goal: peace of mind. We could not know, we could not be told, that our route had been previously charted for us. When we finally could face facts, we learned that we had followed a pattern so commonplace as to be tragic. Parents, when they learn a child is so afflicted, pass through three well-defined stages. We went through them all.

Stage I began for us the day Joyce left the hospital and we resolved never to call Dr. Green again. A month later, I set out with Joyce and Eddie to see a Baltimore specialist. He gave his verdict quickly.

For some reason, Eddie's brain was not growing. He told us that *all* babies are born idiots, because the cortex is the last portion of the brain to develop. Normally, after birth, the cortex cells mature faster than any other part of the body.

Sometimes, however, the stimulus required to start growth of the cortical cells is lacking. When this happens, the child will never possess any more intelligence than he was born with.

It seemed useless to question the diagnosis. Where Dr. Green had left a suggestion of doubt, this specialist did not.

"What can we do?" Joyce said.

"Get rid of the idea you're responsible," he said. "I find no clue in your medical history that explains why this happened. Nature just made a mistake."

At the end of five weeks, we had been to hospitals in Baltimore, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. The result was always the same: no hope. The expensive tests and fees, plus travel expenses, had exhausted our savings. I was convinced the doctors were right. But I couldn't say that to Joyce. Then one night I awoke to hear her sobbing.

With her head on my shoulder, her sobs gradually died away. "I can't bear to hear another doctor say it's hopeless," she said. "We've nothing to be ashamed of. Our family and friends will understand."

THAT ENDED Stage I. Before we started on the round of hospitals, we had treated furtively all inquiries about Eddie. Now we welcomed questions and paraded our newly-acquired medical knowledge before all comers. But when I said such accidents might happen to anybody, a silence always fell on the room. The hostess usually changed the subject.

"I'll be darned if I go back to Grace's house ever again," Joyce said one evening as we drove home from a bridge party. And so, not knowing we were victims of a familiar behavior pattern, we launched ourselves into Stage II.

We dropped all social contacts. Whenever we received an invitation, it seemed easier to beg off—we had to take care of Eddie.

Taking care of him was a major job. From birth, he lacked the instinct to take nourishment. We frantically forced milk and baby food down his throat to keep him from starving. But after two years, we were proud of our accomplishments. He still could not walk or talk. But he was eating.

When his fourth birthday came around, Eddie had learned to walk. The three of us had a birthday party for him. The highlight came when Joyce placed a cake with four lighted candles before him. We waited, hardly daring to breathe, until he leaned forward and solemnly blew out the candles.

"Darling, he did it!" Joyce fairly screamed. "He blew them out!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks. I could only guess at the hours she had spent with him, practicing this simple act. I smiled to show my pleasure, and Eddie watched with his vacant, other-world-expression.

But even patience and courage must be limited by human endurance. Joyce was fast approaching the breaking point. She was 20 pounds underweight, and actually looked older than her mother.

I made my first visit to Dr. Green since the night he had told us of Eddie's condition. When I told him about Joyce, he shared my alarm. He advised placing Eddie in a special school. He named several and I filed the idea for future use.

A few days later, Eddie slipped out of the house while Joyce napped. It took her an hour to find him sitting on a curb three blocks away. "He might have been killed," she told me over and over. "He might have been run over by a truck and killed!"

I stroked her tangled hair, its shine lost long ago in her preoccupation with Eddie, and Joyce gradually relaxed.

"Darling, you must get some rest," I said. "It won't be for long, but let's place Eddie in a special school where they build an environment designed to . . ."

Joyce sprang from my arms. "No," she cried. "You'll never take Eddie from me!" Then she ran to his room and locked the door from the inside. For hours, only the singsong of a lullaby reached me. I knew she was holding Eddie on her lap, rocking him.

Two days later, Joyce contracted pneumonia and Dr. Green rushed her to the hospital. "I'm going to keep her there for a two months' convalescence," he said to me. "You get Eddie in one of those schools I told you about."

That was how Eddie was placed in the school of exceptional children. Like Eddie, each lived in a special world of his own. But instead of attempting to train them for the world we know and adapt to, the teachers had created an environment in which the exceptional child was the norm.

Meantime, rest and care worked their curative powers with Joyce. After two months, we brought her home. During her absence, I had engaged Mrs. Jordan, a practical nurse, to relieve Joyce of housework and keep her company during the readjustment period. And those first weeks after my wife came home were in many ways like the first months of our marriage.

We went to church, to the theater, to parties. Once a week we visited Eddie at the school. I believed Joyce had now accepted Eddie's idiocy. Only one worry remained for me.

"I want you two to have more children," Dr. Green had said. "The only way Joyce can be happy is by lavishing her love on other children."

When I considered my own desires for a large family, I knew nothing could please me more. Joyce once had shared these desires. But with Eddie's birth she changed. At first she argued she was too busy with Eddie to have more children. Later I sensed in her frigidity the determination never to have another child.

In all outward respects, Joyce seemed fully recovered, although the fixation against more children remained. Then Eddie's fifth birthday came. Joyce asked me to bring him home for the week end. "I'll take him back Monday morning," she said.

It seemed a harmless request, and I agreed. But when I came in from work Monday evening, I found the house dark. Mrs. Jordan was not there. I went upstairs. The door to Eddie's room was locked.

"Joyce, are you in there?" I called. No answer.

I heard footsteps, then the click of the lock. In the dim light I saw her standing in the doorway, holding him in her arms.

"Eddie isn't going back," she said quietly. "He wants to stay with me. He's much happier here—aren't you, Eddie?"

"Where is Mrs. Jordan?"

"We don't need her now. I told her she could go."

When I phoned Dr. Green, he advised me to leave her alone. "Joyce's mind may be permanently injured if you take Eddie from her now," he said.

For the next few weeks, Joyce acted as if the period of her illness and recovery were blanked from memory. Once again, I saw her fade. Her hair hung straight and unkempt. Sometimes I heard her coughing long after she went to bed in Eddie's nursery, where she had set up a cot beside his crib.

I brooded over my frustrated ambitions for a family. I loved Joyce with all my heart, but Joyce was no longer the same woman I had married. In this state of mind I reached a conclusion. If there was no hope for Joyce, then I must attempt to build a new life for myself without her. I didn't know it then, but Stage II was drawing to a close.

When I came home, Dr. Green and Joyce were sitting in the living room. "Eddie's been sick, darling," she said. "And the doctor and I have been having a long talk."

A calmness had replaced the restive quality in her eyes. "Dr. Green says Eddie is sick because he misses his playmates at the school," she went on. "He says Eddie will be happier with us if we give him some brothers and sisters to play with."

She was telling me we must have other children. Partly to make sure I wasn't dreaming and partly to hide the tears in my eyes, I pulled Joyce to me and kissed her.

"Are you sure you want to keep Eddie?" Dr. Green asked Joyce.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I know you're right. I've known all along there was no hope, but I love him."

"Then you cannot smother him with affection. You must not permit his life to destroy your own."

That night we set up a schedule. As far as I know, Joyce has never violated it. She sees Eddie twice a day: 30 minutes in the morning, an hour in the afternoon. One night a week we care for him while Mrs. Coates, our practical nurse, goes out.

We have been in Stage III for four years. We have created a special environment in Eddie's room. We know, however, that it cannot last forever. Some day, we'll put him in an institution—and Stage III will end. Joyce is willing. But for the time being, we think his presence in our home is healthy.

Recently we celebrated his ninth birthday. Nancy, now three, invited half a dozen neighborhood playmates. While the other kids played on the nursery floor, Eddie sat in his chair by the window, the wind tousling his hair.

We've told Nancy about Eddie. She loves him. He loves her. When the birthday cake was cut, she stood beside Eddie's chair and fed him the first piece.

Our Nancy is learning a lesson that will be with her all her life. In a home that is sunny and happy, she comes in daily contact with the underprivileged—her brother. She has developed a tenderness and sympathy toward him that must carry over to later life.

Living death? Don't speak to us of living death. We have a happy home and children of whom we are proud. Eddie has his niche as much as any of us. Lacking in brains, doomed by an accident, his has perhaps been the greatest contribution of all: for every day he teaches us anew the wisdom of courage, patience and sympathy.

Population Pinball

To see the most exciting pinball machine in the country, you'll have to visit the lobby of the Department of Commerce in Washington, D. C.

Flashing lights on a big map of the U. S. give a play-by-play of life and death in the 48 states.

Every nine seconds, a bluish light flashes—another baby is born.

Every 21 seconds, a purplish light blinks—someone has died.

Every two minutes, a blinking green light indicates another immigrant has arrived in this country.

Every 17 minutes, a light flickers —someone has left this land for other shores.

Every 13 seconds, a bright white light flashes on the board. It shows the national population has made a net gain of one. This is posted on the population speedometer across the top of the map, giving an up-to-the-minute picture.

By the time you read this, our population will be increased by two. —Joseph Papara in the *Victorian*

Our Neighbor, the Moon

by **FLETCHER PRATT**

There's nothing on earth like our solitary and silent satellite in the heavens

ALL ABOUT YOU are dark mountains, higher than the Himalayas, made of rock sculptured into a thousand fantastic shapes. It is utterly quiet; nothing ever makes a sound. Water boils in the sunlight and rises straight up out of sight in a pennon of steam.

The ultra-violet radiation would raise blisters on your skin in a few seconds. But if you were to step into the shadow of rock, you would be frozen stiff: the temperature would be 200 degrees below zero.

Yet this grilling and freezing landscape is not the product of a nightmare. It has been seen by more people than have visited Niagara Falls or any other famous scenic spot. It is the face of the moon.

Few of us realize how different from the earth is our nearest neighbor in the heavens. To begin with, there is no air, or at least so very little that our finest instruments cannot prove that any exists.

This means several things. It means no weather; it means no currents of air to modify the violence of temperatures in sun and shadow. The front of an object standing in sunlight is always at 215 degrees, more than the boiling point of water. The back of the same object, in the shadow, is always more than 200 degrees below, except for what heat passes through the object itself.

But this is not all the absence of air means to the moon. On earth, sounds are transmitted by air. On the airless surface of the moon, there is nothing to carry sound; you could not hear the largest orchestra in the world, playing ten feet away. You would only know it by seeing it, or perhaps, by feeling some vibrations beneath your feet. The whole satellite is utterly and forever quiet.

But if air is a transmitting medium for sound, it is also an intercepting medium for sight—or rather the dust and water vapor in the air is. There are none of these on the moon; whatever dust there is lies immobile on the hard surface of the rocks. From any point, the whole moonscape will be visible right to the horizon, without the slightest shimmer or haze, and a mountain 150 miles away would look as though you could reach out and touch it.

Hold a sheet of tissue paper above that airless surface and light a match beneath it. It will not burn, for there is no atmosphere to support combustion, and the match itself will go out as soon as the small quantity of oxygen in its combustible head is exhausted. In the fierce solar heat, the paper will turn yellow and shrivel, but not burn; and if dropped, will not slide from side to side as it does in the air of earth, but drop straight down, as though it were a bullet.

The moon's weak gravity, one-sixth of that of earth, should theoretically make it possible for a man to throw or jump six times as far as he does here—a high-jump record of close to 40 feet—but students of mechanics say this is not always true. The gain in performance would depend upon the *kind* of work being done, as well as being affected by the lack of air.

The jumper probably could not make 40 feet, but a baseball player could throw a ball a good deal more than six times as far as on earth, and when the ball touched ground, it would get a long roll, too. Of course, it would come to rest eventually, even on one of the few level surfaces of the moon, because there is weak gravity attracting toward the center of the satellite, and because friction would eventually rob it of the energy which is imparted by the throw.

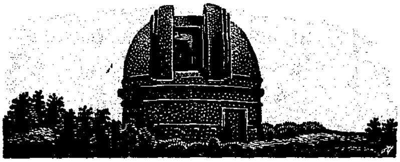
Still another consequence of the lack of air is that nothing ever decays on the moon. With no air to carry bacteria or chemicals of decay, and no bacteria or chemicals to be carried, a dead bird placed on the moon would remain intact until someone moved it, its plumage as brilliant as ever. The burning heat of the sun would gradually deprive it of moisture and then mummify it. The moisture itself would simply evaporate, leave the moon forever.

This is because the moon is so small that its gravitational pull is too weak to hold an atmosphere of any kind. The molecules of all gases are forever rushing around in an aimless, agitated manner, like a crowd on New Year's Eve. Some of them work up great speeds. A speed of 1.47 miles a second is enough to carry a molecule right off the moon, never to return.

So the moon has no atmosphere. Indeed, it is probable that it never had one. Modern theory holds that the moon was built at the same time as the earth, and in the same way: by condensations in the primeval cloud of gas and dust circling around the still-young sun, the condensations picking up more material by gravity as they moved. These condensations became very hot (the center of the earth is very hot still) and the heat increased the speed of the molecules. Moreover, the gravity of the moon was so weak that it was never very attractive to molecules of gas.

This accounts for the most peculiar feature of the moon as seen through a telescope. Viewed with the naked eye, it has that fanciful resemblance to a face which we call "the man in the moon." Through a telescope, it is clear that the surface of our neighbor is covered with gigantic craters.

These craters have been mapped and measured. The measurements show these craters are larger than any similar natural feature of our world. They go all the way up to 150 miles across, which is big enough to let you put New York City inside



one edge of the rim and Baltimore just inside the opposite edge.

The huge mountains surrounding the craters are higher than any mountains on earth, and have tremendous buttresses and gorges deep enough to compare with those in the Grand Canyon.

But the craters probably are not burned out volcanoes, as people used to think. Many scientists now believe that far back, when the moon was being formed, huge chunks of matter fell out of space into the still-growing, partly molten moon. Each time one of these speeding masses hit, it threw up a gigantic splash of rock, as a stone will when dropped into a pool.

Of course, the same thing was happening to the earth, but the earth had an atmosphere, which burned up some of the meteors, and weather wore away the traces of the rest in the course of millions of years. But since the moon had no atmosphere or weather, the splashes of that bombardment are still there, mummified in its surface, like the dead bird mentioned earlier.

In addition to the craters, the moon has what astronomers call "seas"—*Mare* this or that, with a fanciful name attached—because when early astronomers turned their telescopes on the moon, they saw wide, comparatively flat surfaces with mountains around the edges, and assumed they must be filled with water, as they would be on earth. Actually, these are nothing but plains.

Over everything on the moon lies a coat of dust. The shifts in temperature are violent; during an eclipse, the temperature of a given spot will go down by as much as 270 degrees in an hour, then climb equally fast when the eclipse is over.

Such violent changes cause the crystals of which rocks are made to crack, and ultimately some of them flake off as fine dust. In addition, more dust is constantly accumulating from the showers of tiny meteorites which roam space.

What is the moon made of? One of the strangest things about our satellite is that we know more about its inside than its outside. No one has ever seen the other side of the moon; as it spins round the earth, it always keeps the same face toward us. But astronomers with their instruments can weigh it and can tell the quality and quantity of the sun's light reflected from the surface.

When this is done, the result is not at all what one would expect. Measurements of the light show that in spite of the moon's wonderful brilliance as it appears in the sky, it reflects only about as much and the same kind of light as very dark rocks—slate or lava. If we were close to it, those mountains and gorges would not appear in the colors of a Western landscape, but would be a dull gray.

The conclusion from weighing is the same. The moon's density is about what it would be if it were composed of rocks that appeared on the earth's surface before weathering, volcanoes and the folding of ocean beds into mountains began to bring lightweight materials to the surface. These rocks are known as basalt, and most of them are very dark, almost black.

So that is what the moon is: a huge round lump of lifeless rock. Yet this huge ball exerts a tremendous influence on our lives.

Not in the way people used to think when "lunacy" meant "affected by the moon." It is true that dogs often bark at the full moon, and that among ancient peoples, a full moon was an occasion for celebrations and religious observances, but both were for the same reason—the moon provides light at night, and a really full moon in a cloudless sky gives quite a bit of it.

Aside from providing men with an occasion for celebrations, the moon influences them principally through the tides. The water of the oceans and some of the larger lakes is movable; as the moon swings around our planet, these masses are attracted by a gravity greater than in any other part of the heavens, and try to follow. The result is the tides, and the tides are partly responsible for the ocean currents, and thus for much of our weather.

The odd part of it is that our tides also affect the moon. They are slowing it up in its trip around the earth, gradually but remorselessly. High tide, always trying to catch up with the moon, is always just a little behind. As the spot occupied by high tide at a given moment always has a little more water than any other, it weighs more and has more gravitational attraction.

So while the tide is constantly hurrying to catch up with the moon, the moon is slowing down to let the tides catch up. This does not amount to much; the moon slows by only a fraction of a second a year. But when you begin to count years by the millions, it adds up.

The result of this slowing is that the moon draws ever so little away from the earth each time around.

However, at some date in the immensely distant future, because of the interaction of solar and lunar tides, the moon will draw nearer the earth than it can afford, and for the first time since it was formed, there will be changes in our unchanging satellite.

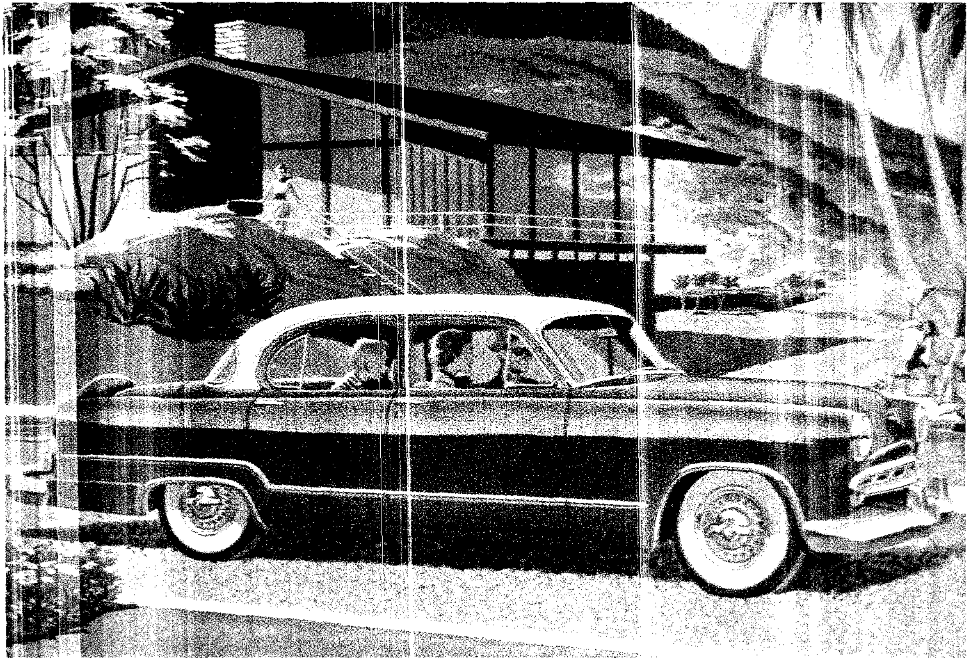
The effect of the earth's gravity at close range will be to cause shudders to run through the moon, tides within the rocky structure. Eventually, they will become so fierce that the moon will not be able to withstand it and, accompanied by terrific moonquakes, it will break up into a stream of fragments. They will be large and small, some of them bombarding the earth, but most remaining where they are, to form around the earth a ring like the rings of Saturn. And that will be the end of the moon.

For the Shaggy Set

A HORSE WALKED into a bar, ordered a martini with a dash of horseradish, drank it and smacked his lips. "I suppose you think it strange," said the horse, leaning over the bar, "that I should come in and ask for a martini with horseradish in it."

"Not at all," replied the bartender, "I like them that way myself."

—EVAN ESAR, *The Humor of Humor* (Horizon Press)



Style . . .

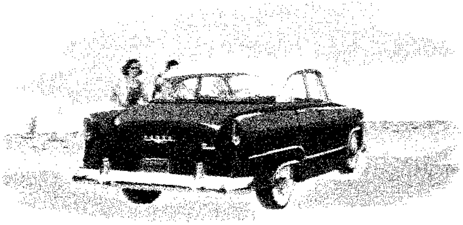
that sets a pattern for tomorrow

TO MEET active America's modern driving needs, Dodge has stepped out with an entirely new concept of automobile style – a fresh, new forward-looking style that combines utility with beauty.

This modern styling is reflected in every detail in the new Dodge. It can be seen in the sloping hood, low and rakish for better visibility —in the wide sweep of curved windshield and in the clean, trim lines that cut down on overall length to make the car easier to handle and maneuver in traffic.

It is evident, too, in the luxurious comfort of travel-planned interiors that offer extra room for passengers, and the greater luggage storage space afforded by the wide and roomy rear deck.

Yes, modern style—practical style —is reflected in every lovely line and sound engineering detail of the new Dodge. Truly, it is style that sets a trend for tomorrow.



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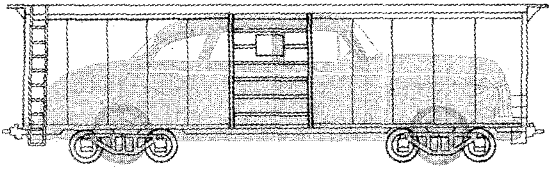


Old-fashioned "freight car" design was cumbersome, bulky to handle. Driver paid a penalty for meaningless metal.

Farewell to the "Freight Car" Wheelbase

The old-fashioned automobile with "freight car" wheelbase is a far cry from the modern passenger car design of today. Several years ago, the "freight car" wheelbase was needed to give advantages of smooth riding. But no more! Recent developments in suspension engineering, weight distribution and shock absorbers have made the "freight car" wheelbase obsolete. Today's passenger car can have modern, compact styling—and still give greater smoothness and riding comfort than the old-fashioned design of yesteryear!

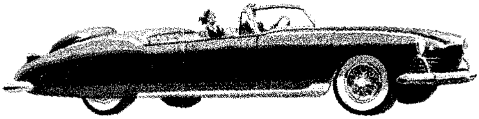
Compact Design Takes Over

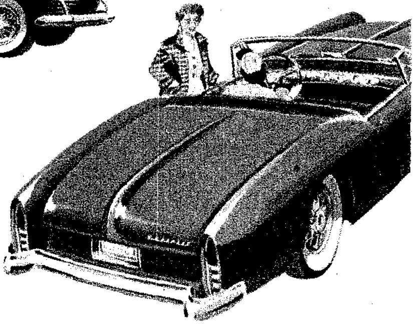
Today, more and more passenger cars in America are turning to the Dodge compact wheelbase design.

In city traffic and parking, the compact car is easier to handle and maneuver because of its reduced turning diameter. On the highway, there's an added advantage because of the closer "couple" between the front and rear wheels. The chassis is stronger, steadier and more rigid. Increased road stability results. The car can travel at higher speeds with greater safety.

The compact wheelbase increases the responsiveness to the steering wheel, too, so that at all times steering is easier, more positive. This spells greater safety for the driver.

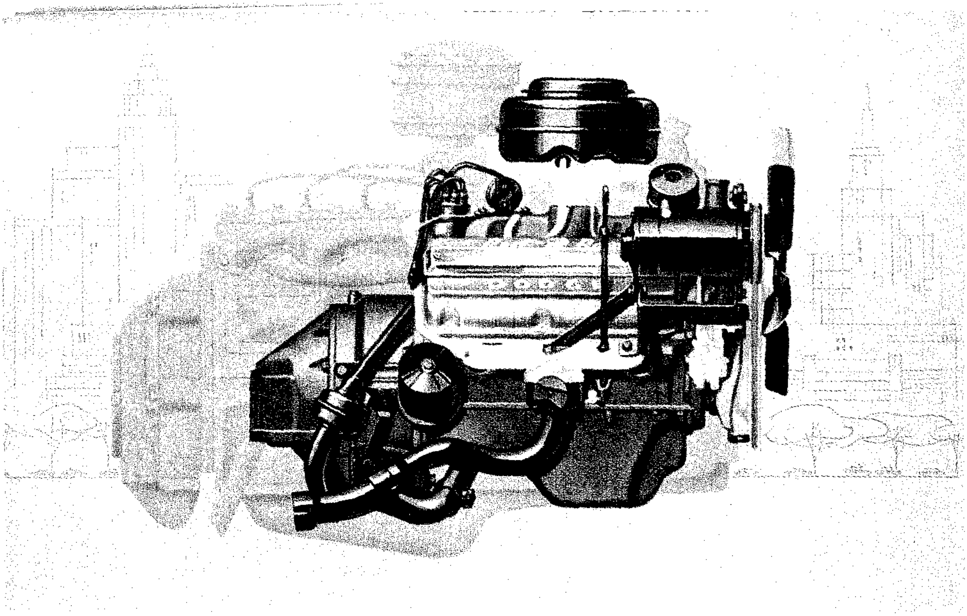
With these benefits, the modern compact car has a sleek, trim look that is winning popular acclaim. It's style news that makes sense.





Expensive Imported Sports Cars Have Long Used Compact Wheelbases

Expensive sports cars and high-performance road "racers" have taken advantage of the compact wheelbase for years. It gives their cars better roadability, greater driving control, and easier maneuvering.



Dodge Red Ram V-eight engine gives big boost in horsepower with big savings in space.

More Power in a Smaller Package

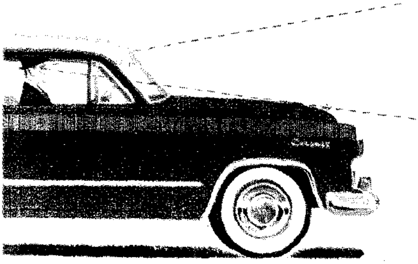
Modern style in the new Dodge is built around the sensational, new 140-horsepower Red Ram V-eight engine. With its hemispherical head design and short piston stroke, it produces *more* horsepower per cubic inch of displacement than any other engine in its class—and on regular grades of fuel!

Its compact design takes up much less space, too. The "V" arrangement of cylinders reduces overall length by some 10-12 inches, in comparison with in-line eights. And its "square" design with short stroke and large bore cuts down on engine height.

Thus, the compactness of the modern Red Ram V-eight makes possible the trim, modern lines that are setting today's style trend.

Better Visibility

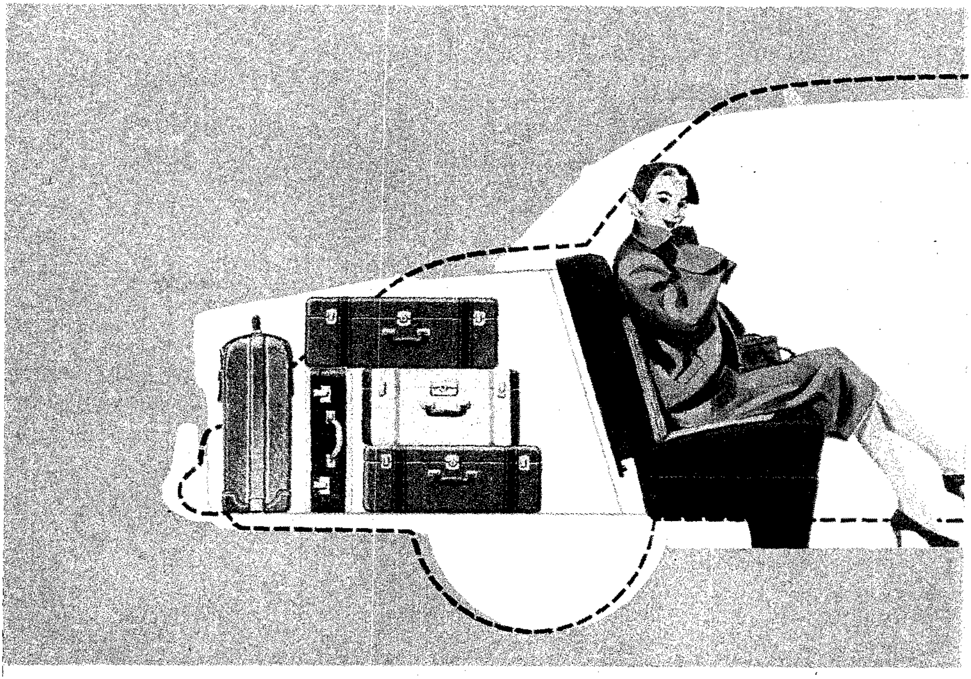
Greatly improved road visibility results from the compact design of the Red Ram V-eight engine. Hood length can be reduced, and hood height cut down. Thus, many inches of hood and fender obstruction are eliminated to give extra feet of life-saving road visibility.



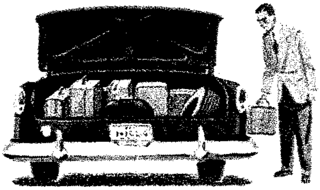
Dodge compact, sloping hood gives as much as 12 feet more road visibility.

Dodge Modern Styling Gives . . .

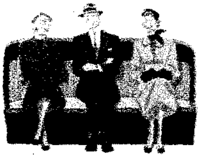
More Comfort Space Insid



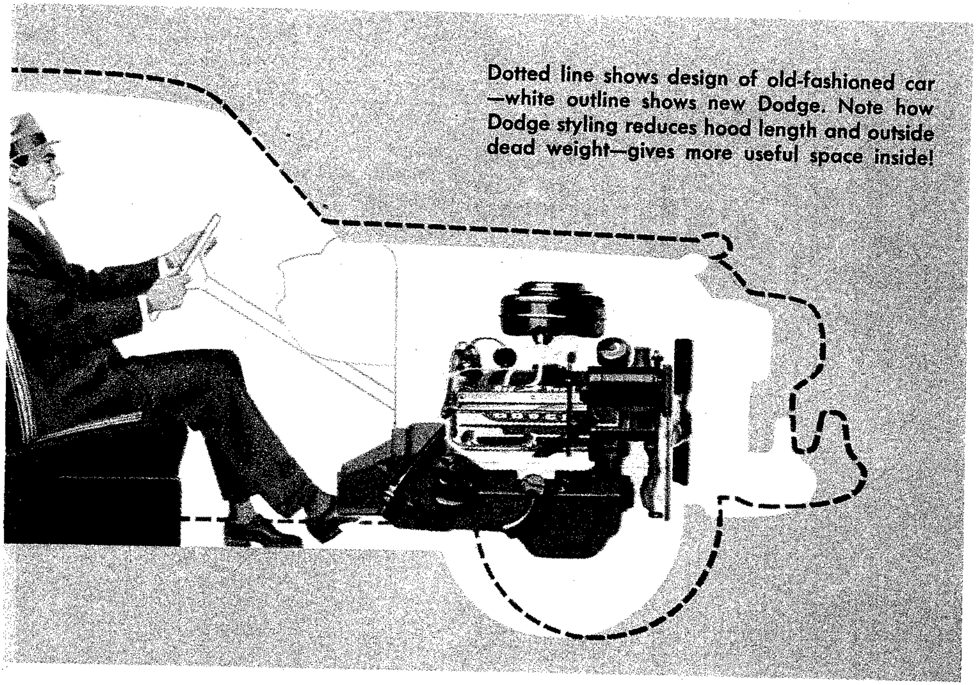
Room for Extra Luggage. Dodge rear deck is longer, wider, more roomy. Provides 44% more luggage space than before! Wider spaced hinges prevent luggage from being damaged—permit full utilization of space.



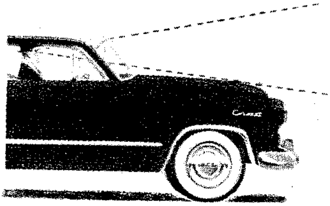
More Hip-room, Head-room, Leg-room. Dodge styling stretches inside "living area." Floor is lower for greater headroom. Full, inside width of body is utilized for seats. Compact Red Ram V-eight engine gives greater leg-room.



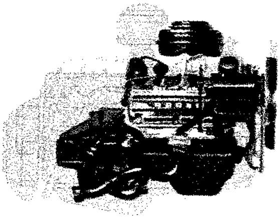
. Less Waste Space Outside



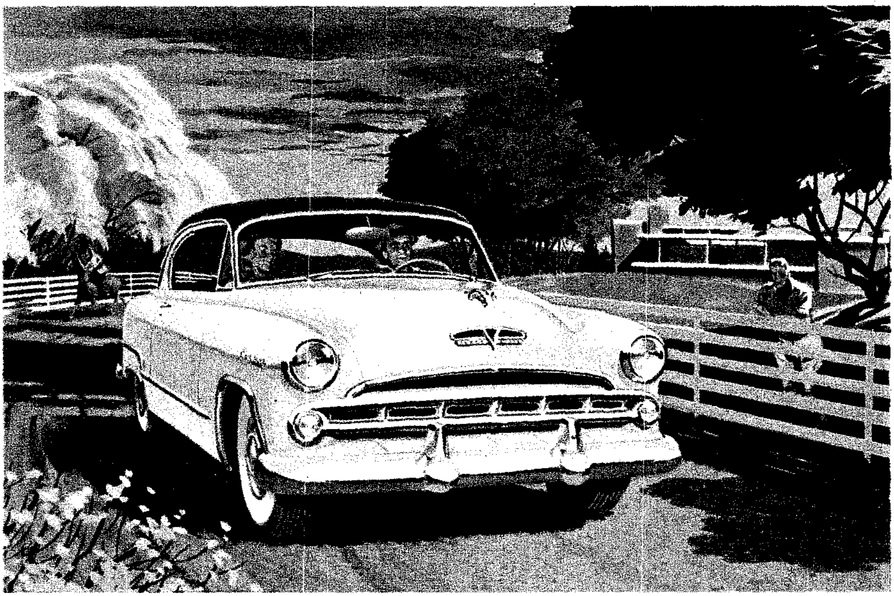
Dotted line shows design of old-fashioned car—white outline shows new Dodge. Note how Dodge styling reduces hood length and outside dead weight—gives more useful space inside!



Better "Down-front" Visibility. Dodge styling cuts down on hood length and outside metal—eliminates old-fashioned overhang. And every inch saved in hood and fender obstruction adds many feet more in life-saving road visibility.



V-8 Engine Inches Shorter — Power Greater. Red Ram V-eight engine gives big gains in horsepower output. Yet it is many inches shorter, takes up much less space, and is pounds lighter than in-line engines of much less horsepower!



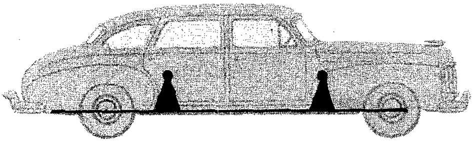
Dodge Puts the Damper on Pitch, Roll and Jounce

IN ALL THREE of the basic riding motions of a car – pitch, roll and jounce–the new Dodge with its compact wheelbase and advanced springing and suspension engineering, has achieved a degree of control that is truly outstanding.

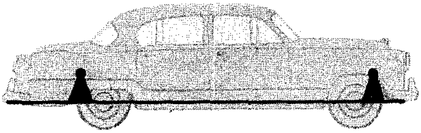
New Control of Pitch

Pitch is the forward-and-back or "rocking horse" motion that occurs when a car goes over a bump.

Weight distribution on a car's wheelbase has long been known to have an important influence on pitch. For example, in the old-fashioned "freight car" wheelbase, masses of weight like the engine, battery, gas tank were all concen-



At one time, masses of weight were centered between the wheels.



Dodge design has masses of weight located above the wheels, where they help to control pitch.

trated in the middle of the car. They had little or no effect on pitch.

In the new Dodge, masses of weight have been moved out to the ends of the chassis. And, in addition, wheelbase length has been designed to bring the wheels closer to the location of these masses. Thus, both wheelbase and weight distribution work together to provide a degree of pitch resistance that is truly amazing.

Also working to control pitch is the synchronized springing. Rear springs are synchronized to react a split-second faster than front ones. Thus, when the car goes over a bump, rear springs catch up with the rebound of the front springs.

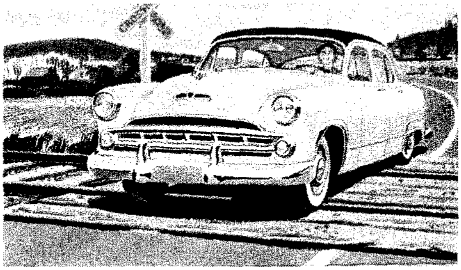
Less Roll, Tip and Sway

New control of roll – the tilt or sway that results from rounding a curve—has been achieved by Dodge through several advanced engineering features. These include a lower center of gravity, a lower wider frame, and "toed"-in rear springs that cut rear end sidesway.

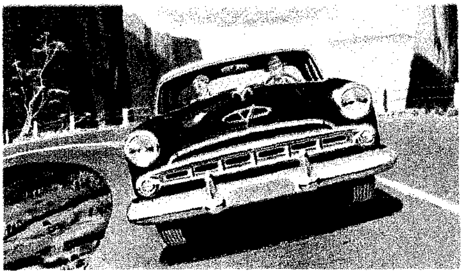
Less Jounce

New protection against the hard, violent shock of sudden jolts is afforded by the new Dodge spring suspension systems. Soft front coil springs with thick rubber limit bumpers and wide rear springs cushion jolts.

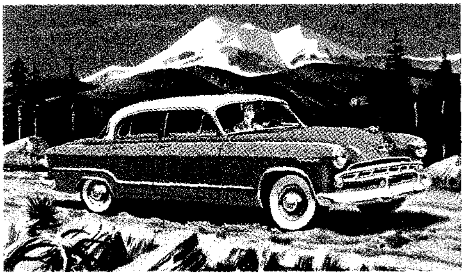
Also, the famous Dodge Oriflow shock absorbers give better control of spring action over a much wider range of conditions. This varies from little control for soft riding over boulevard-smooth streets to high resistance for level riding over wash-board gravel.



In Dodge, there's less "rocking horse" motion or pitch when the car goes over bumps.



Dodge corners like a true "sports" car – steers straight and true around even the sharpest curves.



New protection against "jounce" is afforded by soft springs and Oriflow shock absorbers.

It all adds up to

New Mastery of the Road!

THERE'S A NEW feeling of *complete* car control—new Mastery of the Road—that comes from Dodge modern styling.

This is something that every motorist experiences the very first time he drives the new Dodge. He discovers a new nimbleness and agility of response—and a wonderful new sense of safety and security.

That's the final achievement of Dodge modern styling. And on congested roads and high speed highways, this "driver mastery" makes a very real and definite contribution to greater driving safety and lasting motoring enjoyment.

Dodge Division, Chrysler Corporation

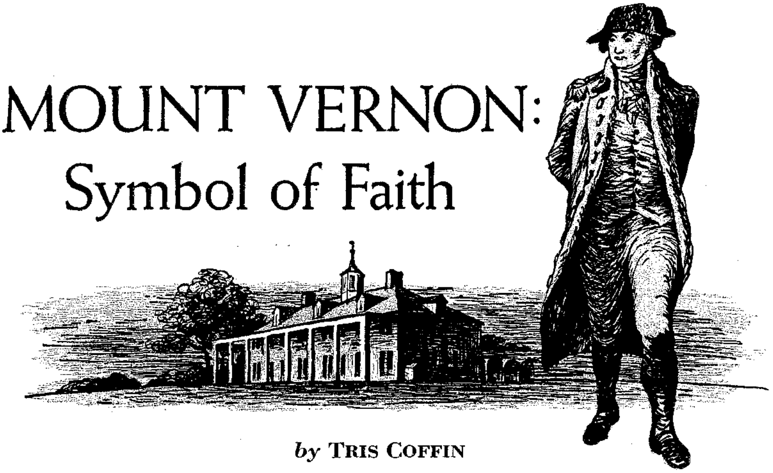
Always Dependable

Dodge

V-Eight or Six

THE ACTION CAR FOR ACTIVE AMERICANS

MOUNT VERNON: Symbol of Faith



by **TRIS COFFIN**

Washington served and fought that others might enjoy such peace as he knew here

DURING THIS YEAR of 1953, almost two centuries after the signing of our Declaration of Independence, Americans might well take time to contemplate a serene and quiet Virginia hilltop not far from Washington, D. C.

Close by the Potomac's edge, a white mansion with red-shingled roof and windowed cupola looks out over trim gardens and small buildings that reach to distant woods. Here, the peaceful acres of Mt. Vernon symbolize a spirit that created our nation.

A tall man with commanding presence stands alone in the freshness of dawn. Early sunlight sifts through the mist over the river, making slender shadows of the trees on the sloping lawn, glowing warmly on the white-brick porch where he stands. A clean smell of growing things fills the air.

The dawn softens George Washington's face—molded into straight lines by wars, privation and the hard birth of a nation. Now the wide, stern lips, the eyes that look beyond men, greet the day with a strange warmth.

Washington treasures this moment. No matter what the bitterness of yesterday, a wakening sun brings new hope. Standing quietly in the doorway of Mount Vernon, he thinks of the words he will write to a friend: "A man's best reward is his freedom and his own acres of land. They are the bed and the seed for a good life. They now belong to all in America. I pray every man gains the same happiness I have from these gifts . . . I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the representatives of every power in Europe."

The lane leading to Mount Vernon is shielded by woods and quiet. The road opens suddenly on a broad lawn and well-kept hedges. Beyond the wooden gates and along the gravel path is a land symbolic of a just and orderly mind.

Between the walls of hedge as high as a man's head, the crew works cheer-

fully under the spring sun. Workmen in knee breeches and rough coats dig into the dark soil at exact, marked intervals.

George Washington, in an old army coat and boots, directs the planting from his own hand-drawn map. The lines are as symmetrical as a geometric design: each plant is labeled in even script.

Looking up, Washington sees his wife entering the garden. "Now we have all the berries needed for the kitchen," he says with pride. "In the first row there will be currants, the next raspberries, then gooseberries, and strawberries."

Martha Washington smiles at his eagerness and asks, "Where will you place the new cistern?"

"I have read that cisterns must conform to the old custom of exposing water to sunlight and air. This softens the water and makes it a proper drink for growing plants. So I will place the cistern in the center."

Then he adds, "A garden must be planned as carefully as a man's life."

On either side of Mount Vernon lie rolling pastures. The living area is shielded by stone walls, draped with ivy.

In the Mansion House hall hangs a dramatic memento of freedom—the key to the French Bastille. Beyond the music room with its harpsichord is the green-walled banquet hall, where the man who rejected a crown sat with his guests of an evening. The visitors smoked their long pipes, drank clear wine and talked of tomorrow. The times were stern, enemies threatened from without, but here people could converse with deliberation.

The men talk eagerly. Each is characteristic in his own way—the thin and aristocratic nose of one, another's eloquent, deep-set eyes, the lofty forehead of a third, and a fourth's sensitive hands. But it is the host, straight-backed, serious, listening, who holds the focus.

When the laughter at a quip has died away, Lafayette asks, "General, you Americans, even in war and desperate times, have a superb spirit. You are happy and you are confident. Why is it?"

Washington turns to his guest and replies calmly, "There is freedom. You see the difference between a colt playing in the field and the horse tethered outside. There is space for a man to be alone and think. And . . ." he smiles, ". . . there are friends who owe each other nothing but affection."

Mount Vernon's pillared verandah looks down the green hill, past holly and pecan trees, to the drifting river. Even today, the scene across the Potomac is untroubled.

It is impossible, however, for our 20th-century Presidents to know the healing peace of a Mount Vernon. We must pursue them with such demanding visitors as telephone, camera, microphone and pencil. But from his home in Virginia, Washington could write to a friend:

"Whatever my own opinions may be, it will continue to be my earnest desire to comply with public sentiment. But it is on great occasions only, and after time has been given for cool and deliberate reflection, that the real voice of the people can be known."

A carriage with dust spattered on its enameled sides speeds over the stony road. As it rounds a turn, a cry from its passenger halts the horses. The tall man in military uniform, his face taut with weariness, climbs out. Walking to the water's edge, he stares eagerly to the south. There, by the next bend of the river, stands the white mansion.

Washington's face is transformed as he gazes at the distant Mount Vernon;

serenity grows in his troubled eyes. Erectly he walks back to the carriage and tells the driver, "We are almost home."

The final visitor, Death, came to Mount Vernon when Washington was but two years free from his duties as President.

After a quiet meal in the small family dining room, Washington steps to the window and stares into the frosty night. Martha Washington watches him quietly. In the generous candlelight, it is clear that the former President's shoulders are slumped dejectedly. This is only their second night back at Mount Vernon, and she senses in him a restlessness he does not want to put into words.

Soon he walks out into the night, clear with stars scattered overhead. He stands in the doorway, looking at the peace and order of the heavens. He thinks: "Oh, that the world would be so perfectly regulated as the stars!"

Washington walks down the gravel path leading past the smokehouse and stables. Through the darkness, he sees familiar sights—a maple tree planted two autumns before, the magnolia that Lafayette so likes, the New Scotland spruce.

Minutes later, Washington returns to the Mansion. As he enters the living room, Mrs. Washington notices how straight his shoulders are, how proudly he holds his head.

On the Friday before his death, Washington walked about the estate in a snowstorm, planning a path and a fish pond. That evening, he went with his newspapers to the library—which today is filled with lasting mementoes of his greatness.

There in one corner is the ancient globe he fingered to trace the course of British warships. His sword rests in another corner. Books that gave him knowledge of science and war and mankind fill the shelves.

On this last day of his life, Washington read until 9 o'clock, his usual hour of retiring. He awoke in the night seriously ill, but remained silent for fear of disturbing his wife. By morning he was ebbing fast, and that evening, he died.

No one can say what was on Washington's mind those last hours. But he must have known that but for the serenity of Mount Vernon, this nation might have fallen.

Great decisions that demanded courage, intelligence and faith were bred on that Virginia hilltop—decisions to stand through the terrible winter at Valley Forge, to refuse the popular cry to become a king, to build instead a workable democracy for the American people.

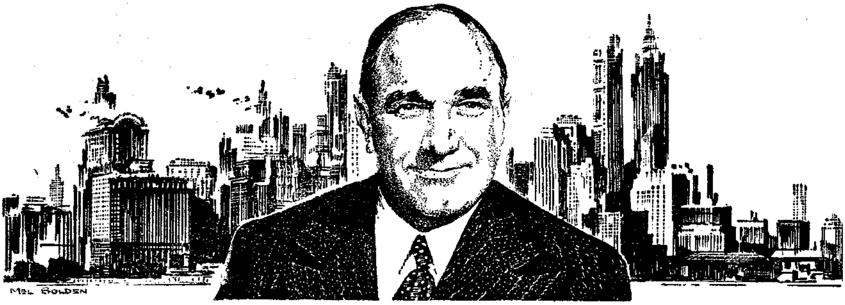
Washington still rests at Mount Vernon, among the cedars, oaks and elms that he loved. The brick crypt, grown over with ivy, stands on the edge of a wood whose floor is a thick carpet of myrtle. Engraved in stone are words of hope and consolation for all:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whomsoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Golf

GOLF IS A GAME where a ball only one and one-half inches in diameter is placed on another ball 8,000 miles in diameter. The object is to strike the small ball, but not the large one.

—*Ties*



Manhattan Master of Real Estate

by RICHARD GEHMAN

Bill Zeckendorf has made millions through his "creative" handling of properties

TWELVE STORIES ABOVE busy Madison Avenue in New York, an exotically twisted, 15-foot Japanese table pine tree sways in the wind, cabled to the edge of the building numbered 383-385. The lobby of this building is like no other in the world. Its ceiling resembles a vast, two-story honeycomb of translucent plastic cells, each filled with soft colored light.

Almost every morning at 8, a black limousine pulls up across the street and a huge man gets out. For a moment he stands, six feet and 230-odd pounds of smiling contentment, watching the color combinations in the honeycomb.

His name is William Zeckendorf. The building is his creation—colored lights, pine tree and all. He did not build it; he remodeled it, and it is a kind of symbol of what he believes. Zeckendorf is an ardent, outspoken champion of the belief that people should work, as well as live, in beautiful, efficient and comfortable surroundings.

Zeckendorf is undoubtedly the most successful real-estate man in America. Even his competitors admit that. His firm, Webb & Knapp, has become a nationally known byword for the most creative thinking in the business.

This has not come about simply because Zeckendorf has a good head for figures. It has happened because he is something more than a businessman. In his own way, he is an artist. Zeckendorf can appraise a piece of real estate, set his mind to work upon it, and come up with an idea which will enhance its value many, many times. In this way, he has changed the faces of cities.

Zeckendorf is a friendly, informal man. And though he is filled with a dynamic, unrelenting energy, he gives the impression that he does not take his work too seriously.

One morning, between an exchange of jokes with a friend, he bought and sold a property on the telephone that netted Webb & Knapp some $300,000.

The truth is that Zeckendorf had realized the profit in his mind months before. This is his technique. Although he deals in millions as a street peddler does in dimes, he never goes after a profit *directly*. Not at first. He holds to a driving belief that profits can be *generated* in properties by adding ideas to them which increase their value—profits not only for Zeckendorf, but for countless thousands who have never heard of him.

Currently he is at work on a bit of property juggling and construction which will affect one of the most active commercial neighborhoods in the world. Macy's and Gimbel's, two of New York's biggest department stores, are a block apart. Gimbel's is on the south side of 33rd Street; Macy's, its traditional rival, is on the north side of 34th. On part of the intervening block, sits Saks 34th Street, another great store.

This block in between bothered Zeckendorf. To get from Macy's to Gimbel's, people had to walk all the way around it. The buildings occupying the block were owned by different people. On one side they faced Macy's; on the other side, another set faced Gimbel's. There was no way to cut through, because both sets of buildings dead-ended in the middle.

Zeckendorf, as is his custom, added an idea. Suppose many of the separate properties were assembled into one, the old buildings torn down and a new one built which would run through the block?

It did not take Zeckendorf long to act. He began buying buildings, after moving some of their owners to different locations. A firehouse was in the way. Zeckendorf built a new one in the less congested area of 31st Street, and exchanged it with the city for the land on which the old firehouse stood.

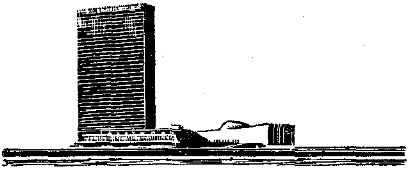
On the plot that he has gradually assembled, he will erect a 26-story office building. The first floor will be given over to a giant Woolworth store, with entrances facing Macy's and Gimbel's, enabling vast shopping crowds to pass through.

It is easy to see what this creative thinking will mean. First, Zeckendorf will make a profit. But so will many, many others. Because of the easier flow of shoppers, the rest of the block will be redeveloped in time. The city will receive more in taxes. The merchants will prosper by the increased traffic. All property values in the area will go up.

ZECKENDORF'S OFFICE is circular, soundproofed, and softly lighted. Two of its doors are always open, giving him a view of a terrace, on which sit his Japanese tree and a bronze statue. He regards both fondly while he is using one of the four telephones on his desk to speed a purchase or sale.

Many of Zeckendorf's deals have caused friends to doubt his sanity—until the generated profits began to show. An example is his first TV studio transaction in Manhattan.

Zeckendorf had heard that a 20,000-square-foot property housing a



riding academy was for sale. But since it was located in a residential neighborhood, he was not interested at first, because it would have been uneconomical to build apartments in that area.

Stalled in traffic one day in the neighborhood, Zeckendorf got out and had a look. The building had vast floor space and high ceilings. And he knew that TV networks were eager for studio space. He returned to his office and bought it on the spot for $700,000. For a while it appeared that he had made a mistake. Webb & Knapp was stuck with a riding academy and 150 horses, and for almost a year it operated the property at a substantial monthly loss. Then one day, the president of American Broadcasting Company called to ask if the property was still available.

Zeckendorf sold it at a profit of close to $600,000. Subsequently, another network built a new studio nearby. Landlords began remodeling apartment houses in the vicinity. Old stores were refurbished and new ones began to move in. Because Zeckendorf had had the courage to see property in a new concept, an entire neighborhood benefited.

"Bill's biggest asset is his contempt for huge figures," a friend has said. Zeckendorf consistently understates sums in his transactions. "I'd like to buy that building for seven dollars," he says, meaning "I'd like to buy for seven million."

Millions really do seem like dollars in Zeckendorf's life. During the war, he was real-estate advisor to Vincent Astor, whose portfolio ranged from carriage-trade hotels to tenement apartments. Zeckendorf made nearly 150 separate deals, including many outside New York. When Astor returned from the war, Zeckendorf had increased his holdings by an estimated five to fifteen million.

Zeckendorf has also served as real-estate consultant to Time, Inc., the Rockefeller family, Columbia Broadcasting System and Gimbel's.

Zeckendorf transacts business in a manner that clearly indicates his enjoyment. He has a memory which retains names, facts about hobbies and families, and similar information. When he gets on the phone, he shouts a greeting and asks some friendly question. Then he gets straight to the point.

"I want to buy that property of yours today!" he shouts cheerily. "Have your lawyer call mine, will you please?"

Because of this quick action, Zeckendorf gets first call at many properties. He sometimes buys buildings he has never seen, simply on the basis of figures quoted. This peculiar method has led him to acquire some strange items.

Webb & Knapp has owned a jail in Boise, Idaho, oil wells in Louisiana, and a railroad in Hoboken, New Jersey. Zeckendorf had bought practically the entire waterfront of that city, the purchase including 9 piers and a short-line railroad.

The price had been between eight and ten "dollars." Some of his associates had warned him to proceed cautiously. Within a year, he had sold half the properties for the price of his original investment.

Oddly, Zeckendorf's most spectacular deal netted him virtually no profit. For years, the slaughterhouse district, running from 42nd to 48th Streets from First Avenue to the East River in New York, had been one of the city's eyesores. Slums flourished on the edges. The property comprised about a million square feet.

Zeckendorf heard that it was for sale at $17 per square foot. Surrounding property was going for $5 per square foot, its value knocked down by the slaughterhouses.

"If we buy the slaughterhouses at their price and tear them down," Zeckendorf said to his partners, "the whole area will go up in value."

They agreed. While buying the slaughterhouse property, Webb & Knapp began buying adjoining land, some at $5 per square foot, some at $2.50. Working with architects and city planners, Zeckendorf announced plans for an enormous city-within-a-city, a helicopter landing field, skyscrapers and hotel buildings, an opera house, restaurants and stores. It was one of the most ambitious projects ever contemplated, and would have cost around $150,000,000.

Then, one morning, Zeckendorf picked up his paper and read that the United Nations was thinking of moving to some other city because it could not find suitable space in New York. He called the Mayor.

"You can have our slaughterhouse land," he said, "at whatever price the UN wants to pay."

A short time later, Nelson Rockefeller was on the phone. His father, he said, would donate $8,500,000 to the UN, with which it would buy the property. This meant Zeckendorf would lose a potential profit variously estimated at from 25 to 35 millions. All he said was, "Great. I'm delighted!" And then, because it was very early in the morning, he went back to sleep.

ZECKENDORF IS 48. His father, Arthur William Zeckendorf, moved his family from Illinois to New York when the boy was two. The elder Zeckendorf was a well-to-do shoe manufacturer. Zeckendorf went to public schools and New York University, where his girth served him well on the football team. He left NYU after his third year and went to work for a relative, Samuel Borchard, in the real-estate business.

His first coup was filling an office building with tenants; he increased the rent by $200,000 the first year. In 1926, he joined the firm of Leonard Gans, and was so successful in buying and selling that in 1929, when he was 24, he earned more than $40,000 in commissions.

In 1938 he joined Webb & Knapp, an old and well-established firm. By 1942, when he assumed control, the company had a *deficit* of around $137,000, and only $10,000 in capital stock. Zeckendorf, ably supported by top-flight executives, pulled the company's holdings to an indicated net appraised worth of $42,000,000, even before the recent merger with a multi-million dollar company. This ten-year progress is regarded as one of the most astute financial achievements in the history of real estate.

Aside from being an enthusiastic world traveler and a gourmet, Zeckendorf has no interest as important as his business. However, he is a family man in the old-fashioned way. His wife, the former Marion Griffin, is his constant companion on cross-country flights to inspect properties. He relies heavily on her judgment.

There are two Zeckendorf children: William, Jr., 23, now in Army Intelligence in Korea; and Susan, 22, who graduated from Wellesley this year.

With so much on his mind, Zeckendorf might be expected to be occasionally irritable, sleepless and preoccupied. However, he is usually in very good humor, sleeps like a child, and can ably carry on a telephone conversation while talking to a broker in his office.

"Bill is used to being busy," a friend has said. "He's been busier than most people most of his life."

The secret of Zeckendorf's success must lie not only in his courage or shrewdness, but in some fundamental philosophy which carries him along. The philosophy is simple: *don't simply go after a profit; use ideas so that a profit comes naturally.*

"It's an old story," Zeckendorf says. "The fellow who gives the most—in thought, effort, and knowledge of what the other fellow needs—is the one who gets the most."

Currently, Zeckendorf is engaged in a mammoth industrial redevelopment project on Long Island. Between 1900 and 1950, the population of Nassau County increased over 1000 per cent, the greatest suburban growth of any residential area in the country. In that county lies Roosevelt Field, site of Lindbergh's take-off on his historic flight to Paris. The field is now obsolete.

Zeckendorf has obtained a large interest in it and is carrying out all redevelopment work. Light industry has been brought in. Big factory buildings, with plenty of landscaping and gardening, overlook the old runways. When the development is finished, it will mean good things for all concerned.

The building on Madison Avenue which houses his offices is a good example of Zeckendorf's pioneering instincts. He had spent $3,000,000 renovating it inside, but he wasn't satisfied until he had hired Rollo Gillespie Williams to install the colored honeycomb in the lobby.

"What's the use of a fine building unless it *looks* fine, too?" he asked.

Wire Work

THE ARMY SENT the Union Pacific a peremptory order to have a spur laid at a certain place down South within 48 hours. The message was duly relayed by President William Jeffers to the road's representative there. Back came the reply, "With the temperature 105 in the shade it will take at least four days to do the job."

The wire was handed to Jeffers, who immediately dispatched the following reply: "What in 'ell are you doing in the shade?"

The job was finished on time.

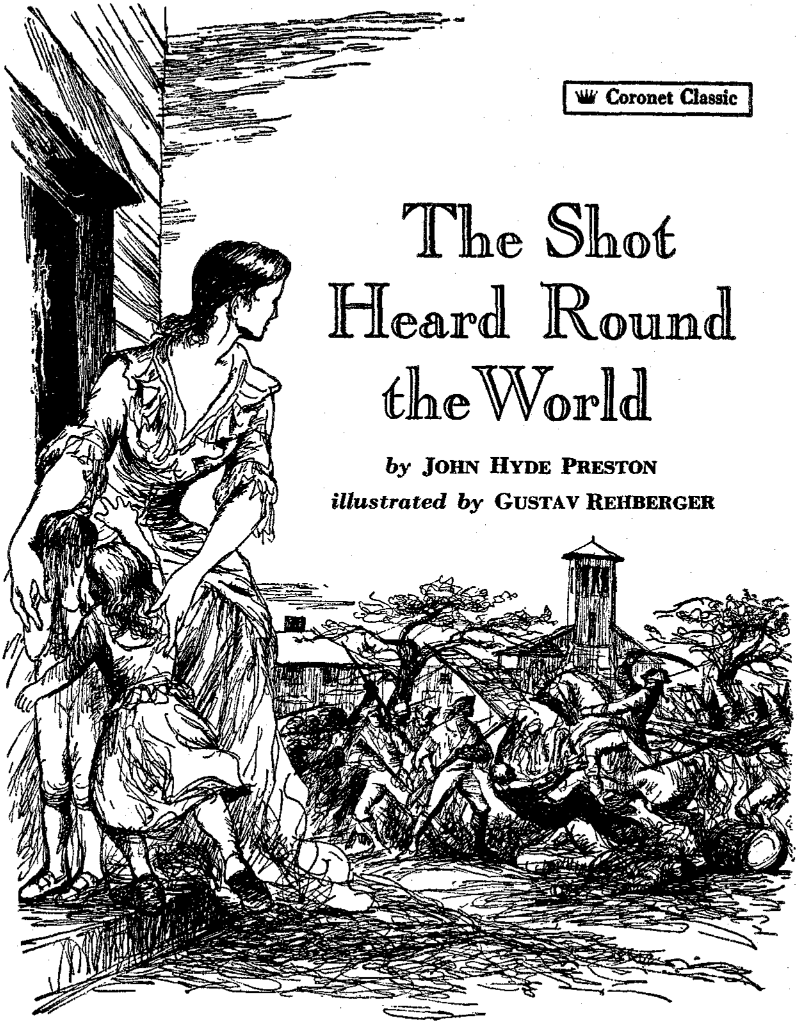
—B. C. FORBES, *101 Unusual Experiences*
(B. C. Forbes & Sons, 1952)

Coronet Classic

The Shot Heard Round the World

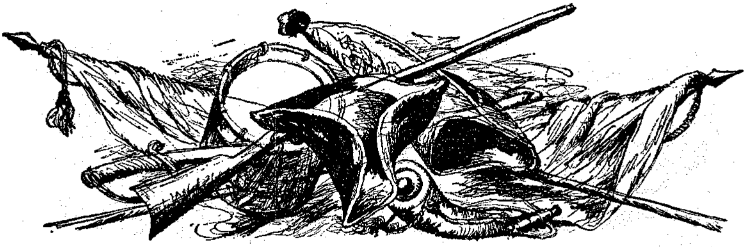
by **John Hyde Preston**

illustrated by **Gustav Rehberger**



The month of July is a fitting time for Americans to read once more about the Battle of Lexington, the initial skirmish in that inexorable chain of events which culminated in the Declaration of Independence. Here, in another of the Coronet Classics, the story of that memorable day in Massachusetts is told in moving and dramatic language.

—THE EDITORS



THE NIGHT OF APRIL 18, 1775, was cold in the little village of Lexington in Massachusetts. About two in the morning, church bells began to ring out and lights went on in the windows of houses here and there. Men trooped from these houses—sleepy men in sheep's wool collars, carrying cumbersome flintlocks.

They gathered on Lexington Green in the waning moonlight, and peered at one another by the glow of sputtering lanterns. What were they here for? What had got them out of their warm beds? Were the British coming? . . .

Friend, something is happening. And something more is going to happen. It is not for nothing that British officers, mounted on sleek stallions, have been pounding these roads for hours. It is not for nothing that they have seized innocent citizens, examined them as if they were looking for certain marked men, then kicked them and let them go . . .

Yes, something is happening. Perhaps the British have heard of those ammunition stores at Concord, over the hill. . . .

The men waited. But it was cold. They kicked their boot toes into the ground and blew on their hands, and cursed. An hour passed. Nothing happened. Finally some of the men got chilled and went home. Others shuffled off to the Buckman Tavern, woke the fat keeper and had a drink. The rest—the scant few that did not trickle away—went poking around Lexington to see if they could dig up anything exciting.

About an hour and a half later, a small man on a big horse came clattering into town at high speed. He stopped at the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark and got everybody out of bed. He chose this Reverend gentleman's abode because it housed two pieces of human dynamite whom the British were planning to capture that morning and take back to London for hanging. The two were Samuel Adams and that foxy young smuggler John Hancock; they had been at the Provincial Congress at Concord, talking about liberty.

The rider that night was Paul Revere. He had been one of the last messengers to leave Boston, and it had taken him a good while to get to Lexington. But he hadn't minded; he loved the night air and he loved his horse. He dashed about, shouted some

From *Revolution: 1776*, by John Hyde Preston. Copyright 1933, by the author, and published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.

electrifying warnings, and then spurred away. He was very excited and in a very great hurry. He had to get on to Concord.

This is the ride that left him cantering eternally through the gallery of the immortals, but there was nothing remarkable about it. A number of other men did exactly the same thing the same night, but by some gyration of fate, little Paul got all the credit.

Just before dawn the bells began to ring again. Again the ragged militiamen gathered on the green opposite the white Congregational Church. There were not as many as before, but their faces were set firmer and they were bundled up to withstand a long wait in the chill gray of morning.

Captain Parker, friend of Colonel Washington during the French War, commanded these rural troops. It was he who said they had come together in a spirit of consultation, not a spirit of resistance. Yet it was strange that the spirit of consultation demanded a meeting place on the public green, within a few yards of where British troops, marching to destroy the patriot arsenal at Concord, would have to pass.

They didn't go to the quiet woods to consult and advise; they didn't go to a tavern; they stood out in the middle of their world, carrying guns, and vowing that the British would never notice them, that there was nothing warlike in their behavior.

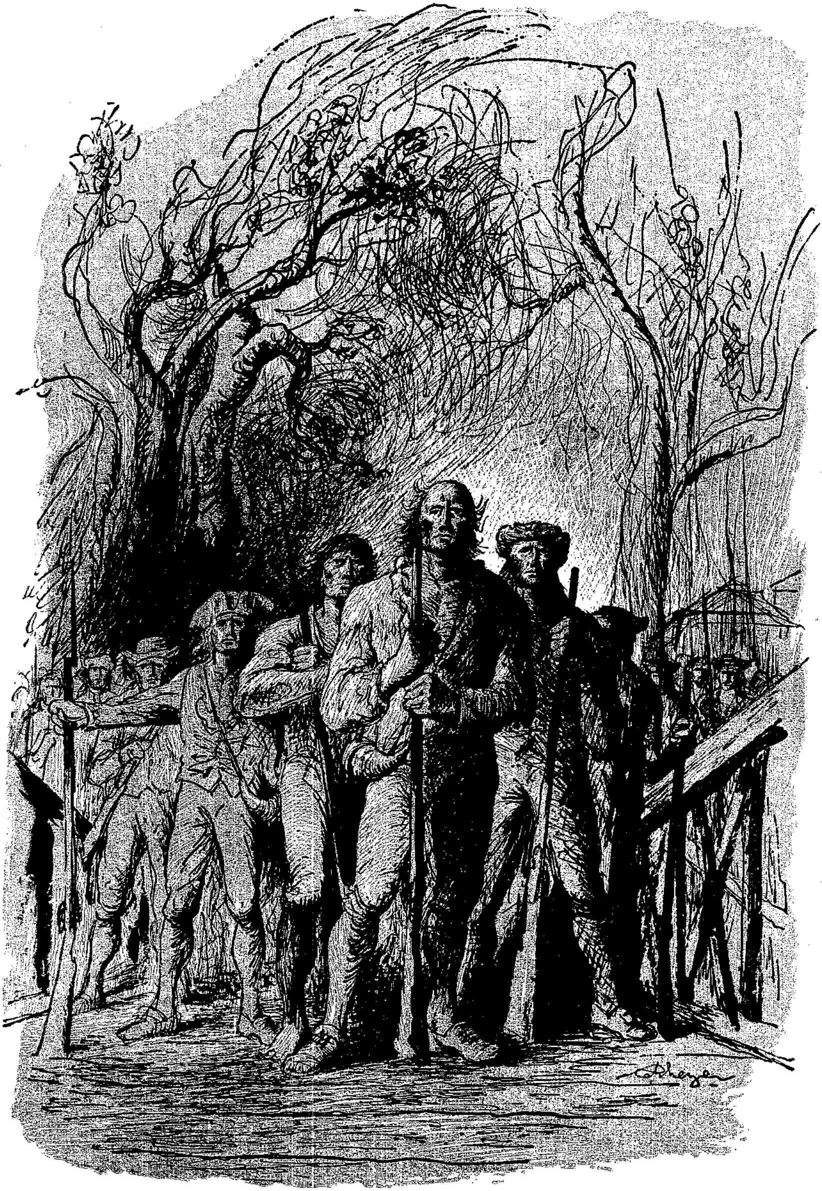
Whose idea was this? Samuel Adams had been around. He and Hancock were staying at Pastor Clark's. But they were not there any more. They were crossing fields, under the last faint curtain of the night, to a safer place. Still, they had been in Concord and Lexington quite long enough for that power plant of rebellion, Mr. Adams. He had had plenty of time to work.

His pupils stood there on the green, looking at one another in the first pink softness of an April dawn, and wondered why they had come. Then, out of the distance, from down the road and over the hills, came the impudent, high-rascally music of fifes and drums. What was it? More militia? . . . Dear God, not the British! . . . Yes, the British! The British were coming!

A shiver of excitement and fear ran down the spines of those yeoman soldiers. In a manner of speaking, it ran down America's spine and the spine of the world. Every one who was there felt that the moment had come. It was the zero hour of autocracy.

Suddenly the bright red regiments of the King's advance guard swung into view, with Major Pitcairn riding ahead—good Major Pitcairn of the Marines, thrown haphazard into an infantry command, amused and smiling and generous, and very fat under his sword belt. On they came, the immaculate, automaton soldiers of Empire, precise and perfect and fearless. On they came, marching proudly along to fife and drum.

They glowered at the militiamen gathered on the green—the earnest, excited young boys with open shirts, the grizzly, blus-



tering old men with dirty stocks. The militiamen glowered back and walked stiffly about like so many belligerent dogs looking for a fight. They fingered their big flintlocks nervously and eyed one another.

A British officer, sitting astride a huge black charger and sparkling in his regimentals, drew his sword and flourished it in the bright spring sunshine. He yelled: "Lay down your arms, damn you! Disperse, you rebels!"

Ugly silence filled that moment. Suddenly it was broken by the loud report of gunfire.

This was the shot that, echoing and re-echoing across the spring-bursting Massachusetts hills, is supposed to have been heard around the world. Figuratively speaking, it was the voice of the common man demanding his political and economic rights as he had never dared demand them before—the shot that killed the last wiry old guardian of feudalism, and the death knell of the long-caressed ideal of Empire. Empire did not die on the spot, but she has never recovered from that wound.

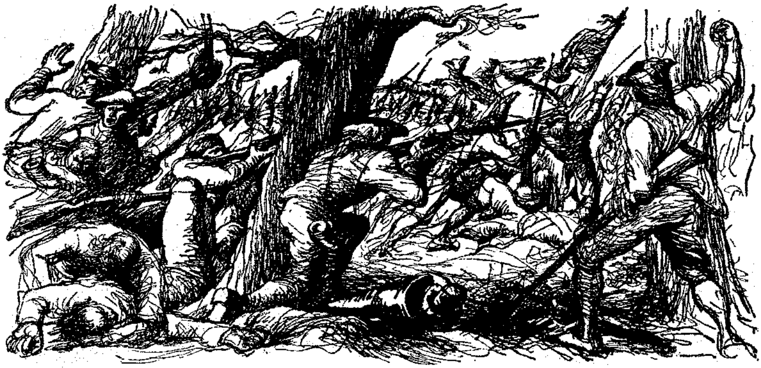
Whatever connotations for posterity this first shot may have had, it has at least been troublesome for historians. For many decades that shot has reverberated through our history; much ink has been squandered on arguments as to who fired it.

The Americans made every effort to prove the British guilty. They dispatched the fastest sailing ship in the Colonies to take their version of the encounter to England, so that it could be read and broadcast before the official British report reached home. They had to shove the warlike gesture onto British shoulders, to prove that they were not rebelling but merely rising in self-defense of their lives and property.

IT IS HARD TO SEE what difference it makes now, or made then, who fired that first shot. The very act of marching the Colonial militia out on the village green in the pale dawn was a gesture warlike enough. Everybody knew that war had to begin. And that was the beginning.

But there is little doubt that an American musket fired first. Old Ezra Stiles of Yale said as much, and he was as vigorous a rebel as one could want. Then, too, Abercrombie's evidence seems solid with truth. He did not see who fired the first shot, he said, nor the second nor the third, but when he turned round, a British soldier was nursing a wound and Major Pitcairn's horse was bleeding in two places. And perhaps that was why the tall British subaltern screamed out: "Fire on 'em, by God!"

At this point the fight becomes a confusion of gunshots, huzzas and cuss words. It is hard to distinguish features. The air is suddenly filled with the frosty smoke of rifles. Men are falling and cursing. Pitcairn is waving his sword and shouting unheeded



orders to cease firing. His horse is rearing under him and he is red in the face.

Then the burst of firing dies. The smoke clears. Some of those embattled farmers are stretched out on the damp grass of the green, clawing convulsively at the soft earth. Others are gazing at them in awe and glaring at the scattered British troops.

There is some promiscuous shooting, mostly American. But the patriots have drawn back now; and the British, who are supposedly on a secret mission, spur on toward Concord. Dogs for miles around burst into an uproar of barking. More guns go off, aimed at the disappearing soldiery. Women, clad in long white nightdresses and sleeping caps, come running to the green and bend over the forms of husbands and lovers and sons lying on the bloodstained grass.

Hancock and Adams, in their escape, are crossing a distant field. The rumble of far-off musketry behind them catches their ears. Adams, his tired gray eyes suddenly young with light, grabs Hancock's arm. Listening, tense and florid, his ancient tremor becomes an ecstatic shaking of the limbs.

"Oh," he cries, "oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

He knew what had happened. He knew that his dream had come true—that the American Revolution was now under way. The long—and dangerous—hope of conciliation was dead. Blood had been spilled. England was now the enemy, not the mother. Zealously, almost fanatically, he praised the Lord.

Pitcairn, cursing the day that he was ever given command of a squirming light infantry, took the British on to Concord. The morning was cold and bright and bitterly windy—not at all the balmy spring day that legend says it was; the troops marched fast. They went over the North Bridge into Concord.

Pitcairn, perturbed major of Marines, pounded on the door of Jones' tavern. He had a tired heart and a parched throat. But

Jones had bolted the door against him. Pitcairn stamped about heavily, winded and excitable, striking on the door with the flat of his sword, and rolling out oaths as only a major of Marines can.

The story is that he did get into the tavern at last and that while his soldiers were wrecking the patriot arsenal, he stayed there overlong sipping his Scotch and water. That, however, may be a fabrication. Howbeit, Pitcairn faded from the picture, and Colonel Smith, assuming the command, became the big figure.

For five hours the British lingered in Concord. There was no reason for it; they simply hung on like men too tired or too stunned to move. They evidently felt that the business of destroying the patriot military dumps was a full morning's work. But their accomplishment was a joke.

All these protectors of Empire did on that bright spring morning was to spike two cannon in the tavern yard while Pitcairn nodded over his whiskey, break up a few barrels of flour, and throw about 500 pounds of ball into the river. A dozen healthy schoolboys could have done the job in less than an hour. A little after noon, when the momentous looting had been accomplished, Smith decided to go back to Boston. He called his regiments to order. They fell into formation—like long avenues of flowering red bushes—and marched down to the little white North Bridge, whence they could swing onto the Lexington road. Blithely they tramped along until they came within sight of the bridge. Then the long straight lines wavered and hesitated.

On the bridge and around it was a mob of some 400 farmers, their shirts open at the neck, some with hunting caps, some with their hair flying in the breeze, many standing in their bare feet. As the British approached, these rustic insurrectionists were as still as trees. They squared their shoulders, glaring ahead—radiating the awful fierceness that comes from immobility.

A red-coated officer roared up on his horse. He gestured them away with his broadsword, shouting something like: "Clear the way, you fools! Get along home!"

The tough-looking yeomanry stood their ground. There was no movement on either side for a moment. Only the low growling from the throats of men . . . then the storm . . . an awful thunder of cannon on the right, from behind the British front lines . . .

Old Timothy Brown, captain of militia, stood hard by the bridge, chewing ferociously on a twig and raring for action. A shot went whistling by his ear and squashed into the soft spring ground behind him. Rather wild, he ran his fingers through his big mop of hair. "Damn it," he cried, "they are firing ball!"

Captain Timothy raised his musket. There was a burst of fire. A dumpy subaltern of the King's Own Regiment lost his tall hat and sank to earth with an ugly hole in his forehead. And his was the particular distinction of being the first British soldier to die in the American Revolution.

The mob of yelling yokels pushed back the card-packed soldiers of the British Empire for about six minutes. Then, when both forces were on the Concord side of the bridge and the handsome British formation was broken and scattering in fright, Buttrick and Davis called their men off, and began to pick up the dead and wounded.

Colonels Buttrick and Davis never explained their action; probably they themselves never understood it. They were excited and nervous; the sight of men dying dizzied them, and they yelled out to desist. It was the capital folly of that day. If they had kept pushing those confused regiments back into Concord, hacking them, beating around them, sharpshooting behind trees and rocks, they might have torn them to tatters before midafternoon. But they didn't; they withdrew politely, like men finishing a formal call on some dignitary.

So Colonel Smith maneuvered the King's regiment into formation once more. He called for music from the fifes and drums, marched over the loose planks of the North Bridge, and steered his columns up the road toward Lexington.

IT WAS ONLY THEN that the Colonials woke up. When they saw the red backs of the British in retreat, those nerves that vengeance and anger will set throbbing began to gripe. With an unspoken understanding of that hour's business, almost without command they streamed off in pursuit.

No order. No discipline. No plan. Only, throughout that afternoon with its deep sunshine on the blue ridges, what was most important of all—the unifying power that comes from a common resentment. It swept them on, firing them, holding them together. Down the road to Lexington they went, this motley gang, with torn shirts, torn trousers, their long hair streaming in the wind—young and old, and all possessed of that knotty strength that is of the soil and with the soil remains. Some with pistols. Some with swords. And most of them with flintlocks, big and deadly.

On April 19, 1775, strategy was not thought of; it was a day of bare fighting, desperate and fierce, fighting with a Roman soul. It wasn't that the toll of British lives was great. The point is that untrained country militiamen from Concord and Acton and Lexington, with their deadly accuracy of gunfire, seemed to sense instinctively the best methods of meeting the British in battle. They ducked behind stone walls; they locked themselves in houses and, kneeling on the floor, fired from the windows; they ran from one tree to another, hiding themselves from the clumsy British volleys of formal warfare, and plucking off redcoated officers as a sharp wind carries autumn apples to the ground. The British plan was to fight in solid formation; but this solid formation was helpless—was pure suicide—before the ranging Colonial attack.

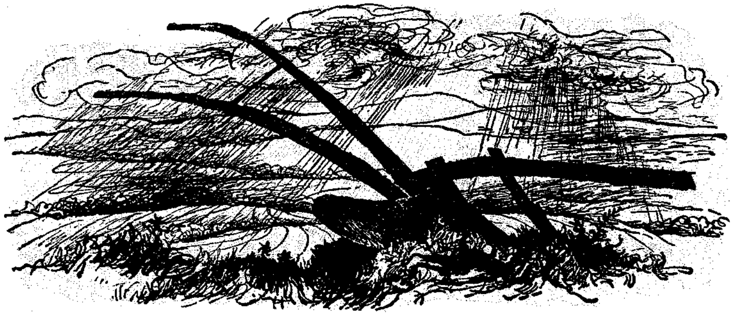
WHEN SMITH'S REGIMENTS, after covering those six bloody miles, finally stumbled into Lexington, they were a hangdog crew. Exhausted, winded, covered with sweat and grime, all their ammunition shot away, most of them were confident of an unmarked grave in one of those freshly plowed fields. The patriots were hard on their trail, firing from every house and stone wall along the way. It looked as if the British game was up.

The patriots chased the fleeing redcoats almost to Charlestown and then, seeing that their munitions were getting low and that darkness was falling, they turned back and encamped for the night not far from Winter Hill. The British went into Charlestown, ate, drank, nursed their wounds, cursed a little. Then footsore, irritable and very tired, they went to bed in field tents. The place of encampment was the rolling slope of Bunker Hill, which less than two months later was to be wet with blood after another battle day.

Pitcairn and Smith, as they sank into bed that night, must have reflected a little upon the fortunes of that day. And these must have seemed strange. There had been no blood in their eyes when they had marched out the night before. They were on a secret mission, to be conducted as peaceably as possible, but the day had been darkened by battle smoke.

There had been stabs of fire in every minute since noon. There had been the harrowing cries of men wounded, men in their last agony, men sick from exhaustion, dirty, hot and grim. The earth itself had seemed to turn over full of noise and grime and heat, since that cool dawn on the Lexington green.

And out of these roads between Concord and Charlestown, 273 soldiers of the King's regiments had gone down the steep slope of death.



Making Friends with Compliments

by HELEN COLTON

Thoughtful words of appreciation are a helpful means of enriching human relationships

"I CAN LIVE for two months on a good compliment," Mark Twain once remarked.

Even wealth and fame were not enough to fill a basic human need for the author. He still wanted, as we all do, the commendation, approval, recognition and appreciation of his fellow men.

Words of praise and appreciation sweeten and enrich our whole existence. We turn them over in our minds, cherish them, bank them against the day when our reserve of self-esteem runs low.

A compliment has greater purchasing power than money. It can make even the poorest man among us feel like a Croesus. No man is ever too busy or too successful to receive your words of genuine appreciation. And yet so few of us make use of this inexhaustible storehouse of pleasure that's ours to give.

Do people praise you much? Or, for that matter, do you often express appreciation to others? Most of us pay compliments "as if we had to dig deep into our pockets for them."

The first principle, then, of how to say nice things is that we learn to say them more often. And by observing a few simple things about our words of praise and appreciation—their quality, their subject matter, their timing—we can make our remarks even more gracious. We may even make some of them so memorable that they will still bring pleasure to the recipients long after we've spoken them.

A "good quality" compliment is sincere, personalized and specific. But sheer flattery is insulting. Basically, it says, "You are so vain that you'll fall for my line."

Some thought and observation will produce something honestly worth complimenting. And if something worthy of praise doesn't turn up at the moment, don't say anything. Most of us agree with humorist Josh Billings that "Flattery is like cologne water, to be smelt of, not swallowed."

Our compliments also ought to be personalized, monogrammed with someone's initials. Too often we give credit to inanimate objects, rather than to human beings.

An employer praises his secretary. "This is a neat typing job." Did the typewriter do the job? What he actually means is "*You* did a neat job." We compliment people's clothes, when we mean "*You* showed good taste in selecting this outfit." We exclaim to a dinner hostess, "How lovely the table looks," when we mean "How beautifully *you* set the table."

Every situation, every endeavor, has its human element. No piece of art gets painted, no note of music is composed, no task or chore gets done untouched by human hands and it is human beings who need and deserve recognition.

Quite often, you can make a thank you or a compliment distinctive by selecting one specific detail and then basing your remarks on that detail.

After spending a day at our beach house, one couple wrote that we had really provided a treat for them—not only because of the buffet lunch and the swim—but because, while they had been coming to the beach for years, our invitation gave them their first chance to see the inside of a house in the town, something they had always been curious to observe.

If the couple had not selected this detail to comment on, their thank you would have been a standardized one—welcome, of course, but certainly not as remembered as their thank you has been.

As a rule, what is the subject matter of your kind remarks? People's appearance, clothes, possessions and accomplishments, most likely. We comment mostly upon these obvious, visible things—and that's all.

But how about the intangibles, the less obvious and more lasting things? If we take the trouble to seek even a little bit below the surface, we find many commendable traits in others—humility, tact, modesty, tolerance, open-mindedness, consideration, thoughtfulness—that no one has probably ever praised them for.

The switchboard operator where you work gets plenty of appreciation of her good looks. But what of her constant, inspiring cheerfulness?

Your wife hears many nice things about her cooking. But have you ever told her how much you like her habit of asking, whenever she rises, "Anything I can get for you while I'm on my feet?"

SEEKING TRAITS to comment upon does something warm and heartening to you, too. You soon realize how many nice qualities most of the human race has and how often it exercises them.

Even the *timing* of our nice remarks can give them added meaning. There are standard occasions when we usually praise. "How nice you look!" we exclaim when someone takes special pains dressing for a party and is almost *expecting* a compliment.

But try, sometime, delivering a compliment out of a clear blue sky, at a wholly unexpected time, and see how much added pleasure you give the recipient. Two compliments I cherish were paid to me upon unexpected occasions.

Once, my kid sister and I were sitting in our pajamas at the kitchen table having a midnight snack. I had just cold-creamed my face, my hair was awry, when she suddenly said, "Gee, you look awfully pretty right now."

And, once, I was standing in front of my house, waiting for a friend to call for me, when a strange man, passing by, remarked, "I must tell you how lovely you look in that outfit."

Both compliments were completely unexpected, unprimped for, and most memorable.

Besides expressing our sentiments only on special occasions, many of us also express them only when a relationship or circumstance is over with, or nearing its end. We live next door to the Evans family for years, and then they move. Their last day, we tell Mary Evans what a good and kind neighbor she's been. Why didn't we tell Mary Evans that at any time during our years next door?

Business firms usually wait until the end of a relationship to express appreciation. You pay off a charge account and you get an expected form letter thanking you. How much more good will the firm would create for itself if, in the middle of paying the account, you got an unexpected letter saying, "We want to thank you for the regular manner in which you're paying your account. We're glad to have customers like you."

Some of the nicest things you may ever hear, or may ever say, needn't be compliments at all. They may be expressions of tenderness, concern, sympathy, understanding. Spoken at the right moment, they can buoy you up when you are depressed, save you from embarrassment, restore your self-respect.

And some of the nice things people say to you all the time may be wordless. Every time someone performs an act of friendship, a favor, a kind deed, on your behalf, they may not say one complimentary word aloud, but their gracious gesture speaks eloquently. It says: "I like you. I respect you. I value our friendship. I enjoy being of help to you."

And your sincere expression of thanks is, in return, a compliment to them.

Very often, we hear nice things about friends who aren't present. Because nice remarks aren't so plentiful that we can afford to discard even a single one, I try to remember these compliments to pass on to the people they are about.

Irving Hoffman, the Broadway wit, raconteur, and trade-paper columnist, has become a close friend of many famous people all over the world. How did he get to know them? By mailing them notes, relaying the nice things that he had heard others say about them.

False Alarm

AN A.P. DISPATCH out of Atlanta told how a number of women, obviously in good shape, turned out to have lung spots during a city-wide health survey.

Puzzled M. D.'s studied the x-rays carefully, but they were all baffled by the fact that the spots showed on both lungs and in identical positions.

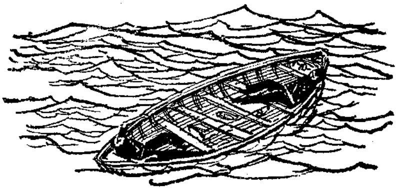
Finally, one M. D. who had encountered similar shadows was able to enlighten his comrades.

"Falsies," he explained.

—FRANCIS LEO GOLDEN, *Tales for Salesmen* (Frederick Fell, Inc.)

Two Against the Sea

by Galen Drake



PROMINENT in the yard of the famed Marine Historical Association at Mystic, Connecticut, is a little craft of the kind that sailors call a "jolly boat." Wooden and weathered, it is mute testimony to one of the most harrowing ordeals of the sea.

The epic began 500 miles south of the Azores, the night of August 21, 1940, when the British steamer *Anglo Saxon* came within range of the German raider *Weser*. Exactly when the raider struck is not known; the freighter's logbook went down with her—everything, but the jolly boat and seven men.

Even then, the German ship was not satisfied. She raked the survivors with machine-gun fire. Two more died, leaving five, who cursed and shook their fists, as men do in outraged helplessness.

It was morning before they took stock. A kit of emergency rations was aboard, but they had no compass, and the oars were gone. Worse, there was nothing to shield them from the merciless sun.

One of the men succumbed to sunstroke on the tenth day. No one moved when he jumped over the side. By mute consensus, he was better off. As the days passed, the grueling torture of the sun drove two others to join him.

Eventually, those remaining were only Robert George Tapscott, 19, and Wilbert Roy Widdicomb, 24, both of England, who ate and sipped sparingly, alternately watched the horizon and stars, and counted days. By the end of the fifth week, food was exhausted. But there was water left, replenished by showers. By now, they talked little, rarely moved; they lay on their stomachs, shirts over their heads.

Which night the three flying fish landed on their backs, they could not remember, as they had stopped marking the passage of time. Wordlessly, they ate the raw flesh, and found a little strength.

Next afternoon, it rained heavily, and they used their shirts as sponges. Then they saw the first clumps of seaweed. When more appeared, they were jubilant, straining with glazed eyes for a sight of the land it signified.

Early next morning, they saw a faraway glow of light. Weakly, they made croaking, hoarse sounds of joy. Each wave bore them closer to land. Shortly after dawn, a fishing boat came out to investigate.

The land was Eleuthera Island in the Bahamas. In the little boat you can view in Connecticut, Tapscott and Widdicomb had drifted southwesterly for 69 days and 2,500 miles! Burned black, emaciated, more dead than alive, they had survived to tell of one of the longest castaway voyages in history!

Galen Drake is heard on CBS Radio, 10 to 10:30 A.M. and 1:55 to 2 P.M., EST, Saturdays

Your NERVES and Your STOMACH

by FRANK S. CAPRIO, M. D.

ONE DAY a friend invited me to dinner, a perfect meal prepared by his wife. When I complimented my hostess, her husband remarked: "I know I'm fortunate in having married such an excellent cook. But I just can't appreciate good food. About an hour after eating, I begin to suffer from indigestion, cramps in my stomach, nausea, gas and heartburn."

I asked if he had recently undergone a thorough physical examination. He answered, "Doctor, they x-rayed my digestive tract, looked at my stomach through a fluoroscope and passed some kind of rubber tube down my food pipe. All this was done at the diagnostic clinic of a famous medical center. The doctors finally concluded that since they found nothing organically wrong with my alimentary tract, I must be suffering from something they called a 'gastric neurosis' or nervous indigestion. It seems that no matter how much medicine I take, I never get permanent relief."

I suggested that he come to my office next morning. Much to my surprise, I discovered he was unhappy in his marriage. His wife was an extreme introvert, didn't mix well in company, and had a tendency to bring up unpleasant discussions at dinner. For example, she repeatedly reminded him of the bills they owed and the possibility of losing their home because they might be unable to meet the payments.

Upon hearing all this, I arranged for an interview with his wife. I gave her specific instructions never to discuss finances or anything unpleasant at mealtimes. She cooperated and made a sincere effort to display a more cheerful disposition, refrain from unnecessary bickering, invite congenial friends to dinner occasionally, and become more demonstrative in her affection for her husband.

The results were astounding. Within a month, my friend began telling me of the change in his appetite. He no longer feared to eat the things which previously gave him distress, and was now willing to accept the original contention that his indigestion was intimately associated with his emotional relationship to his wife.

In the life of everyone, there occur situations which are agreeable or disagreeable, capable of influencing our digestion. We have ample evidence today to prove that in many neurotics, the mind and the stomach are wedded. For example, one investigator discovered that an important emotional problem existed in two-thirds of the patients

From *Living in Balance*, by Frank S. Caprio, M. D. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by The Arundel Press, Inc., Washington, D.C.

who presented themselves at a clinic devoted to digestive disorders.

Neurotics, it must be remembered, are simply individuals who express their unhappiness or conflicts through the language of bodily symptoms. Some develop hives or other nervous skin conditions; others perspire to excess; there are those who suffer from asthma, brought on by mental causes. Tension in certain individuals results in migraine-like headaches, while vomiting, loss of appetite, diarrhea, gas pains and heartburn may indicate a reaction to an unpleasant life-situation.

I recall a single woman of 35 who complained of a lack of appetite dating back to adolescence. The mother favored her two sons and constantly found fault with the patient. The daughter was negativistic and rebellious all during adolescence. She felt unloved and unwanted. Her neurotic unhappiness was the cause of indigestion.

THE AVERAGE PERSON can avoid chronic indigestion by following common-sense rules. The following are a few practical suggestions that may help quiet those butterflies in your stomach:

1. *Avoid overeating*. No one envies the emaciation of a Mahatma Gandhi or the avoirdupois of a Falstaff. Try to strike a happy medium and live in moderation by avoiding excesses. Overeating promotes mental sluggishness.

The average middle-aged person has a tendency to become a glutton for delicacies, and consumes more food than his body can use. Wives of every generation have capitalized on man's weakness in this respect, inspired by the psychology that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Obesity predisposes to such conditions as diabetes, hardening of the arteries, heart ailments and indigestion. Why, then, do so many of us deliberately overeat? It is because the habit of eating to excess is associated with deep-seated mental conflicts. Frustrated people often receive vicarious pleasure from eating large quantities of high-caloried, tasty foods.

2. *Allow yourself a reasonable amount of time when you eat.* Haste impairs the functions of the digestive organs. The Indians never had to punch a clock before and after lunch hour, nor grab food in a congested Automat. Our modern tempo of restless living has speeded up our metabolism and consequently altered our habits of eating to the extent that thousands of us are suffering from "nervous stomachs."

3. *Eliminate oversensitiveness.* Nervous indigestion is nothing more than a personal reaction to an unpleasant situation. It can be avoided through the application of a little mental hygiene and self-analysis. It is more than mere coincidence that a person who is very sensitive also has a sensitive stomach.

Dr. Austen Fox Riggs, for instance, discovered that young children who were oversensitive and emotional were not only overprone to weep but also suffered from disturbances of digestion.

If you wish to control your stomach, learn to control your mind. Achieve health through personal happiness. Bicarbonate of soda will never cure "mental indigestion."

4. *Don't make your stomach the victim of food fads.* All of us have food

idiosyncrasies and we all differ in our requirements. Diet is decidedly a personal matter. In a case of stomach or intestinal ulcer, special bland foods may be a specific necessity. But too many of us are misled by popular fads.

You can't drive a car and study a road map at the same time. Neither can you go through life with a diet chart in front of you. Why turn your stomach into a laboratory guinea pig for all the sundry dietary fads?

I'm not suggesting that you proceed to eat any and everything that strikes your fancy, in any quantity you choose to elect. On the contrary, the matter of diet has decided importance. But it should be a sound and sane diet, consisting of plain, wholesome, nourishing food. Don't be gullible and borrow a pet diet from a neighbor, relative or some newspaper advertisement.

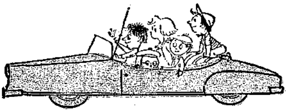
5. *Develop the art of relaxation.* Tension built up during the day is bound to affect your digestive organs. Stop getting so excited. Slow down. Work and recreation must be kept in their proper relative proportions. Dissatisfaction or discontentment is capable of making food less appetizing and certainly less digestible.

It is your duty and your privilege to find happiness. Change your routine of living if necessary. Get interested in something outside your regular occupation. You'll be amazed to see what zest it adds to daily living.

I have a friend whose medicine chest is filled with patent medicines. He complains of his stomach being in a knot. It's all work and no play with him. He has never learned the trick of enjoying what he has. Instead, he is constantly preoccupied with plans of achieving goals beyond his reach. No wonder he feels miserable most of the time.

Resolve to get a new lease on life by keeping your mind free from unnecessary worry and conflict. Unhappiness, commotion, overexcitement—these are the greatest causes of "nervous indigestion."

Traffic Tips



WHAT A MAN IS most anxious to get out of a new car is his teen-age kids.
—ELEANOR C. WOOD

THE WAY TRAFFIC is today, pretty soon the only people who'll enjoy an auto ride will be those who have big back yards.
—PETER ARNELL

A MODERN CAR CAN easily make 70 miles an hour—except on weekends.
—E. A. CHAFFEE

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS for a wife to get her husband to tell her about his business affairs is to try to get him to buy a new car for the family.
—DAN BENNETT in *Your Life*

CHARLES STEINMETZ:
Wizard of Power

by **NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE**

THE U. S. IMMIGRATION official took one look at the frightened young man before him and shook his head. What he saw was a grotesque, misshapen hunchback, who walked in a painful lurch.

"Do you speak any English?" the official barked.

"A few," the trembling cripple answered in words that made his interrogator write down "No English."

"Any money?"

The little man shook his head in bewilderment.

"No money," the official wrote. He motioned the newcomer toward the detention pen where immigrants who couldn't qualify for admission sadly awaited shipment back to Europe.

Marconi visiting Steinmetz

Fortunately for America, an English-speaking friend traveling with the young cripple convinced the immigration officers that they should let the stranger into the country. Charged with admitting only those who might make useful American citizens, they were still doubtful. They would have been stunned had they been able to look into the future, for the hunchback they almost rejected was to startle the world with his discoveries and be hailed as one of the greatest scientists of all time. His adventures would open up a dazzling new era, for he took up where Thomas A. Edison left off and, once and for all, tamed electricity for the use of mankind.

Every American owes him a debt of gratitude, for his work in theoretical physics and mathematics helped make possible the electrical marvels that we take for granted today—the giant dams, the great transmission lines, the cheap power that pours into your home to give you countless benefits and luxuries.

The now almost legendary story of Charles Steinmetz began in Breslau, Germany, nearly a century ago, when a heartbroken father looked down at his newborn son and saw that he was crippled, as was he, himself. Standing above the child in that solemn moment, the father vowed that if his son could not compete in a physical world, he would get the education to help him develop his mind. The boy was sensitive about his deformity, but by the time he was in college, he had learned to forget it by plunging into his studies. Professors were amazed at his brilliant ability with mathematics.

Over in America, Edison had just made the first incandescent lamp, and Steinmetz, enthusiastic about electricity, looked eagerly toward the new land where inventors had such freedom. Freedom meant much to the earnest young man—so much that he joined an idealistic socialistic society.

One night, just before Steinmetz was to submit his doctorate thesis, a friend warned that the police were coming. Steinmetz fled to Switzerland. There he borrowed passage money to America, the country Steinmetz had dreamed of.

In New York, Steinmetz took out the most promising letter of introduction he had brought from Europe, addressed to the chief engineer of the Edison works. Edison! The very name brought magic visions to young Steinmetz.

Hopefully, he watched while the official read the letter. "Nothing here," the man said bluntly.

Steinmetz bowed politely, but tears stung his eyes. Perhaps he couldn't blame the man for not paying attention to an unimpressive individual with halting English.

Next day he took a letter addressed to Rudolf Eickemeyer, whose factory in Yonkers made hat-making machinery. Eickemeyer's eyes twinkled as he heard the stilted English of his ungainly visitor, but when the subject of a job came up, he shook his head. Electricity? Well, that was only a minor part of his business.

Steinmetz wasted no time in bitterness. A week later he was back. This time Eickemeyer broke down. Steinmetz might start as a draftsman at $12 a week. It wasn't much, but he plunged into the job with enthusiasm.

One day, when he proudly signed his pay receipt, a friend looked over his shoulder and repeated the name with a heavy German accent—"Karl August Rudolf Steinmetz." Steinmetz was shocked. He was in America now; he wanted to be an American, to live like one, and the name sounded so foreign.

He tore up the receipt and wrote another one, this time signing it "Charles Steinmetz." Triumphantly he said, "Now my name is American, too!"

"You haven't any middle name. It's no good unless you have a middle name," the friend chided.

Steinmetz's mind flashed back to a painful memory of his youth. In colleges, every student was given a nickname by senior classmen. Steinmetz had gone to the ceremony at which the nickname was given, fearing that the students would make some gibe at his appearance. Painfully he hitched forward when his name was called.

"Proteus" was the nickname they gave him. Proteus, the old man of the sea from the Odyssey. Proteus, mythical figure of a wrinkled old prophet who could tell you all the

secrets of the world. *All the secrets of the world!* Without hesitation, he set down the middle name — Proteus.

Though he worked faithfully at his drafting duties, it was electricity that fascinated Steinmetz. He saw a confused picture of experimenters fumbling to harness a force they did not understand. Even Edison did not know much about electricity. He was simply trying to put it to work by countless thousands of experiments.

Want to find out how a different metal will work in a motor? You laboriously build a motor and try it. The thing promptly burns up. No good. You try again—and again. And still the motors burn up.

"We should be able to figure it out on paper," Steinmetz told Eickemeyer. His employer, by this time overwhelmed by the young engineer's knowledge of electricity, wisely let him forget about the hat machines. That was a decisive moment for science, since Steinmetz leaped into a new world of electricity. Day after day his calculations piled up on problems so complicated they had baffled the world's greatest engineers.

One day a man came to Eickemeyer's office with a proposal. The struggling electric industry was in chaos. What was needed was one strong company. Would Eickemeyer sell out to the newly formed General Electric Company?

The manufacturer named what he thought was a fantastic price. To his astonishment, G.E. agreed instantly. Eickemeyer quickly learned why. One of the stipulations was that along with the company's other assets would go the young engineer, Charles Steinmetz.

When a G-E man, E. W. Rice, later to become president, came to meet Steinmetz, he reported: "I was startled by the strange sight of a small, frail body, surmounted by a large head, with long hair hanging to the shoulders, clothed in an old cardigan jacket, cigar in mouth, sitting cross-legged on the lab worktable." But any doubts Rice might have had about this curious young man were quickly dispelled.

The challenge that faced Steinmetz on his new job was staggering. Engineers were baffled by the electricity that Edison himself said could not be controlled. Direct current was easy to work with, because you could tell just what it would do, but alternating current was tricky, even dangerous. Frightening headlines appeared in papers, telling of people being electrocuted as it got out of control.

Yet Steinmetz knew there was little future for direct current, because it

With fellow-pioneer Edison

could not be transported any great distance. Already he had glowing visions of giant power plants in the future, sending power perhaps hundreds of miles. And this, he saw, could be done only with that "crazy" alternating current.

Month after month he worked at it and finally, when the International Electric Congress met, he was ready to announce his discoveries. The directors, who had given him an hour to talk, were shocked when he appeared with a gigantic manuscript a foot thick. Steinmetz bravely started reading: his audience of top-ranking engineers fidgeted.

After nearly an hour, Steinmetz saw that nearly all his hearers were gone. He couldn't understand it. Here was the key to the bright new world of electricity—and they were walking out! Finally he gathered up his papers and smiled.

"Gentlemen, I hope you have been interested. I am almost half through the introduction."

The Congress regretfully said they had no funds to publish his tremendous manuscript. It was a blow to Steinmetz, but he went back to Schenectady and plunged into his work. Only Steinmetz himself used his fateful discoveries, until four years later a publisher was persuaded to risk printing the manuscript in three big volumes. At that moment, electricity took a big leap forward, and even today the heavy volumes are the engineer's basic tool for understanding the now completely tamed AC.

But Steinmetz had not stopped with theory. He went to work to perfect the device that makes possible our whole dazzling age of electricity. The gadget that controls the voltage of AC is one that we take for granted—the humble transformer, the clumsy box you see atop poles or crouched under high-tension towers. Without it electricity could not be transmitted over long distances.

Steinmetz not only made the transformer work, but found ways to increase its ability to handle voltage. In 1903 he built a transformer that handled 220,000 volts. Experts who came to see it at G.E. said it wouldn't work.

"Wait and see," Steinmetz told the doubters quietly. Today, engineers do not blink at many times this voltage, and electricity travels hundreds of miles from great dams to supply distant cities.

EVEN AT THE PEAK of his fame, Steinmetz's modesty amazed everyone who knew him. He never changed much from the diffident young man who went to work for G.E. Shortly after he joined that company, a friend found him living in a dreary rooming house. The young scientist's appearance was shocking: his face was thin, he had obviously lost weight.

After careful questioning, the friend got the facts. Steinmetz was literally starving himself; his room rent was unpaid. The explanation was that he hadn't received a cent of pay from his new employer.

Actually, as quick investigation revealed, the whole thing was a mistake; a payroll clerk had simply failed to record Steinmetz's name.

Steinmetz had a gift for getting pleasure out of life. He was filled with eager enthusiasm extending even to physical motions. He rushed downstairs two at a time. When he entered his laboratory, he was invariably grinning, and his "Good morning—what's new?" radiated such good humor that his secretary reported his cheerfulness "made everything seem bright for the rest of the day."

Steinmetz loved growing things and the yard of his home in Schenectady was a mass of flowers. Along with plants, he collected animals—some of his own choosing, others sent to him by people who knew his weakness. His home was besieged by children bringing him stray dogs, cats and birds, and Steinmetz never turned away a newcomer to his menagerie.

Though Steinmetz' physical infirmity deterred him from marrying, he found a substitute that gave him a happy family life. He loved children and during his early days in Yonkers, was happy that the family with which he lived had several. Later, in Schenectady, he welcomed every chance to be with children. They recognized his kindness and swarmed around him, asking for help with school work and getting him to play games.

Steinmetz, who had learned to laugh at his own troubles, liked to jolt visitors into a lighter mood by playing practical jokes. One trick involved a camouflaged box which he put just inside his laboratory door. One pompous visitor, an important company official, stumbled over it a dozen times before he finally learned to be cautious.

Another source of fun for Steinmetz was a static-electricity machine with which he could electrify any object. Almost every day dignified visitors to his lab leapt madly from their chairs or let go of doorknobs with yelps of surprise. When his victims became too wary to touch anything in the room, Steinmetz tricked them by electrifying himself, so they got a shock when they shook his hand.

His pranks were never unkind and he always tried to put visitors at ease. Once an embarrassed reporter, quite ignorant of science, said to him, "I hope you won't think my questions foolish."

The great scientist answered: "There are no foolish questions. No man really becomes a fool until he stops asking questions."

The visitor with whom he had his most difficult conversation was Edison. When the wizard of Menlo Park came to visit his laboratories, Steinmetz discovered that Edison was almost stone deaf, and it looked as though he would leave without the long discussion Steinmetz had hoped for.

Suddenly the G-E scientist had an inspiration. Leaning forward he tapped Edison's knee. Pleasure spread across the inventor's face and in a moment he was tapping on his host's knee. Thus they "talked" for hours, tapping out messages in Morse code.

Though he received more than 200 patents, Steinmetz never stopped exploring the world of electricity. As networks of power lines crisscrossed the country, the lurking menace of lightning threatened the smooth flow of power. Smashing down into a power house or transmission line, it could upset a whole system with vast surges of electricity.

Steinmetz went at the problem in his usual way—with pencil and paper—and came up with a device that tamed the lightning, just as he had gentled the violence of AC. With it, the savage bolts went harmlessly into the ground, but magically kept regular current from following the discharged lightning.

Up to the day of his death in 1923, Steinmetz was still plotting new ways to probe the mystery of the thunderbolt. In fact, it was in 1922 that a group of awed spectators saw him win the title "Modern Jove." Gathered in his laboratory, famous scientists, engineers and reporters saw a weird piece of apparatus, bristling with switches, tubes and complicated wiring. Moving to the center of the room, Steinmetz pointed to a miniature village, with stores, homes and a white spired church. Above it, great porcelain insulators supported a network of wires.

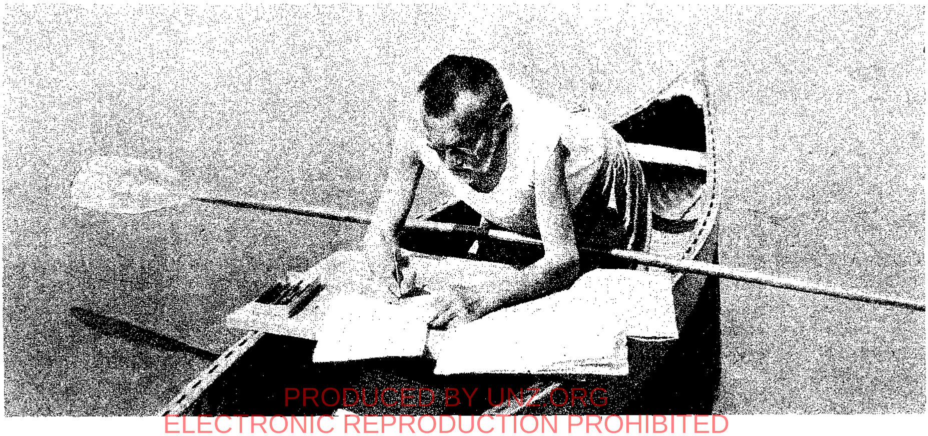
"Gentlemen," he said, "we are going to destroy this church with man-made lightning."

He threw a switch and there was a low angry hum from the machine, a powerful high-voltage generator. Suddenly there was a shattering roar. A white, searing flame leaped from the wires in blazing fury. The acrid smell of ozone and smoke filled the room. The model building lay in shattered ruins. With Steinmetz's man-made lightning, science could probe the secrets of one more of nature's mysteries.

Steinmetz's vision did not stop with the accomplishments that made possible electricity for everyone. Perhaps if he had lived longer, he might have carried out other projects. He predicted that some day cars without engines would skim silently along highways, and homes would be lighted without wires, by power sent through the air from immense broadcasting stations. He foresaw the day when science could solve a growing world food shortage by growing microscopic plants that would yield "crops" in hours, instead of months. And he pictured an era in which we could at last tap our greatest single resource—the radiant power of the sun.

Today, these prophecies do not seem so far-fetched. Science is moving ever closer toward realizing the dreams of America's great wizard of electricity, whose body may have been crippled but whose spirit soared.

An idea, pencil, paper—and a canoe was laboratory enough



"Where Are Your Indians?"

by SAM MOLEN

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE had invited, sight unseen, the famous Carlisle Indians to compete in a dual track meet as a crowning touch to an alumni-day celebration. The whole town of Easton, Pennsylvania, was in a fever of excitement as the day of the great meet dawned.

An hour before the train was due, Coach Bruce, as a self-appointed reception committee of one, went to the station to greet the Carlisle team. He expected a tribe of wild Indians swarming all over Easton.

When the train pulled in, Bruce ran up and down the platform, frantically searching for the Indian tribe. All he saw were a couple of men who followed a big, broad-shouldered fellow with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes and a wisp of straw between his teeth. This was Pop Warner, the Carlisle coach.

Angrily Bruce rushed up to Warner and cried: "Where are your Indians?"

"They'll be along," drawled Warner.

Bruce trailed Warner to his hotel. "I don't like to keep bothering you," he said, "but I would like to know when your Indians are going to get here."

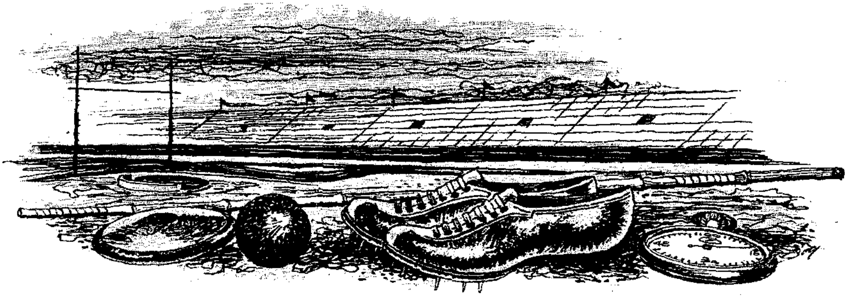
"Son," replied Warner, "don't you fret now. My five men will be along in a little while."

"Listen, Pop," Bruce screamed, "did you say five? I had to go all over Easton raising subscriptions to meet your demand for a guarantee. We've advertised far and wide. I have 46 athletes primed for a 14-event program, and you bring along five Indians. What kind of farce are you trying to stage?"

Pop pulled a thick wad of bills out of his pocket. "Want to make a little bet?"

Bruce rushed out of the room. But that afternoon he sat shuddering while five Indians systematically slaughtered his collection of 46 athletes. Event after event the Indians captured.

Only one Carlisle athlete, Jim Thorpe, appeared to fail. He ran second in the 100-yard dash. That made him angry. So he went on to win the pole vault, high-jump, shot-put and broad jump.



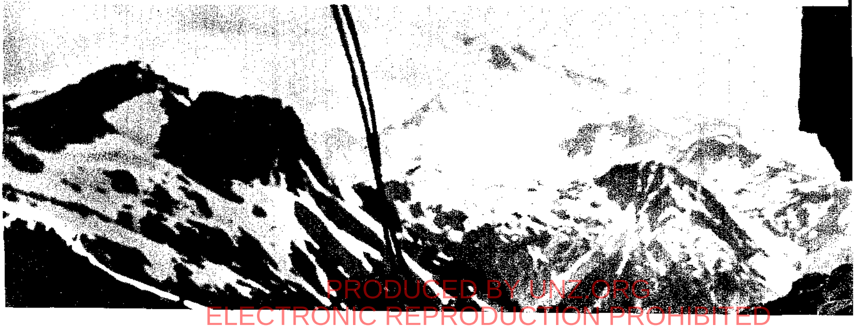
From *They Make Me Laugh*, by Sam Molen. Copyright, 1947, and published by Dorrance & Company, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

Picture Story

Eternal Challenge

Photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

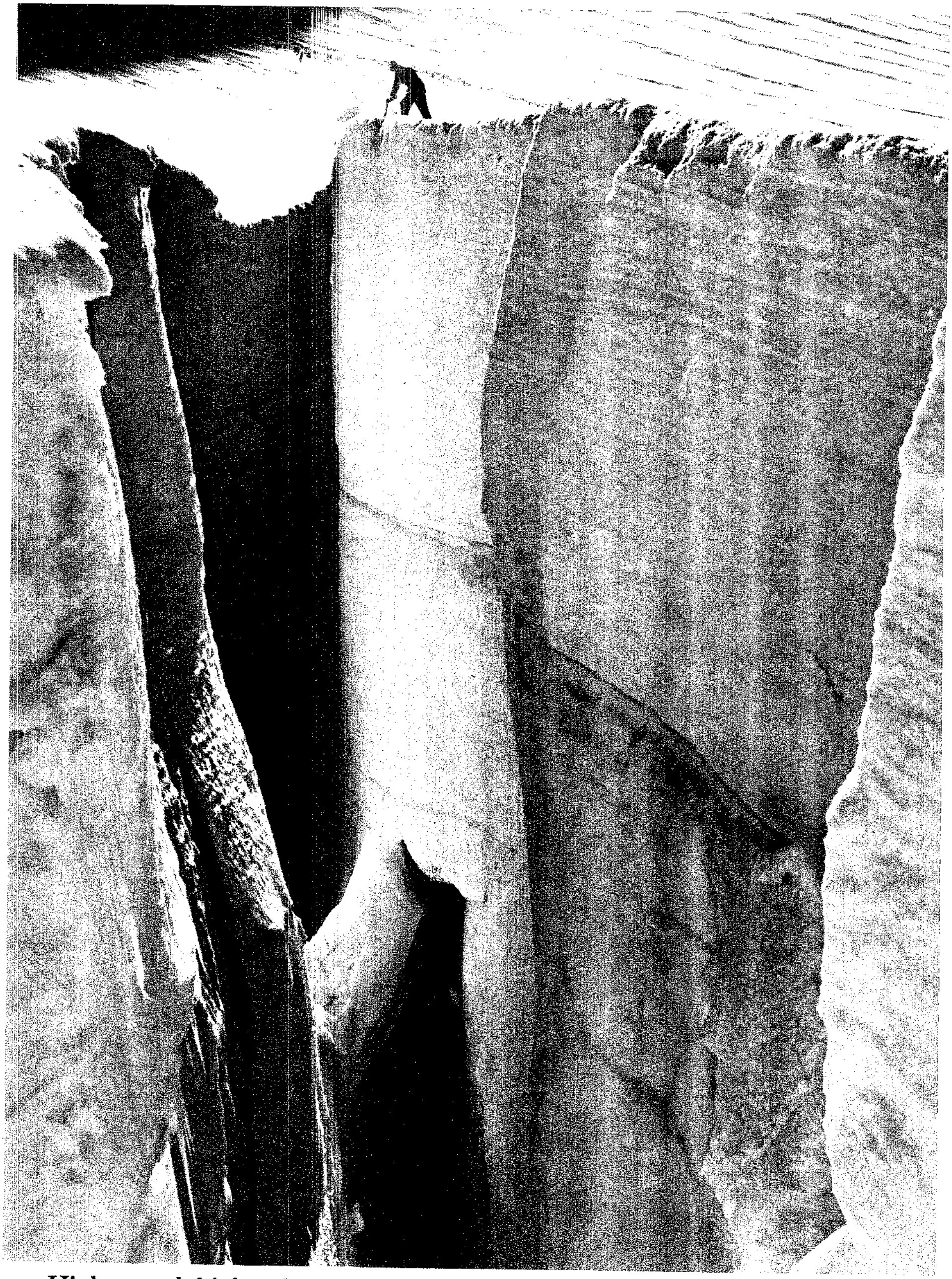
THE LURE of the mountains is irresistible. Heights lost in clouds promise adventure. Unconquered peaks hold a challenge that must be met. No material rewards await the conqueror. There is only the triumph that comes to a man who pits himself against a mountain—and wins.



The ascent begins. Trees thin out, then disappear. Above the timberline, there is a world of mystery and grandeur, a world of silence.

The way grows arduous, each move critical. Spread-eagled in a narrow cleft, the climber strains against sheer walls, and inches upward.

He reaches a world of whiteness broken only by bottomless crevices. He drives his ax into the ice and secures his rope. Then he jumps.



Higher and higher he goes, clawing at handholds, pulse pounding as he crawls out on a snow bridge hundreds of feet above oblivion.

Now the clouds are a turbulent sea far below; the air is thin . . .

. . . but the sun is fiery and close. He stands, it seems, close to Creation.

There is a crystal clarity in the mountain lakes below, an unutterable peace in the air. His victory is immeasurable. His eyes are raised.

Book Feature

Husbands, Wives and "Other Women"

From the new book "Lady, Be Loved!"

by LELORD KORDEL

There are many ways of protecting a marriage from scheming female interlopers

SOONER OR LATER, almost every pair of lovers will have their paradise darkened by a threat of infidelity.

That is not to say that every husband is capable of unfaithfulness. And please notice that I said "threat" of infidelity. For even if that husband has not actually sought the kisses of another woman, he might be mulling over in his mind the possibilities of a little adventure.

If you think this is cynicism on my part, or an attempt to justify the weaknesses of my own sex, please consult the writings of the world's outstanding anthropologists and sociologists; they will tell you the same thing, only in five-syllable words. For this reason, the battle of wits between the wife and the "other woman" is ever imminent in modern marriage. And in order to diagnose the reasons for a philandering husband, the smart wife turns the microscope inward on her own character, personality and mannerisms.

Allow me to defend myself quickly before too many indignant letters reach me from the ladies who read that last sentence. I am not accusing the woman of being the only one at fault in a shaky marriage. Far from it. The man has his faults, plenty of them; and, in the name of my sex, I admit readily to all the grievances with which any woman might charge us.

But, whether or not he will acknowledge it, the man is the weaker of the two sexes, in that he is less amenable to character or personality changes. He stands firm in his belief that God made the male in a perfect mold, while the female of the species was created a bundle of tricky weaknesses (with a few undeniable attractions), hastily concocted for the temptation and pleasure of the male.

It would be easier to tow the Rock of Gibraltar across the Atlantic than to get a man to believe that any defects in his marriage were of his own doing. He knows that the male is the superior sex, and he lives by that knowledge. And in this masculine arrogance lies

From *Lady, Be Loved!* by Lelord Kordel. Copyright, 1953, by The World Publishing Company, publishers, Cleveland 2, Ohio.

his weakness; for, as the Bible tells us, he who would be strong must first be humble. And surely there is nothing humble about the average husband—all the Milquetoasts to the contrary, notwithstanding!

The open-minded wife who will search out, admit, and then try to correct her own faults can hold the whip hand in any marriage, for she is strong and wise, and thus enabled to guide her marriage into the paths of fidelity and contentment.

Following are some faults of wives as perceived—and nearly always magnified—by the husbandly eye:

1. *Duty Attitude.* Like the child who enjoyed eating his spinach until his mother happened to mention that it "was good for him," the husband who is happily married may begin to chafe at the bonds of matrimony if reminded too often about his duty. Something in the human make-up causes us to rebel at duty and discipline; to achieve any sort of order and assumption of obligation in our human society, it is frequently necessary that these two "d's" be disguised and made more palatable by a sugar coating.

So it is with marriage. It may be a husband's duty to bring in the wood, yet the smart wife makes him think that the task of bringing in the wood fell to him solely because he is so much bigger and stronger than she, a weak little woman. On the other hand, what does the dumb wife do? She rushes out (after he has failed for the third time to hear her ask him to make a trip to the woodpile), scoops up an armful of wood, and flounces back into the house, abristle with righteous indignation, a strained back and tart remarks about a husband's "duty."

This same wife will, on another occasion, insist that it is a husband's "duty" to buy his spouse a new coat. But the smart wife will hint that she, in her dowdy old coat, is ashamed to be seen with so handsome a husband as he, because she wants to be a credit to him.

This misconception about a husband's duty, however, reaches beyond the little matters of everyday life together; it strikes deep at the very foundation of marriage—the sexual relations. The grieved wife who has allowed their intimate moments to become chill and forced will wail loudly that her husband's sexual "duty" is to her alone, merely because they took a vow to be true until death. But is she being true to her mate by allowing herself to develop into a dull, sexually stupid partner? I leave that answer to your conscience.

2. *Intolerance.* Although I suspect the masculine side of the house of being equally guilty on this count, still there are plenty of wives who have no sympathy with a husband's differing opinions, ideas, hobbies, tastes or ideals. Since such a wife does not sympathize, she has no understanding of his personality—why John should dislike women in slacks; why he should decide to trade in the new car for a newer one; why he should prefer bird walks to bridge; why he should loathe chicken fricassee; or why he should grow vivid with rage at sight of the butcher's bill allowed to run a month overdue.

But the smart girl who often falls heir to this "misunderstood" husband will appear at breakfast in ruffles and lace; will exclaim over the good points of his new car; will tramp along with him on bird walks though longing secretly for the comfort of the bridge table; will serve him liver and onions; and will make it a point to pay the butcher bill the day it arrives.

How does the "other woman" know that these are the things which keep John calm? Do not forget that she makes a business of understanding "misunderstood" husbands, with a view to matrimony—and support, of course. The wife may have loved John dearly, and probably still does, but the other woman who took him away from her is often a scheming baggage who cannot hook a wary single male into supporting her, so she turns to the easiest game of all—the "misunderstood" husband.

However, if the wife gives John all the love and understanding that he wants at home, the other woman's words of wile will fall on barren ground. Remember—the fields of temptation do not remain barren for long if watered at home by tears of reproach, if plowed by the tongue of nagging, or if cultivated by the harrows of intolerance.

3. *Jealousy.* Insidious and deadly, sex jealousy destroys the careful weave in the golden cloth of many marriages. Jealousy is a two-edged sword; it smites the accuser the same as the accused; it cuts into the mind and poisons the body. Jealousy is a delusion; it arises from a hidden sense of inferiority which tries to attain importance by a pretense of outrage and injustice.

Psychologists have revealed that sex jealousy is grounded in fear—fear of inadequacy. The wife who allows her attractiveness to depart through overeating and indolent living is jealous of her husband's trim, svelte secretary because she fears that he will begin comparing figure notes on the respective glamour of the two women. The husband who senses a blind rush of jealousy, when his wife sighs over the manly charms of some movie idol, does so through the fear that she may be finding his own charms less and less adequate.

The great paradox of sex jealousy is that the most jealous mates are usually those who have little love in their make-up for anyone but themselves. Their first need is to be loved in order to sustain their own valuation of themselves, and when they are disappointed in love, it is their self-esteem, and not their hearts, which is wounded.

Therefore, sex jealousy is not to be taken as a sign of love. In no sense is this form of jealousy a measuring stick for the depth and sincerity of affection. When a popular girl with many boy friends is in danger of losing one of them to the charms of some other damsel, she becomes jealous—not because she is in love with that particular string to her bow, but because she will be proved "inadequate" if she allows him to be lured away by another.

Nothing will drive a man (innocent or guilty) into the arms of a "mistress" quicker than incessant, blind, unreasoning jealousy on the part of a wife, who keeps stabbing him with a thousand pinpricks of suspicion. If he is guilty, he is likely to flee openly to the other woman as an escape from the pointing finger of accusation which awaits him at home; if he is innocent, he will probably go off furtively to seek the third angle to the suspected triangle, armed with the convenient self-justification that he "might as well do what he's being accused of anyhow."

4. Tears. Not long ago, I read a splendid article by Lawrence Gould, consulting psychologist, which started off like this: "Do a woman's tears touch a man's heart? Not if you mean stirring his love or affection. What they do touch is his conscience—or as a psychiatrist would say, his 'sense of guilt.' And that has quite different results, few of which can be said to work in the woman's favor."

Little girls grow up into marriageable women imbued with the unshakable belief that a "woman's tears" can work miracles in bending a man to her will. In a sense, this is correct, for a man will do almost anything to dam (he may also damn them later on) a woman's tears, especially those of his wife or sweetheart. But in no sense does this mean that he loves her all the more because he has hastened to please her.

Instead, by crying, she has made him feel guilty of some neglect or wrongdoing, and has dragged his own ego down several notches. The masculine ego cannot be submerged in feminine tears without the man feeling disgusted with himself. Yet, after the ego climbs back to its normal pinnacle, his disgust for himself is transferred to the person who caused his sense of guilt in the first place—the woman.

This is one of the first principles of psychology: each of us will find some way eventually to slough off any blame which may be attached to us. Mary was "really to blame." Dick should have "known better." A husband, after a flood of feminine tears, is likely to conclude smugly that it was all his wife's fault in the first place. Through repeated thinking along this line, he may end up with a grievance against this fountain of wifely tears, and become convinced he is the wronged party.

Smiles and good humor, consciously cultivated, will go farther toward caulking the leaks in your marriage than gallons of salt water pouring from your tear ducts.

5. Maternal Complex. Many wives fail miserably because they do not realize that men love to be pampered. Someone once said that "men are only little boys grown older." This is so simple and true that it may be difficult to comprehend. The same love and pampering which mothers give to their little sons is "manna from heaven" to their big-boy husbands.

After the first baby arrives, many marriages start to flounder. The wife will wail that it is because her husband no longer loves her since she gave him a child. The husband usually does not say anything, but if he did, it would probably be: "I wish she would give me only half the petting and pampering she does the baby. I feel so neglected and left out of things. I'm only the father."

Child psychologists have written at length on the problem of preparing the older child for the new brother or sister. But nobody has done enough missionary work toward convincing young wives—older ones, too—that Dad can feel pretty much left out in the cold after the first baby (the second and third, as well) arrives.

A smart wife, who is also a good mother, will take time to give Dad an extra pat on the cheek or a loving kiss on his thinning hair as she passes by his chair. Or she will be thoughtful enough to hand him a glass of milk from the tray she is carrying to the nursery. He may not look up, or he may grunt an unintelligible something by way of appreciation, but he relishes this petting and pampering. "She really does love me as much as the kids," his inner voice will reassure him.

But the woman with a "maternal" complex transfers all her affection to her children, leaving the father out in the cold. He is allowed the privilege of begetting her offspring and of supporting them. What more could he expect? Such stupid reasoning leads to divorce courts and broken homes, and to the pitiable state of our "children of divorce."

I shall tell you what this husband and father expects. He expects sympathy, understanding, flattery, appreciation, cheerfulness, daily expressions of love and affection, and sincere sexual response. These are the yearnings of every normal husband. If denied to him at home, they will be sought elsewhere. And these, too, are the stock in trade of every "other woman."

6. Discourtesy. "John is such a poor bridge player," gaily announced a wife to some newfound friends who had dropped in for the evening. "But I'm sure you can get along with him as a partner—if you keep him from trumping your aces!"

The guests laughed. John did, too. But inwardly he smoldered. "Why does she delight in making me out a fool?" he raged to himself.

All during the evening she never lost an opportunity to let their guests know that the household would go to pieces without her, for John was "so forgetful" or "so careless." Several times she corrected his grammar. Once she reprimanded him as though he were a naughty child: he had accidentally knocked an ash tray onto the floor.

Later, after the guests had departed, she wondered why John gave her a perfunctory good-night kiss and turned his back to her in bed. "I suppose he's losing his potency early in life," she thought. "But I suppose, too, it's to be expected from a person who acts as stupid as he does sometimes."

What this undeserving wife did not know was that John's resentment toward her for nagging and "belittling" was so deep that it was killing his desire for her.

Hostility is behind most nagging and discourtesy toward a husband—a hostility conjured up and fostered by a hundred inconsequential things. Such hostility is the surest preventive for a happy marriage. Any woman who resents the way her husband leaves the cap off the toothpaste, or unfolds his napkin, or rattles the evening paper, cannot help showing her hostility in petty nagging and intentional discourtesies.

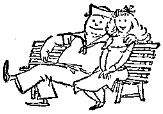
A husband subjected to such nagging and discourtesy must, after a while, surely sense her hostility, for she cannot successfully hide it, especially during their intimate moments. It makes of her a "frigid" woman. When this state is reached, their marriage is drifting dangerously toward the shoals.

The foregoing suggestions have been a sincere effort to guide the wife when the time comes to recognize that she may have a potential rival for her husband's love. And if that husband is capable of being rewon, the course laid out for her is the only intelligent one to follow.

But many husbands (wives, too) are incapable of a rich, personal love for their mates: their emotions are no more than surface-deep. They are shallow, unstable persons who never have, and perhaps never will, take anything or anybody seriously for very long at a time—certainly for no longer than it serves their own purposes to do so. And this is the type of husband who keeps thinking about seeking pleasure elsewhere.

The woman who is married to such a man, must, for the sake of her own peace of mind, recognize him for what he is, accepting him as he is and trying to preserve as much of her marriage as she can. Or else she can choose divorce, which is not always the perfect solution that the indignant wife first believes it to be.

But, in all events, whether a husband is to be rewon or not, the smart woman will keep herself desirable. It is her duty to herself to be feminine and desirable at all times in the eyes of the opposite sex.



Military Intelligence

THE DIFFERENCE between a sailor and a Seabee is that while a sailor and his girl are looking for a park bench, the Seabee builds one.

—*Typo-Graphic*

A CORPORAL is a man who knows much about little and daily learns more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about nothing . . . then they make him a sergeant.—*Leatherneck Magazine*

NIGHTS ALONG THE Korean front are nightmarishly long, and the imagination plays cruel tricks on men who are lying in silent wait for the enemy.

Unable to trust his eyes, an American frontliner confided that he kept a roster of the trees and bushes in front of his post.

"I take a roll call about five times an hour," he explained. "And if there are more than 16 trees, I shoot!" —*Pacific Stars and Stripes*

BETTY HUTTON, returning from a trip to Korea where she entertained U.N. troops, observed, "For the first time I really understood the meaning of morale. It's what makes your legs able to do what your head tells you is impossible!"

—PAUL DENIS

SIGN SEEN HANGING UP in a Tokyo GI barracks: "Drive jeeps carefully. You may hit your own replacement." —EARL WILSON

A Young Crusader Cleans Up Boston

by **Hal Clancy**

Jerome Rappaport has shown that determination can defeat a political machine

ANYONE WHO PAID a visit to Boston in October of 1951 may have been handed a handbill "exposing" the lurid plot of the Communist Party to take over the city through an agent—one Jerome L. Rappaport. And, had the visitor gone to the city's predominantly Catholic sections, he would have heard orators "revealing" the mysterious Rappaport's plan to foster something called "International Zionist Tyranny."

In the Jewish sections, on the other hand, there were flyers accusing the ubiquitous J. L. Rappaport of atheism. And in the lower-income sections, the stranger would have learned from other orators that this same person was a paid agent of Wall Street.

Communist agent . . . capitalist tool . . . religious fanatic . . . it depended upon which orator you listened to and which handbill you read. Meanwhile, the object of this bitter barrage worked serenely in a ninth-floor Boston office, trying to appear as mature as his 24 years would allow and calmly directing the destruction of one of the most powerful political machines in the nation.

Though one would never have suspected it from the sidewalk tirades, Rappaport sought no political office. He was merely a citizen who had decided to do something about winning better government for Boston, a city which was strangled by taxes, chronically insolvent, much of its government in the hands of demagogues, bigots and machine politicians.

His goals were as specific as they were ambitious:

1. He wanted young people to reject the popular notion that the path to success lay in New York. He wanted them to stay in Boston and begin a vigorous participation in municipal affairs.
2. He favored creation of an aggressive, nonpartisan citizens' committee to screen candidates for office and endorse a balanced slate.
3. He declared that the city should take its Finance Commission seriously and adopt reforms that would eliminate superfluous pork-barrel jobs.

Such dreams had been dreamed in Boston before, but they had inevitably ended in failure. The Rappaport story is different, however, because he succeeded beyond the wildest imaginings of his supporters and to the dismay of political veterans and prophets alike.

Rappaport's crusade for good government started in New York City, where he was born and grew up. His family recalls that at eleven, he cornered his father in the family clothing store at 84th Street and Broadway and seriously advised: "I've been worrying about politics, Dad, and I think you had better run for Congress."

A few years later, he was attending New York's William Howard Taft High School. Ineligible to run for school president, because he had transferred from Townsend Harris, he rounded up four students whose surnames began with "B," perpetrated the slogan "Build With The Busy Bees," and elected all of them to office.

At 16 he first came to Boston for the spring term at Harvard College. Barely more than a year later, after his admission to Harvard Law School, he complained to Dean James M. Landis that the Law School was so specialized that students were in danger of losing touch with current affairs. He advocated creation of a Law School Forum to which distinguished speakers would be invited. Landis suggested that he sample student opinion on the proposal, and the now 18-year-old law freshman issued invitations to his 250 classmates to attend a "vitally important" meeting. Twenty showed up.

Armed with what he considered this clear-cut mandate from the student body, Rappaport sought the endorsement of two former deans—Roscoe Pound and Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter. The men pointed out that the study of law does not allow much time to follow current affairs with intensity and precision.

Rappaport returned to Landis and blithely asked: "Now that we have advice from two such learned men, could you lend us $300 for the first term's expense?"

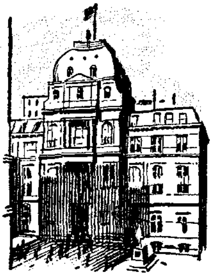
Within three years, the Forum was self-sustaining, largely because Rappaport obtained a host of noted speakers on social, political and economic problems—including Pound and Justice Owen Roberts.

Because of his brilliant scholastic record—he finished both college and Law School in five years—he was invited to join New York and Washington law firms. He refused all of them. He was still several months short of his 21st birthday and couldn't take the bar examination. Rappaport had launched a program over Station WHDH called "What's It To You?" in which he projected into the community those ideas which had inspired the Forum. The program won a Peabody award and when the Boston mayoralty election approached, a citizens group urged him to initiate a reform drive.

"Don't be silly," a friend advised him. "You're a rank young amateur. When the professional politicians are done, you'll be laughed out of town."

Rappaport hadn't been listening. "I'll have to get started right away," he said. "This isn't going to be easy."

Never losing sight of his three basic goals, Rappaport agreed to work for the election of John B. Hynes, former city clerk who had never conducted a campaign, but who had been elevated by unanimous vote of the Massachusetts legislature to the position of acting mayor while Mayor James Michael Curley was serving a sentence in the Federal correctional institution in Danbury, Connecticut, for mail fraud. The principal adversary of the Hynes supporters was boss Curley himself, one time governor and congressman—a wily political veteran.



Rappaport first surveyed the colleges in and near Boston and determined that 80 students were the leaders of most organized activities. He invited the 80 to a meeting and was delighted when 55 appeared.

Some of Hynes' advisors were not too enthusiastic when Rappaport urged Hynes to address the students. What good, they wanted to know, were 55 collegians? But Hynes decided to go, and the students liked his directness and sincerity. Rappaport had no difficulty forming the "Students For Hynes For Better Government."

With the professional politicians still looking askance, Rappaport's group embarked on a tremendous research project. One squad probed city welfare administration while others concentrated on traffic, hospitals, city planning and detailed biographies of Hynes, Curley, and everybody else who was likely to figure in the campaign.

The results were astonishingly thorough, providing abundant ammunition for Hynes in his fight. Meanwhile, the researchers had also compiled a list of all college students living in Boston—a total of 7,000! Rappaport sent out huge mailings, inviting them to meetings to discuss what could be done about better government in Boston. The students turned out, one gathering drawing more than 350, despite nearly unbearable summer heat.

"All right," snorted a disgusted political veteran, "so you *did* get all these kids here. Now what do you do?"

"Now," Rappaport said confidently, "it's time to do something dramatic." He maintained a flying squadron of workers at his headquarters and sent them out to various wards as their services were needed. The students, armed with copies of *The Young Citizens Times*, a joint effort of the editors of student publications at Boston University, Boston College, Northeastern University and Harvard, would cover two or three precincts a night, knocking on hundreds of doors, carrying the argument for Hynes. This was their answer to the opposition slogan "Curley gets things done." They pointed out the inefficiency, expense and waste connected with the way Curley did things.

Until now, the opposition had contemptuously ignored Rappaport's activities. Now, suddenly, there was alarm. But it was too late. From his college cadres, Rappaport had molded in one year the most active political organization the city had ever seen.

Election day was exciting and somewhat tumultuous. But before midnight, it was apparent that the miracle had happened: Hynes had been elected, Curley defeated.

"Plan A" was voted in with Hynes, which meant that henceforth the city council would be elected on a city-wide basis. Now, Rappaport decided, was the time to form the citizens' group he favored.

In February, 1950, he assembled 50 of his most active student workers and convinced them of the necessity of forming such a committee. Each of the 50 would go into his or her ward and find ten civic, business and religious leaders, willing to serve on the "Civic Council" of the proposed committee. A group of 14 outstanding citizens was asked to screen the volunteers to eliminate crackpots or subversives.

Now Rappaport was ready to hold a rally at New England Mutual Hall. He stunned the city's political experts by drawing 700 persons. The heads of the Young Republican and Young Democratic Clubs, a representative of the CIO's Political Action Committee, an officer of the AFL, a representative of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and many others were on hand to urge formation of the New Boston Committee.

By the spring, the NBC was an actuality, but the obvious problem was to hold the group together until the summer was over and the Committee would be ready to proceed with its three avowed purposes: education, lobbying and political action. Rappaport organized a series of summer lectures on municipal government, and these provided the necessary cohesion.

In April, 1951, the NBC appointed Edward Duggan, former FBI agent and now a Boston attorney, as chairman of a Political Personalities Committee to endorse candidates to the Civic Council. This time, Rappaport was up against the fight of his young political life. His foes were political hacks who feared that such a committee would spoil everything.

NBC did not formally endorse Hynes; it concentrated on the City Council and school-committee races. Hynes, with the prestige of having defeated Curley in 1949, coupled with the fact that his administration had been clean and progressive, held a decided edge in the mayoralty contest. Now it was Curley who found himself in the role of underdog.

Ironically, one of Rappaport's most enthusiastic workers was pretty Nancy Vahey, daughter of a late Democratic State Committee chairman and loyal Curley partisan. After knowing and working with Nancy for about a year, Rappaport proposed to her, and never one to procrastinate, married her the following Saturday.

During the 1951 campaign, the dirt really started to fly. One candidate said that Rappaport was a supporter of New York's leftist Vito Marcantonio and that he made frequent trips to New York to get instructions. Rappaport, who had never met Marcantonio, but did visit his family in New York, laughed off this attempt to brand him a "New York radical."

Another candidate accused him of being a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the Communist-dominated American unit that fought in the Spanish Civil War. Rappaport pointed out that he was nine years old at the time the Brigade was in existence.

Despite the smearing, NBC got all its candidates through the primary and, in the election, NBC-sponsored candidates won five of the nine Council seats and four of the five school-committee seats. Hynes, meanwhile, was giving Curley the worst defeat of his political career. The victory was final and complete.

By his 24th birthday, Rappaport could celebrate:

1. The fact that young people were participating in Boston's municipal affairs on a scale never imagined before.
2. The robust health and success of the citizens' committee for which he had fought.
3. The fact that the city's political machine was smashed and that Mayor Hynes had already adopted more than 75 per cent of those Finance Commission recommendations which came within his powers.

Rappaport—despite a successful private law practice—has organized a new project: the Greater Boston Area Council. As he visualizes it, it is a sort of town meeting for Greater Boston, including 45 cities and towns.

How long will it take before it can point to impressive achievements? In that serious manner that has disarmed so many, Rappaport sucks on his pipe and says, "Oh, I should guess about ten years."

Whether he achieves this objective in ten years, or in any other period of time, is a question of considerable significance to many Bostonians. Likewise, it should be of equal significance to citizens of many other American cities, where young men of Rappaport's stature are needed to clean out organized political corruption.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Facts about "Birth-Control" Pills, by Selwyn James

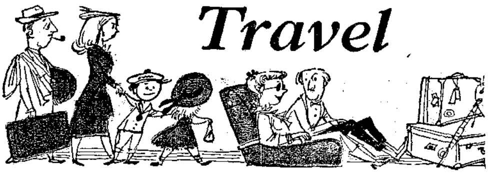
Not long ago, newspapers throughout the country carried stories about the development and clinical testing of "birth-control" pills. In this article, Coronet presents the facts about these pills, as recently revealed by continuing medical studies.

Borrow Money—and Save! by J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter

The interest you pay on a loan is the price you pay for "buying" the use of someone else's money. In this feature from a new book, two of the nation's leading financial writers tell you what pitfalls to avoid and where and how to save when you borrow money.

Air-Conditioning for Every Home, by Norman Carlisle

At last, cool summer comfort can be yours. Industry, through research and modern design, has developed everything from housewide systems to compact portable room conditioners to meet your needs and budget.



Travel

AN IMPORTANT American exporter, visiting one of his connections in South America, decided to make a trip to a small Peruvian town and requested his South American client to reserve special accommodations, food, etc., etc., etc., at the best inn.

On arriving, the American was shown the best room in the hotel. Expressing his approval of it, he was then taken to an adjoining room where sat three beautiful senoritas.

"And who are these ladies?" asked the American.

"They, sir," replied the affable innkeeper, "are the three et ceteras."

—GRACE M. WILLIAMS

TRAVEL ISN'T THE only thing that broadens a person. How about just sitting still in one place?

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

A YOUNG GIRL traveling in Europe found herself in Germany, unable to speak the language and feeling rather lost and unhappy. As she crossed a street, she sneezed, and the policeman on duty at that corner said "Gesundheit!" The girl turned, threw her arms about his neck and said happily: "Oh, you can speak English!" —BRENDA BOYNTON

A POTENTIAL TRAVELER telephoned the United Air Lines ticket office in Chicago and asked if the company served champagne on its flights.

Seizing the opportunity to extol United's food service, the ticket agent went into a long dissertation on the flight menus. "However," he concluded, "champagne is only served on our stratocruiser flights between San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu."

"That's all very interesting," commented the inquirer. "But what I wanted to know was this: do your flights serve Champaign, Illinois?"

—*Telephony*

AN AMERICAN TOURIST was traveling abroad for the first time. Entering England, he was confronted by two passageways, one marked "British Subjects," the other "Foreigners." He promptly headed for the first one. When he showed his American passport, a guard informed him that he would have to enter the other way. "But I'm no foreigner," the tourist protested. "I'm an American!" —*The Pleasures of Publishing*

AN OLDTIME TOURIST is a man who can remember when automobiles were so primitive that nobody was ever found under them except the owners! —JEROME SAXON

THE INQUISITIVE lady passenger approached the ship's captain and said, "You know, Captain, I've always wondered why they call a boat a 'she'." To which he replied shortly, "Madam, have you ever tried to steer one?" —*General Features Corp.*

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, obviously a farmer, boarded a motor coach and found a seat beside a sour-faced woman of uncertain years who promptly squelched his neighborly

attempts at conversation. He took the rebuff in good part and, as night came on, made himself comfortable and went to sleep.

Next morning when he reached his destination, the farmer gathered up his things and, regarding the lady with a twinkle in his eye, doffed his hat and remarked loudly, "Well, Ma'am, I can't say rightly that I enjoyed talking to you, but sleeping with you sure was a pleasure!"

—ALLIE M. HERREN

NOTE FOR VACATIONISTS: If you look like your passport photograph, you need the trip. —FRANCES RIDGE

A YOUNG WOMAN of modest means, returning with her husband from an enjoyable summer vacation, was asked by an envious neighbor how, on her limited income, she could afford such outings.

"We owe it all to our 'only' box," she replied.

"For Heaven's sake, what is an 'only' box?" the curious neighbor inquired.

"It's a little box we set up on the mantel every year right after vacation," the returned vacationer explained. "And all through the year we drop into it all the small pieces of money that would otherwise be spent for things that were 'only a dime,' or 'only a quarter,' or 'only a half dollar,' and so on. And that's how we save our vacation money."

—PHILIP MUIR

A LADY VISITING Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, showed even more than the usual fervor. She had not recovered when she reached the railway station, for she remarked to a friend as they walked on the platform: "To think that it was from this very platform the Immortal Bard would depart whenever he journeyed to town!"

—EDMUND FULLER, *Thesaurus of Anecdotes* (Crown, 1942)

AN AMERICAN on a trip abroad was recently shown why Princes Street in Edinburgh is somewhat cleaner than New York's Broadway.

Growing tired of waiting for his wife in the heart of Scotland's capital, he took out a packet of cigarettes, drew out the last one, and then, as was his custom at home, tossed the rumpled-up pack casually into the street.

"Pardon me, is this yours?" he heard someone ask.

A Scotsman had picked up the empty pack and was holding it toward the American.

"Er-r-r-yes," stammered the man from overseas.

"I thought so," said the native. "I merely wanted to point out the fact that nobody else in this city wants it."

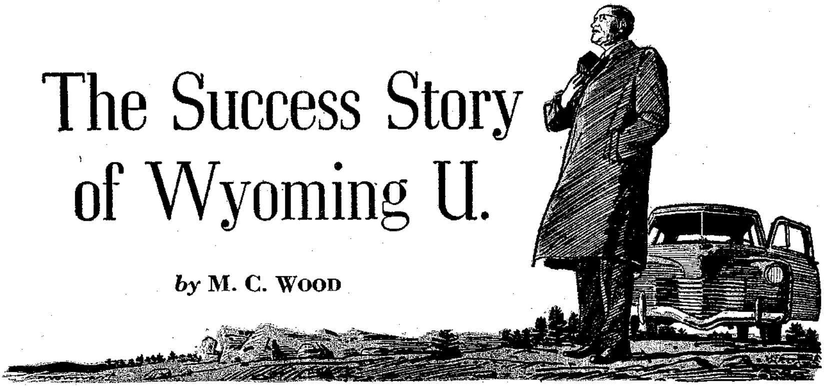
Too astonished to refuse, the American meekly took the empty pack and put it back in his pocket.

—JAMES ALDREDGE in *Your Life*

A TRAVELER back from Wales reports that whenever the through trains stop at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, the guards simply call out, "If anybody's getting out here, this is it."

—BENNETT CERF, *Good For a Laugh* (Hanover House)

The Success Story of Wyoming U.



by **M. C. WOOD**

In just a few years, "Duke" Humphrey has built a far-flung educational enterprise

A BLIZZARD was howling across Wyoming, blocking highways in that high, wind-swept state. On his lonely ranch in the Sweetwater country, big Manuel Countryman stomped into the house after feeding the livestock. His wife was standing at the window, looking worried.

"Think we can make it?" she asked.

"We'll make it, all right. I've got the chains on the truck."

A few minutes later, the rancher and his wife swung out of the lane into the swirling gray wall . . .

It was more than three hours later when Manuel Countryman relaxed his grip on the wheel. Through the blurred arc of the windshield wipers appeared the outlines of buildings that marked the little town of Lander. Three hours to drive 38 miles—but they had made it.

It was no desperate emergency that sent the Countrymans on their hazardous journey. The rancher and his wife were simply on their way to school—to an art class.

This evidence of their zeal for learning is part of the amazing story of the University of Wyoming, an institution that has lifted itself by the straps of its high-heeled Western boots to achievements that have startled the educational world.

A few years ago, Wyoming U. was a typical small state university, made up of a modest cluster of ancient buildings on a 1,300-acre campus at Laramie. True, it had a splendid law school, an important agricultural research center, and a geology department famed for its annual summer science camp in the Snowy Range. But generally, it just struggled along because successive legislatures could see no sense in lavishing money on the university of a state boasting seven times as many sheep as people.

Now all that has changed. The campus is humming with activity. New buildings are rising against the blue Western sky. So many new students have swarmed in, from all 48 states and 20 foreign countries, that enrollment has doubled, until it is now around the 3,000 mark.

All this is surprising enough, but even more remarkable is the fact that the entire State of Wyoming has been turned into a campus, with a roving faculty teaching 215 different courses in 33 communities scattered over a territory twice the size of England.

Ask a Wyomingite how it all happened, and he is likely to explain that the state just hasn't been the same since one July day in 1945, when a solidly built, six-foot Southerner climbed from his car at the Wyoming-Colorado border, looked out over the vast reaches of sagebrush toward the blue line of distant mountains, and vowed he would give his best to the state he had to come to serve.

To some, entering Wyoming on foot after such a dedication might have seemed merely a sentimental gesture. But to those who know George Duke Humphrey, new president of the University of Wyoming, it would seem just what it was—the natural, unaffected act of a man whose whole life has been devoted to a courageous quest for learning.

Humphrey's career started under grim circumstances, on a cotton farm in Tippah County, Mississippi. The books young Duke studied in his brief stretches in a weather-beaten schoolhouse fascinated him. Somehow, he determined, he was going to get a college education.

There is deep feeling in Duke Humphrey's voice when he tells students at his Wyoming U. that they are enjoying a tremendous opportunity. It took him 14 years to get *his* college degrees!

After high school, he got a job teaching in a one-room school. Out of the pitifully small salary, he squeezed enough money to operate his mother's run-down farm. His first crop enabled him to pay for three months at little Blue Mountain College. Each year this painful process was repeated, except for two years when there were no crops, and hence no college.

At last he received his diploma, and went on to the University of Chicago for his master's degree. There was a job waiting for him as Mississippi's high-school supervisor, and that got him his first college job—one so hard nobody else wanted it.

There was trouble at Mississippi State College. It had been blacklisted by the Southern Association of Colleges, and the 700 students who remained were dispirited. Their plight made Humphrey decide to accept the job as president. His quiet confidence worked magic, and within a few years the college was accepted academically and its enrollment had trebled.

WHEN WYOMING U. needed a new president in 1945, the big Southerner who had done so much for education in his own state was called in. As he prowled around the campus that July day when he reached Laramie, the scattering of buildings seemed even smaller under the bright blue immensity of the Wyoming sky.

Maybe they were enough for the 1,000 students enrolled for the forthcoming semester, but not for the thousands more that Dr. Humphrey hoped would come to the great university taking shape in his mind, a new kind of university that would make Wyomingites among the best educated citizens in the U. S.

"You've got to tell the people..." Humphrey said. He knew that the legislators could be convinced if they knew the people wanted Wyoming U. to grow. Could this big, slow-spoken Southerner convince hard-boiled ranchers, cattlemen and miners that they needed the kind of university he pictured?

He embarked on a tour that took him to the farthest reaches of the state. No one ever knew where "Duke," as he came to be known affectionately, would turn up. Parents would be gathered in a little schoolhouse for a PTA meeting, and in would stride Humphrey. He would tell them about what the University hoped to do for education in Wyoming. And like a refrain he would add, "Need a new education building mighty bad."

A group of sheep-ranchers would drive in for a routine meeting and find themselves confronted by the tireless Humphrey. Easily, affably, he would swap yarns, answer their questions about farming in the South, and show an uncanny knowledge of their own problems. Then there would be the inevitable, "Need a new agriculture building mighty bad."

He got his buildings—$9,000,000 worth of them already, and more going up—and still wages his tireless campaign of rousing the kind of grass-roots support that lets the legislators know the folks back home are all for appropriating money for more buildings.

The beautiful buildings of Wyoming limestone are vivid evidence of sweeping changes that charge the campus atmosphere with a sense of big things afoot. Behind the scenes, for instance, there are the research programs—a score or more of big-time projects in which scientists have gone to work on problems of vital concern far beyond the borders of Wyoming.

In one project, Dr. D. W. Bohmont and his fellow researchers have discovered a super weed killer that knocks out a hitherto unbeatable plant, the giant sagebrush. This may open up vast new rangelands for America, because 96,000,000 acres of otherwise usable land are overrun by this bothersome plant.

Cultural activity centers about a glittering variety of musical and dramatic programs—no less than 100 such events in a single university year—with entertainers ranging all the way from a complete ballet theater to operatic singers like Gladys Swarthout.

The campus swarms with artists, attracted by such artist-teachers as Ilya Bolotowsky. Scholars from all over the nation gather for the University's Conference on American Studies, aimed at adding to our knowledge of our American heritage.

Yet the spectacular renaissance at Laramie was only a part of Dr. Humphrey's dream of giving every Wyomingite who wanted it a chance to learn. He pictured a network of classes in every portion of the sprawling state.

Hulking Arthur Dugan, an outsized individual like Humphrey himself, and one who shares his boundless optimism, was the man picked to tackle the job of setting up this ambitious extension department of the Division of Adult Education and Community Service. He and his instructors drive startling distances, traveling under all weather conditions.

Once, 15 people in far-off Jackson, in the shadow of the Grand Tetons, enrolled in a course in audio-visual education and Dr. Dugan himself undertook to teach them. It meant that every weekend he had to drive 400 miles each way—to teach 15 students.

Spending the night in a car stalled by a snow-blocked road is an emergency every instructor goes equipped to meet, with sleeping bag, blankets, sheep-lined coat, shovel, chains, food and extra gasoline. Yet for all the distances and hardships, rarely does an instructor miss a class.

Wyomingites who have seized this chance to learn don't let a little thing like a blizzard stop them from attending classes; and people like the Countrymans have found new satisfaction in the discovery that they can actually paint pictures. Manuel Countryman thinks the biggest moment of his life came when he won a prize for a painting at the State Fair.

There are courses for everybody—academic ones for those who want to work toward getting degrees, and down-to-earth practical ones, like the course in ranch operation that caused one grateful rancher to exclaim: "What I learned there saved me $10,000 in one storm!"

When it all began, skeptics told Dr. Humphrey he would be lucky to attract 200 students to his roving campus. Last year, the number approached 4,000.

"The people of Wyoming are like Americans anywhere," Dr. Humphrey says. "Give them a chance to learn something they want to know and they'll carry on from there."

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A BOY CALLED BILLY

by **FRANK SIEDEL**

AROUND HOPEDALE, OHIO, some folks still remember Billy as the good-looking, broad-shouldered kid who played football for Hopedale High and wielded a mean sliphorn in the village band. Some remember him sympathetically as the youngster who lost his mother when he was a baby. Most of all, though, they recall him as the kid who had a secret crush on almost every pretty girl in town, but was too shy to do anything about it.

It wasn't until after his father remarried that young Billy knew what a home and a mother were like. Jennie—a kindly, intelligent woman—was probably the best stepmother a boy ever had. Whatever she said was all right with Billy, and it worked the other way, too.

The family moved from Hopedale to a farm near Ravenna when the father, an oil contractor, decided the family needed the peace and security of country life. Living in Ravenna had its compensations. It was only 16 miles from Akron and a 40-minute flivver ride back to Hopedale, the way Billy drove.

Besides, as Billy pointed out to Andy Means, an old friend from Hopedale: "Akron's a big town, Andy. Lots of jobs open at the tire plants and plenty of excitement. How about it—will you join me?"

Billy and Andy got jobs in Akron easily enough—first, time-keeping at a rubber factory, later for a tire company where they both made $100 a month. Billy wanted to be a doctor, and, since it was Jennie's wish too, he enrolled for night courses in premedicine at Akron University.

The glamour of city life soon lost its attraction for Billy, who worked six days a week in the shop and attended school five nights. Before long he was pleading to go back to Ravenna and the farm.

"But there's nothing wrong with Akron," Andy argued. "You've just been working too hard. You've got to be able to sit back and relax, maybe take in a show. Ever see a real honest-to-goodness stage show?"

"Saw a minstrel show in Cadiz once."

"Amateurs!" Andy said disdainfully. "I mean a real professional show. At the Music Hall they're playing *Bird of Paradise*. How about going with me?"

At the Music Hall that night, Billy saw *Bird of Paradise* in all the lavish glory that the Clark-Lilly

From *Out of the Midwest*, by Frank Siedel. Copyright 1953, by the World Publishing Company, publishers, Cleveland, Ohio.

Stock Players could muster on a low budget. He sat tensely in the gallery through every minute of Richard Walton Tully's masterpiece. Then the house lights came up and the show was over. But Billy remained in his seat for 20 minutes longer, stunned by it all.

A few nights later he was back again, hypnotized this time by *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. That was the end of medical school for Billy. He began haunting a restaurant frequented by actors who were currently appearing in Music Hall productions. Finally, he wangled an introduction to the manager. Billy asked outright for a job.

"Ever do any acting before?"

"Over at Ravenna High, I played Charley in *Charley's Aunt*."

"Uh-huh," the manager said. "I don't like to discourage you, son, but I'm afraid you'll never do. You're a nice looking boy, but you're awkward. You don't know what to do with your hands."

"I wouldn't have to have leading parts right away," Billy explained, placing his hands behind his back.

"Tell you what. I'll give you a job. You'll be call boy. That means you have to see that every actor gets on-stage on cue. Won't be any salary, but you'll get experience."

Billy wasn't a call boy long before the director gave him a part.

"You're a policeman," he said. "Walk on-stage, tap the villain on the shoulder, and lead him away."

"That's for me," Billy said. "I'll start studying my lines tonight."

"Lines? This is a walk on."

"Then I'll practice walking."

A few weeks later the company staged a play with several speaking parts. In it Billy was the butler, a *talking* butler. He stayed up nights rehearsing his lines. "Page 22. 'Yes sir!' Page 24. 'No madam!' Page 25. 'Very good, sir!' "

On opening night, Billy was all set to do his awkward best. Seven minutes before curtain time, he was changing his make-up for the tenth time. Then someone brought up a telegram for him.

He ripped open the envelope: "Hurry home. Jennie is dying."

Billy flung off his costume and got back to Ravenna in time to hold Jennie's hand before she passed away. Broken-hearted, he returned to Akron. Even the theater had lost its charm. When his father drove into Akron one night and asked Billy to join him on an oil-drilling venture in Oklahoma, Billy didn't have to be coaxed. At that moment, it didn't matter what became of him.

Billy and his Dad threw their things into an old Model T. The last anyone saw of them, they were heading for the West and no one knew what.

But they made out all right, it was learned later, because the Billy Gable that only the folks in Hopedale knew turned out to be the Clark Gable that everybody knows.

Apt Admission

I HAVE LIVED to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

—JEAN INGELOW, *League Calendar*

Baby Food Is Big Business

by REED MILLARD

Its boom is based on proper nutrition for babies, with less work for mothers

WEARILY, the harassed young mother looked up from the kitchen sink. "Dan," she said, "I just can't stand this any longer."

Viewing the wild disorder in the kitchen, her husband nodded sympathetically. "I don't wonder it's getting you down," he admitted, "but what can we do about it?"

As Dorothy Gerber dropped into a chair, a sparkle came into her eyes. "I don't know whether it'll work, but I've got an idea."

The young parents didn't realize it then, but the idea was destined to play the leading role in creating a whole new branch of the food industry, save untold hours of drudgery for millions of mothers, and raise the health standards of American babies. For what they hit on in the kitchen of their little home in Fremont, Michigan, was the essential idea of the whole baby food industry, a gigantic enterprise based on the discovery that pint-sized citizens are king-sized eaters.

Today, just 25 years later, supermarket shelves are filled with a glittering array of miniature jars and cans, and the baby food business will roll up sales of some $200,000,000 this year. Quite properly, about $60,000,000 of that will go to the company that bears the name of Gerber.

Today's mother takes feeding solid foods to small babies for granted. She takes for granted, too, the fact that she can tempt tiny appetites with a choice of more than 60 different kinds of foods that require no preparation at all. Yet when the Gerbers made a visit to their pediatrician in 1927, Mrs. Gerber was shocked when Dr. Thomas Gordon told her, "I want you to start feeding Sally fruits and vegetables."

Dorothy Gerber gasped: "But can a baby digest them?"

The doctor grinned. "She can digest them all. Of course, it's going to take some work on your part, because you'll have to scrape and strain them carefully. But it'll do your baby a world of good."

The young mother went home, assembled a collection of strainers and mashers, and bravely tackled what soon seemed like mountains of carrots, prunes and spinach. Little Sally loved the strained foods, but it took an astonishing amount of time to prepare them. After a few days of the struggle, Mrs. Gerber got her multi-million-dollar idea.

Her husband was working at the family canning factory, started years before by his father. Dorothy asked him, "Couldn't you strain these vegetables at the factory?"

Next day at a slack moment, Dan Gerber ran some vegetables through a machine. That evening he came home lugging a box of ready-to-serve baby food. The food, which the Gerbers sampled gingerly, tasted fine, an opinion with which Sally happily agreed. The two young parents stared at each other.

"If it works for me, why not for other mothers?" Mrs. Gerber wanted to know.

There was only one answer to that. As they sent through experimental batches of strained food, the news spread around Fremont, and the Gerber telephone kept ringing as mothers asked for some.

DAN GERBER worried about only one thing: what would the medical profession think of the innovation? Armed with bouncing, healthy Sally and samples of their canned food, the Gerbers headed for Dr. Gordon's office.

The medical man was somewhat astounded and then, as he sampled the foods and examined the baby, enthusiastic. He felt certain, he assured the eager couple, that even the most conservative physicians would welcome their product. A few weeks later, Gerber was offering six different varieties of canned foods to Midwest grocery jobbers.

"It was really rough," he said later. "They frequently told us we were crazy, that we had a good substantial canning business which we were going to jeopardize by this harebrained venture."

At this point Gerber might well have given up, especially in view of the fact that it was only then that he made the curious discovery that he and Mrs. Gerber had not, after all, been the originators of commercially prepared baby foods.

In 1921, Harold Clapp, a young restaurant manager of Rochester, New York, had tackled the problem of preparing baby food while his wife was ill. Finding it amazingly difficult, he hit on the idea of making quantities of it, packing it in jars, and selling it first directly to mothers and then through local drug stores. Gradually, after a long struggle, he had expanded his enterprise into new territories.

Clapp's experience, when it finally came to Gerber's attention, convinced him that he was right in planning to distribute through grocery stores. Maybe the jobbers weren't convinced. All right, then he would go straight to the mothers of America. He strained company resources to pour money into a giant advertising campaign. That did it. Orders from stores poured in. The canned baby food business was on its spectacular way.

Gerber's kept on growing, with sales soon dwarfing other products to such an extent that the company switched to canning baby foods only.

Though Gerber's remains the kingpin in the business, with almost twice the sales of its nearest competitor, other companies find the soaring birth rate and the insatiable infant appetite make this part of their business bigger each year. Beech Nut, for instance, last year credited a large portion of its total sales to baby foods. Heinz, following close behind, found baby food a top item in its list of products.

The men who run the business feel sure that their industry has as big a part of its growth ahead as have its Lilliputian customers. To support their optimism, they can toss off some startling statistics. For instance, while the average baby ate only 11.25 dozen cans or packages a year in 1941, he now makes away with the astounding total of 33.83 dozen—a tripling of consumption in 2 years!

The explanation isn't that today's babies are hungrier, but that mothers get a chance to tempt them with scores of new products which appear on the market at a dizzying pace. Recent newcomers include such items as strained pork, banana pudding and creamed spinach.

MEDICAL DISCOVERIES about infant nutrition are the springboard for most of the baby food innovations. For a fascinating example, take the chain of events that started with discoveries by Arctic explorers. They came back with reports that igloo babies, beyond their brief period of living on mother's milk, existed almost entirely on a diet of raw and boiled fish.

That led to a lot of thinking by nutritionists. Obviously, the high-protein content of the fish accounted for the success of a diet that American mothers would consider horrifying. However, studies of babies showed that they needed staggering amounts of protein to continue their growth—three or four times as much as an adult, pound for pound. A few daring doctors suggested that mothers feed meat to children under a year and a half.

One of the babies who was fed meat was the daughter of Dr. H. W. Schultz, nutritionist at Swift & Company's great laboratories in Chicago. Just as Dan Gerber had been astonished years before at the difficulty of straining vegetables, Dr. Schultz was jolted by the difficulty of getting a bit of steak into shape for his baby.

"Why shouldn't this be the meat industry's job?" he asked.

When he tossed that question at company officials, they asked, "But is there a market—can babies digest meat?"

Dr. Schultz had to admit that there wasn't any big waiting market—and really very little medical evidence. "We've got to persuade the medical profession to tackle the problem of finding out," he argued. "But that's not going to happen until we can offer them meat in a form that's easy to use."

It was a big gamble, but Swift officials, impressed by the tremendous success of canned vegetables and fruits for babies, gave Dr. Schultz a free hand. He worked with plant engineers who developed machines to strain and chop meats. As the first canned meats rolled out, Dr. Schultz tracked down 80 moth-

ers who were willing to try them on their babies.

The reports they sent back were heartening. But still more evidence was needed. It came from the University of Nebraska, where Dr. Ruth M. Leverton and Dr. George Clark set up an experiment to see what would happen when they gave meat to one group of infants and withheld it from another similar group.

When their report finally came in, it was welcome news. "The nurses considered that generally the babies who received meat routinely were more satisfied and slept better at night," it announced. "The pediatricians in charge considered that the babies were in better health."

Even more important, the Nebraska scientists discovered that the "meat babies" showed an average gain of 13.3 per cent in hemoglobin content of the blood at the end of eight weeks. The babies, of the same age group and general condition, who did not get meat *lost* 10.3 per cent in hemoglobin.

Once a new edible for babies appears on store shelves, mothers are likely to remark, "Why didn't they think of this before?" The answer is that no baby food ever hits the market without a long scientific struggle, as witness the story of one milk product, Similac.

Curiously, it got its start more than 30 years ago on the waters of Boston Harbor. There, in Boston Floating Hospital, a ship which cruised the bay with juvenile charges on hot summer days, Drs. A. W. Bosworth and H. I. Bowditch studied the problem of sickly, undernourished children.

They observed the superior health of breast-fed babies, yet knew that for many reasons, many babies would continue to be dependent on substitutes. Was there any way to make cow's milk more like the milk of babies' mothers? There was no easy answer, for mother's milk is a marvelous substance which has some unique qualities which defy analysis.

When he moved to Columbus, Ohio, Dr. Bosworth's work attracted the attention of Harry Moores and Stanley Ross, two research-minded businessmen who were already turning out powdered milks. That began more than a quarter-century of complicated molecule juggling.

After all their vast effort and millions spent in research, the makers of Similac are willing to settle for the mild boast that more and more physicians are recommending their product as the "second best nutrition for their tiny patients." They, and the makers of other products, like Borden's "Bremil," have come far closer to the goal than scientists a few years ago thought was possible.

While they don't attempt to duplicate mother's milk, a variety of other products present cow's milk in many guises. The old standbys of evaporated milk still sell by the millions of cans, with big makers like Pet and Carnation recognizing that much of their total sales goes to babies. Baker's Laboratories does 100 per cent of its business in selling its special Baker's Modified Milk in both liquid and powder form, and Varamel, a similar milk to which no sugar has been added.

Mead Johnson, a venerable firm which does a large annual business, boasts an astonishing list of special milk products. It has some form of milk to solve almost any infant-feeding problem. Its Alacta, for instance, is a powdered, half skim milk made from a mixture of whole and skim milk for babies who can't take fat; its Nutramigen is a powdered food which can be fed to babies allergic to milk protein.

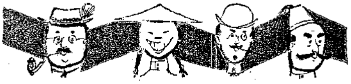
New ideas still keep popping up in the business of catering to America's small fry. One of the latest offers new help for mothers as well as hundreds of new local business opportunities. It started when medicine approved the so-called "terminal method" of sterilizing baby bottles and formula together in one operation.

In San Francisco, an enterprising couple, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wenner, saw that this method, which is essentially the one on which the whole canning industry is based, opened the way for mass production of individual formulas for babies. They set up a company called Baby Formulas, announcing to mothers that now they could abandon a troublesome task. Baby Formulas would prepare them to order in its own plant, deliver up to a week's supply, needing only to be heated, for each infant.

For a flat $4.85, each subscriber gets a week's supply of ready-to-use bottles, along with an electric warmer. A special Travelpak will provide enough bottles for a trip almost anywhere. And when mothers welcomed the idea, Baby Formulas went a step further, offered daily service to hospitals.

This kind of research never ends, for big as it is, the fabulous business of feeding America's babies is getting bigger every day. But it is not rosy prospects alone that keep smiles on the faces of everyone in the baby food industry. What makes them glow is the feeling that what they are doing is really appreciated by American mothers.

How could anyone be hard-boiled about a business that brings a daily flood of mail, full of glowing descriptions and snapshots of well-fed babies, and likely as not ending up with sentiments like that in a recent letter to one company: "Thank you for giving my baby such a wonderful start in life!"



In Other Words

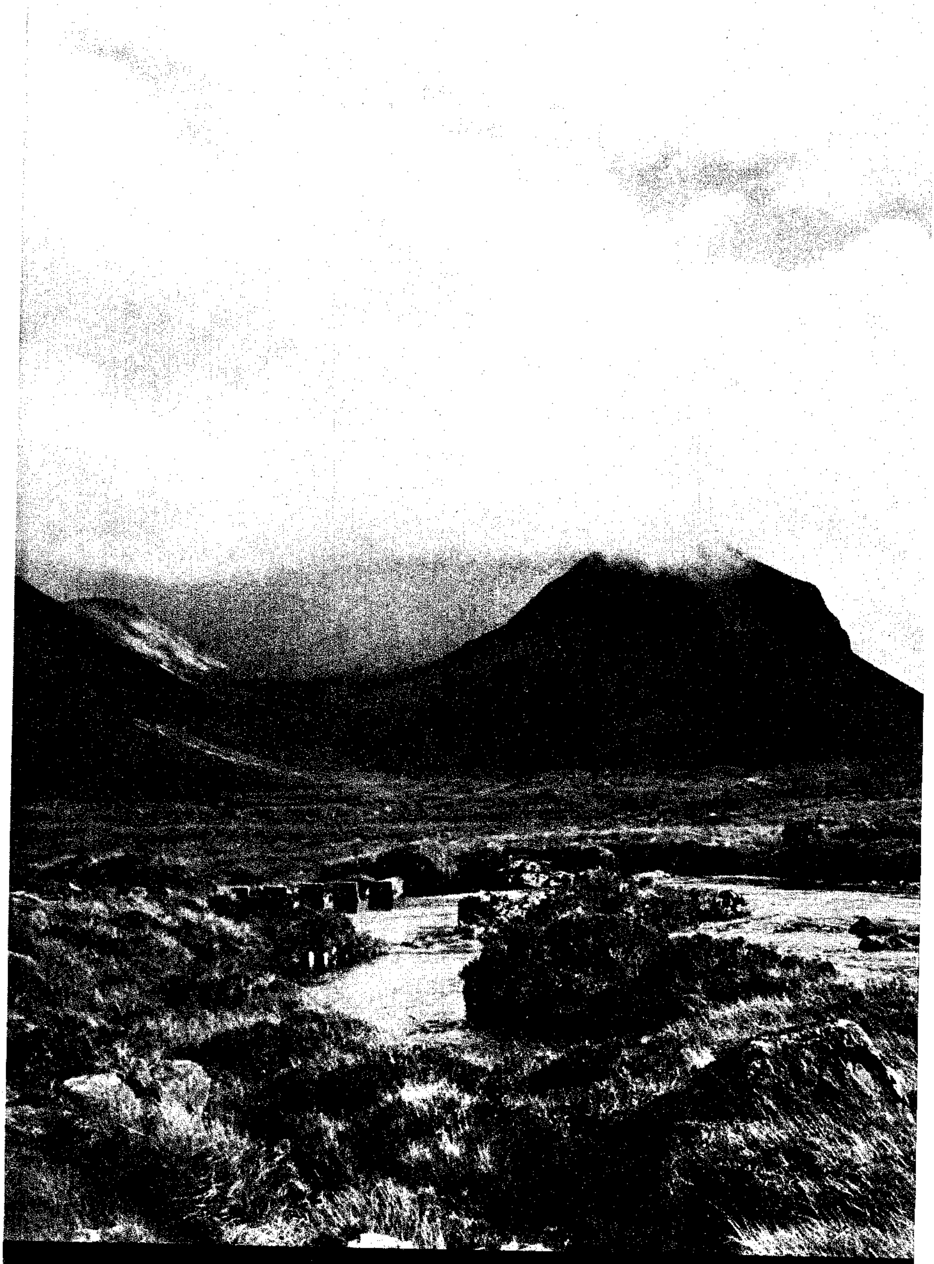
At U.N. Headquarters linguistic attainments are taken for granted. You, however, may not think you are a linguist, but many of the words that you use every day are also words (with different meanings), in other languages. Just pronounce the following words the way you usually do and see what you will be saying in eight other languages!

English	*Other Languages*	*English*	*Other Languages*
ha, ha!	"mother" (Japanese)	nine	"no" (German)
oh!	"water" (French)	ember	"man" (Hungarian)
how	"good" (Chinese)	sit	"lady" (Arabic)
tough	"good" (Hebrew)	mire	"mother" (Armenian)

—*U. N. World*

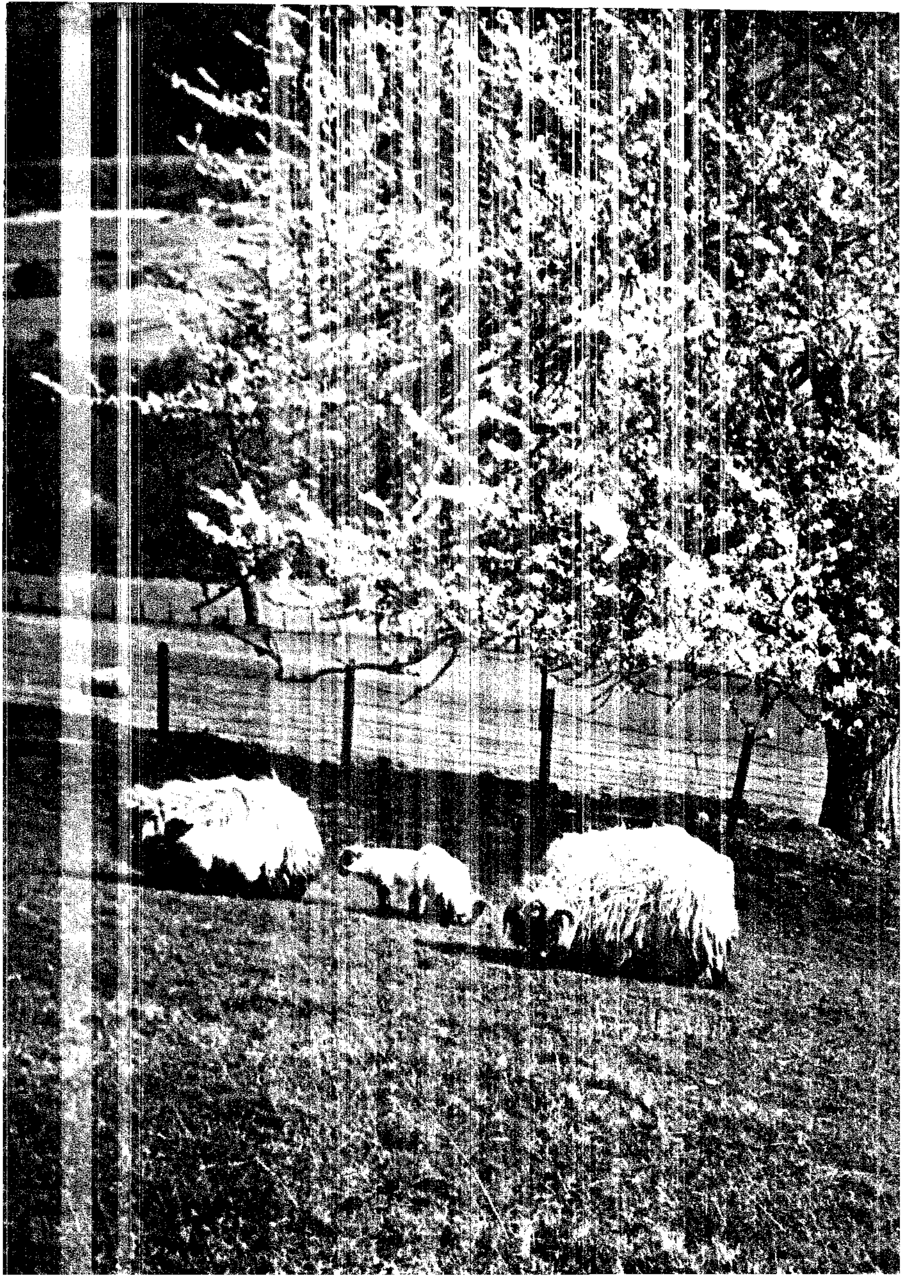
Picture Story

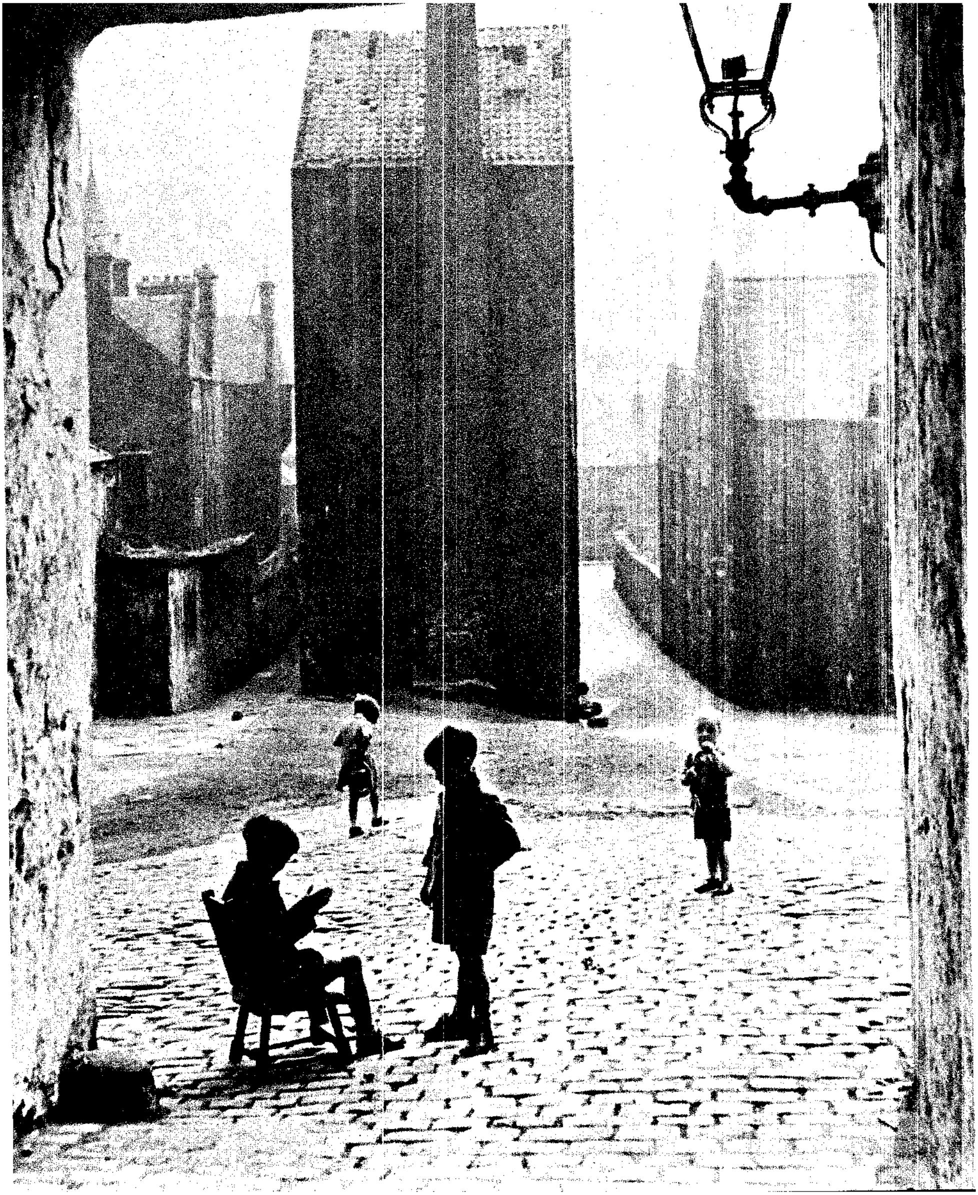
The Romance of Scotland

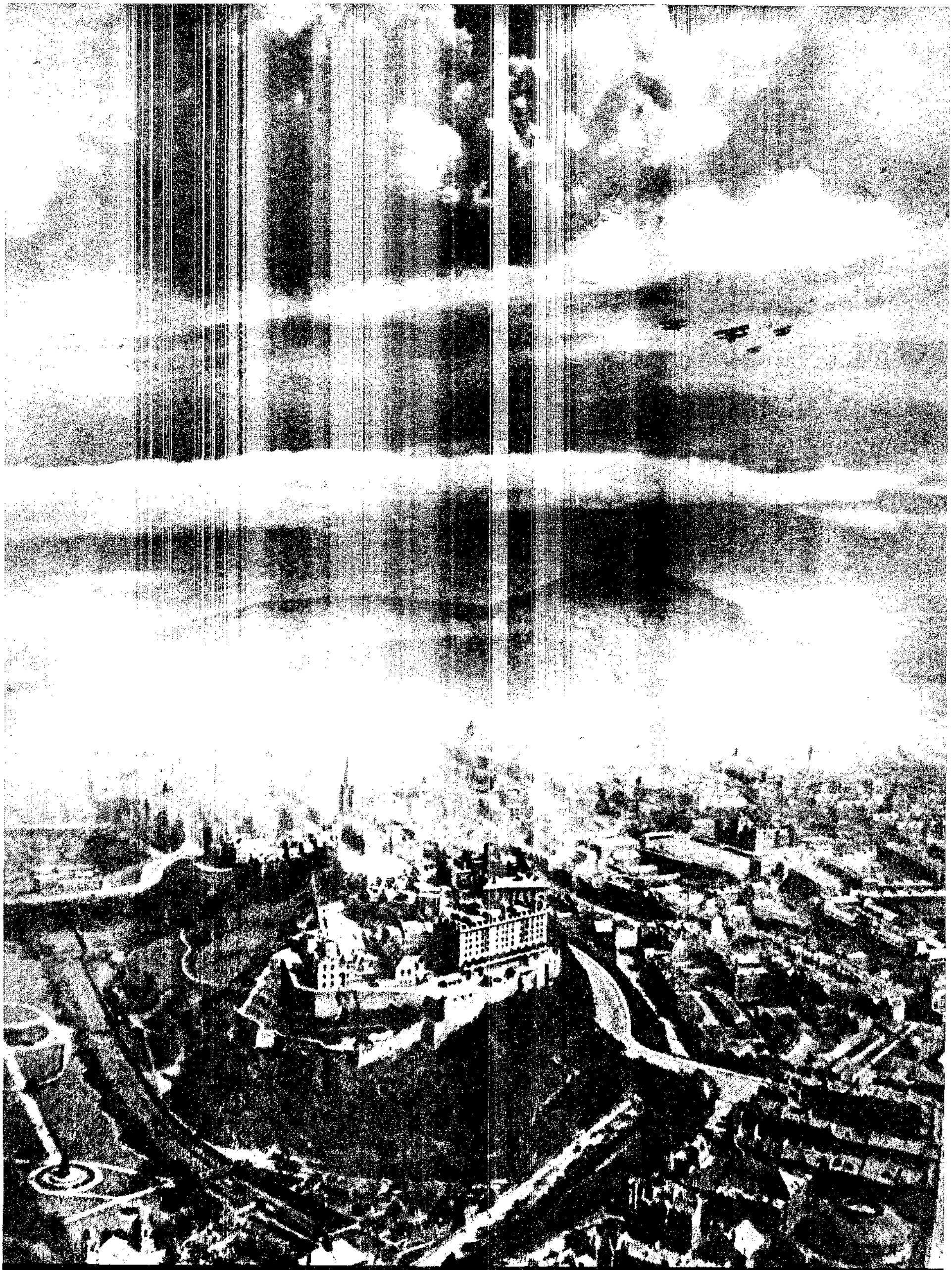


A Scotsman is Scottish first, British second. He may travel far and wide, but he takes with him the indelible images of his homeland: a shrouded moor, jagged peaks—lost in the mists over the Isle of Skye.

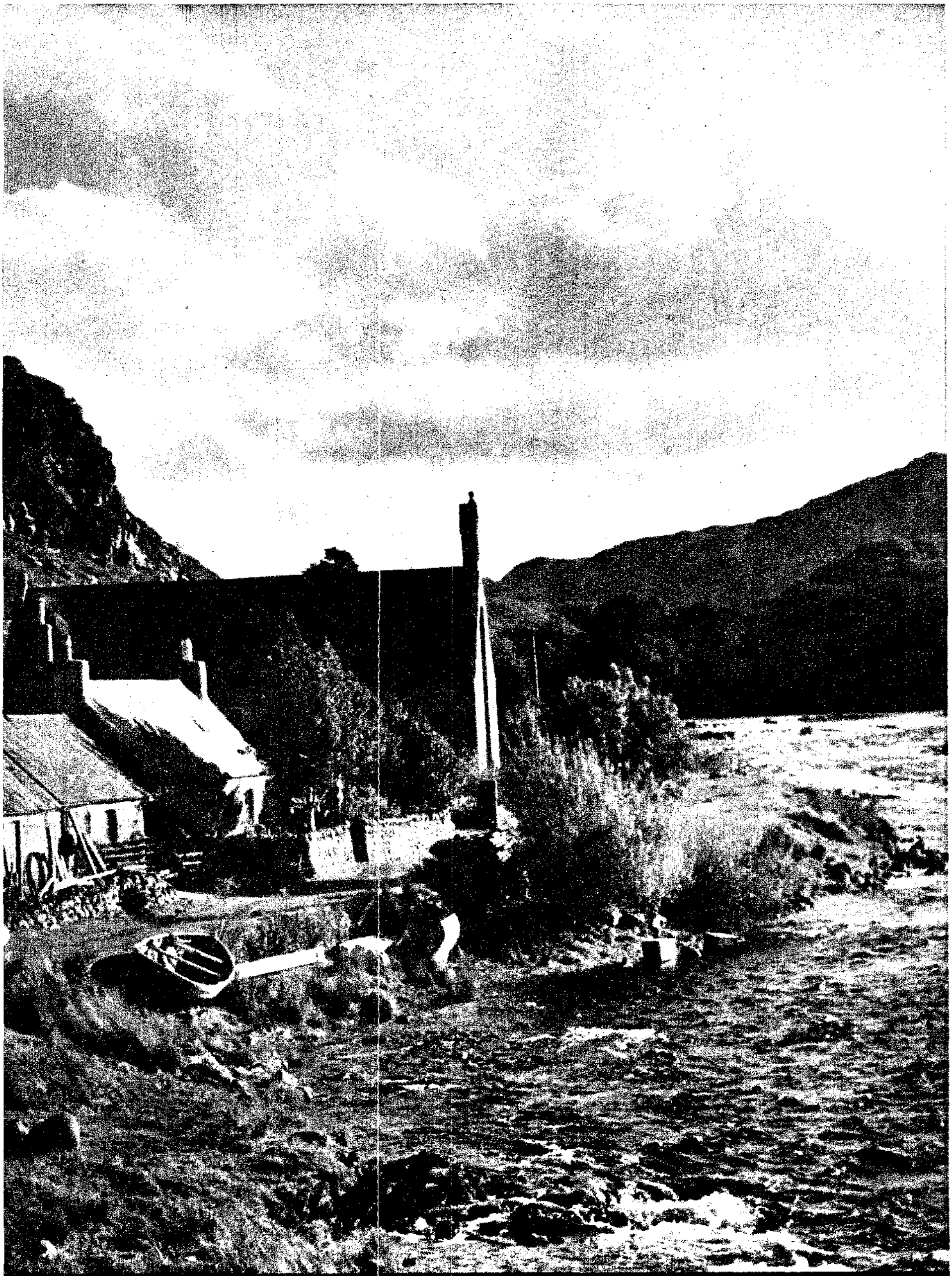
It is 200 years and more since Prince Charles fought on the plains of Glenfinnan. But the stone tower on that spot is a symbol of every Scotsman's independence—and of the strength he draws from yesterday.







The massive, somber rock of Edinburgh Castle broods over the Royal Mile. Despite the encroachments of modernity, the city will always remain the great anvil upon which the history of Scotland was forged.



Somewhere in the Highlands, a turbulent river courses past a village that seems lost in time; and still faintly heard is the song of Bobbie Burns: "From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs."

Grin and Share It

IT WAS THE MINUTE of rest between the ninth and tenth rounds and the battered fighter sat on his stool, his seconds working furiously over his bleeding face.

"I think he's got you whipped," said his manager in disgust.

"Yeah," agreed the pugilist, gazing dizzily through nearly-closed eyes across the ring. "I should have got him in the first round when he was by himself."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A WIDOW, in what was considered by her friends an indecently short time after her husband's death, proceeded to marry his brother. A little while later, she decided to have a party. Acceptances were sent to her by her guests with reluctance and curiosity.

The guests saw a portrait of her deceased spouse over the living room fireplace. One stranger with more temerity than the rest, surveyed it for a few moments in silence, and then asked, "And who is this, Mrs. Blank?"

"Oh," she replied brightly, "that's my poor brother-in-law. He died last April."

—FRANCES RODMAN

AMONG THE SPECTATORS seeing their first bullfight in a border town was an old cow hand. The fight had reached the stage where the matador, armed with only a cape, was taunting the bull to charge him. Avoiding the animal's horns by fractions of an inch, and flipping the cape aside as the bull charged past, he pranced about the arena. At last the old cow hand could stand it no longer. Rising up in the stand he shouted, "Buddy, that bull ain't never gonna run into that sack unless you hold it still!"

—MRS. S. FARROW

RUMOR HAD IT that young Stanley had been jilted, but his cheerful demeanor belied it.

"Has your engagement been broken?" a friend asked bluntly.

"Not exactly," Stanley replied.

"Has it or has it not been broken?" the other insisted.

"Well, it was this way," Stanley wryly explained. "She told me the amount of her annual clothing bill and I told her the amount of my salary; and the engagement just sort of dissolved."

—ADRIAN BIRMINGHAM

A PLANE PASSENGER sat looking out of the window when suddenly he saw a parachutist drifting past him.

"Going to join me?" cried the parachutist.

"No, thanks!" shouted the passenger. "I'm quite happy here."

"Just as you like," called back the parachutist. "I'm the pilot."

—*Hardware and Housewares*

THE YOUNG MINISTER sitting down to dinner was asked by his equally young wife to say grace. He opened the casserole dish which she had diligently prepared from a new French recipe book and an uncounted number of disguised leftovers from the refrigerator.

"Well, I don't know," he said dubiously, not being a casserole man himself. "It seems to me I've blessed all this stuff before." —*Horizons*

Shortly after one Vermonter had had a telephone installed, a neighbor dropped in and found him reading. The telephone was ringing persistently, but the old man took no heed whatever.

"Say," the caller ventured, "ain't that your ring?"

"Ehyah, 'tis."

"Ain'cha goin' to answer it?"

"No," said the other, "I'm busy, and I had that durn thing installed for *my* convenience." —*Capper's Weekly*

While serving as a war correspondent, the late Dixie Tighe arrived at an Army base overseas and was sent to get a vaccination. A sergeant, holding the needle, said: "Roll up your sleeve."

"Uh, uh. Not there," Miss Tighe told him.

"Then roll down your stocking," said the sergeant.

Miss Tighe said, "Uh, uh. Not there either."

"Wait a minute," said the sergeant. "This is a case for a captain."

—Leonard Lyons

The mother of a boy of eight found a slingshot, half a dozen marbles, a broken jackknife, a partly eaten peppermint stick, 30 feet of knotted kite string, a live frog, and three well-used handkerchiefs in her son's pocket, and told him to get rid of them. He did by dumping them all into her pocketbook—and she didn't discover it until three weeks afterward. —Arthur Godfrey

Apparently he was new to the game of golf, for he took numerous swipes at the ball without making any contact. At last, something flew forward in front of him and he straightened up with a happy sigh of satisfaction.

"Thank heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's gone at last!"

"Excuse me, sir," said the caddie, "but that was your wrist watch."

—*Birmingham Weekly Post*

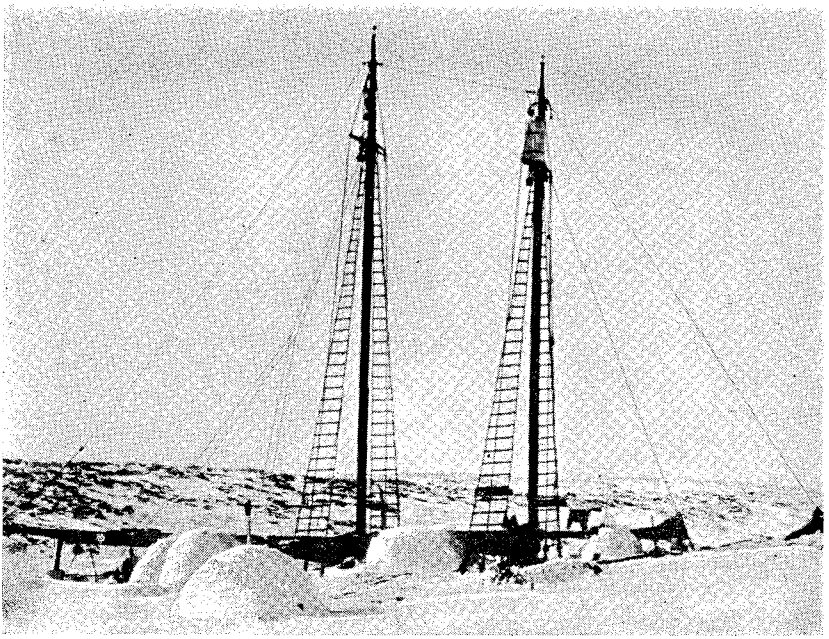
A circus performer who for many years had traveled with P. T. Barnum, acting as a human cannon ball, sought out his boss one morning and brusquely informed him that he was quitting.

"You can't," exploded the showman. "Where would I find another man of your caliber!" —Patricia Gately

A pretty but plump young woman stepped onto the druggist's scale and was shocked at the weight registered. Promptly she slipped off her coat, and tried again. The results were still unflattering, so she took off her shoes. But then she discovered she was out of pennies.

Without a moment's hesitation a young man, who had been watching with interest, stepped forward. "Don't stop now," he volunteered. "I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours." —*Typo-Graphic*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Commander MacMillan's ship, *The Bowdoin*, frozen-in at the Arctic.

How a radio shortened Arctic night and made your world smaller

At the turn of the century any explorer who dared the Arctic was sealed in a wasteland of silence, cut off with no way of communicating with the world outside.

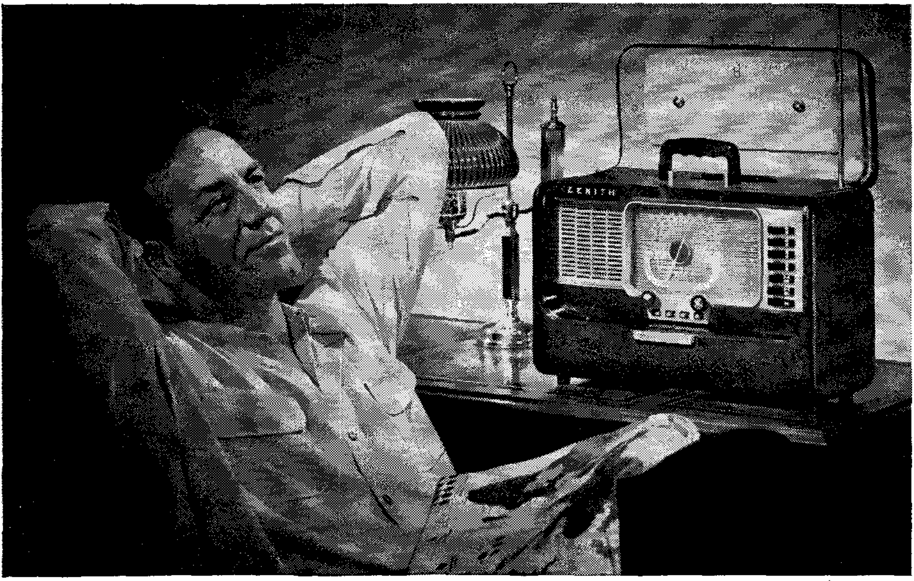
Then, in 1925, Commander Donald B. MacMillan's National Geographic Arctic Expedition sailed *The Bowdoin* into Polar Waters. Aboard was Short Wave radio equipment, up to that time thought to have no practical value.

11 degrees from the Pole the MacMillan Expedition transmitted to the battleship *USS Seattle*, cruising off Tasmania on the other side of the earth. This marked the first practical use of Short Wave by the Navy.

And, through the long Arctic night, the Expedition was able to keep in constant touch with civilization.

From these historic experiments in Short Wave—using Zenith equipment—came the idea for a Zenith super-portable Short Wave Radio that was to make the world your next door neighbor. *Read about it on the pages following.*

Advertisement



Explore the world from an easy chair with

It is the most exciting radio in the world. It has served in every climate, and won its combat ribbons in World War II. (Eight thousand were used by the Polish Underground alone.) Even now it is bringing the voice of "The States" to war-weary vets in Korea. It is a travelling companion of the famous, a "must" with correspondents, diplomats, sportsmen, statesmen, executives. Language students find it a "trip abroad."

With it you can sit in your easy chair and go behind the Iron Curtain with the twist of a dial. You can drop in on Rome, London, Lisbon, Rio, Berlin—hear history as it happens in 73 countries now broadcasting in English and their native language.

You can enjoy music with all its native charm and color. You can eavesdrop on ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore phone conversations.

You can get Marine and weather reports, amateur stations, police calls. You can enjoy everything Standard Broadcast has to offer—music, variety, sports... and hear it clear, rich-toned.

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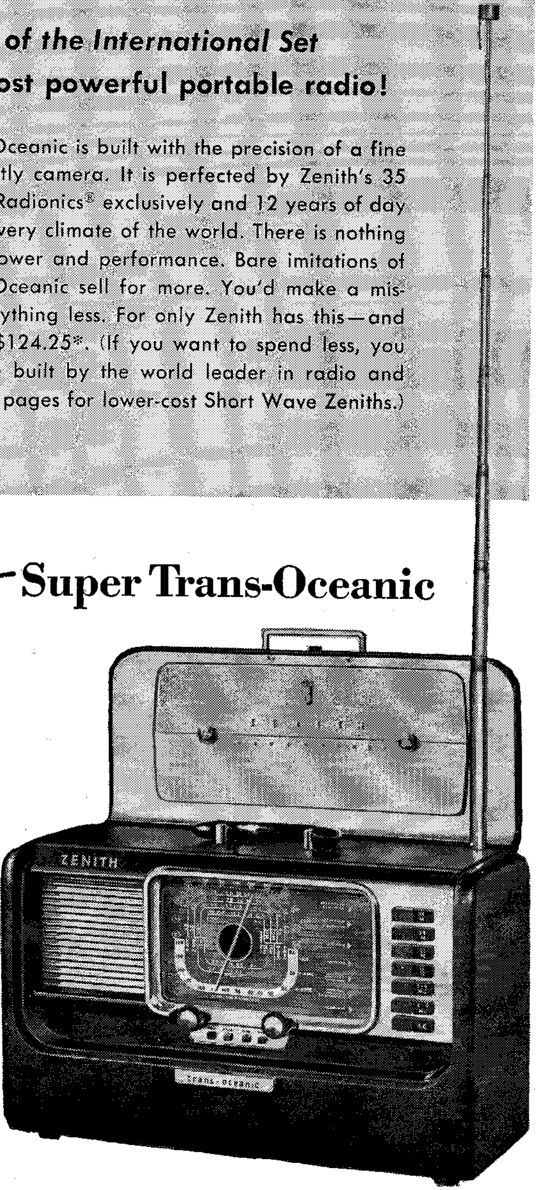
The Leader of the International Set
—the world's most powerful portable radio!

The Zenith Super Trans-Oceanic is built with the precision of a fine watch, the care of a costly camera. It is perfected by Zenith's 35 years of "know-how" in Radionics® exclusively and 12 years of day to day performance in every climate of the world. There is nothing to compare with it for power and performance. Bare imitations of the Zenith Super Trans-Oceanic sell for more. You'd make a mistake to pay more for anything less. For only Zenith has this—and it can be yours for just $124.25*. (If you want to spend less, you can still own a portable built by the world leader in radio and short wave. See the next pages for lower-cost Short Wave Zeniths.)

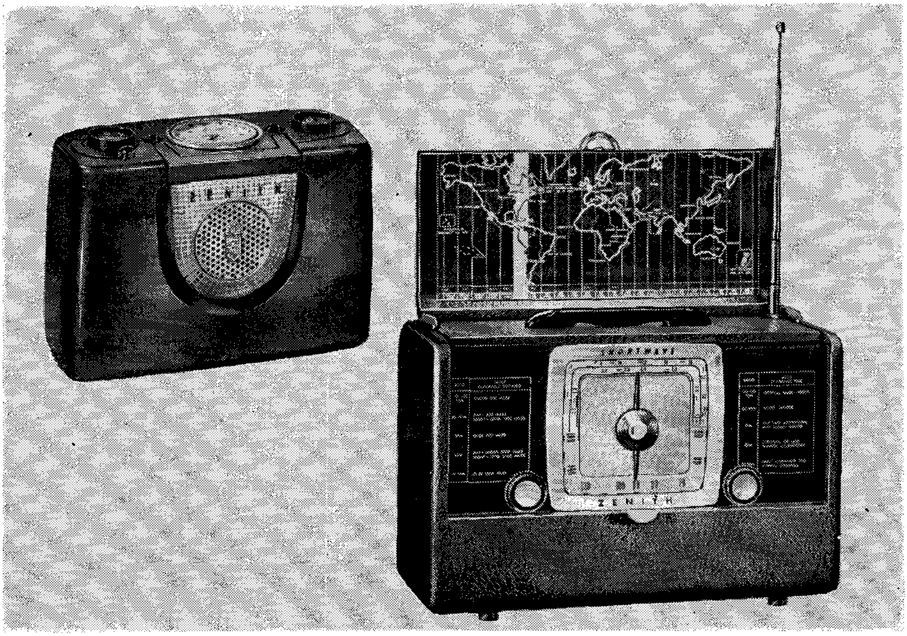
the ZENITH Super Trans-Oceanic

- World-wide reception
- Push-button selection of all bands
- Over-sized speaker for console tone
- Plays 3 ways—AC, DC or Battery
- Super-powered battery for longer play
- Big, easy-to-read dial for easy tuning
- Radiorgan tone control—choice of 16 combinations
- Tropically treated to work in humid climates, ships
- Works anywhere: in steel buildings, planes, trains, boats, tropics or Arctic
- The original, the 12-year proved Short Wave Portable



Around the world...

YOU'LL HAVE FAR MORE FUN WITH



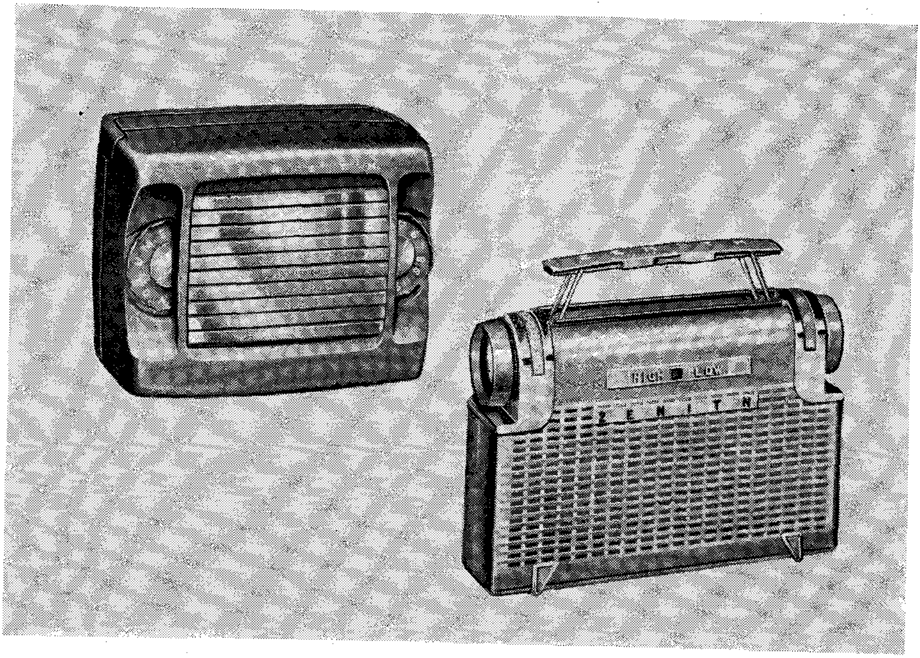
Imagine! A Zenith Short Wave Portable as low as $49.95

New—a compact Standard and Short Wave portable in one at a low, low price! Zenith's rich-toned speaker and iron core Wavemagnet® antenna improve Short Wave reception. Automatic Battery Saver provides up to 200 hours of battery performance. Quick warm-up tubes start set immediately on AC, DC or Battery. In Maroon plastic. 8″ high; 12″ wide; 5½″ deep. The Zenith "Voyager," Model L406. $49.95*.

Another Zenith achievement: 2 International Short Wave bands plus complete Standard Broadcast at an unsually low price. You get Marine and weather service and the major Short Wave bands. Pull-up Waverod® increases sensitivity. Tropically treated chassis. International time scale map on lift-up lid. AC, DC or Battery. Black Stag Case. 10½″ high; 15⅞″ wide; 7⅜″ deep. The Zenith "Meridian," Model L507. $89.95*.

or around the country

A ZENITH POWERIZED PORTABLE!



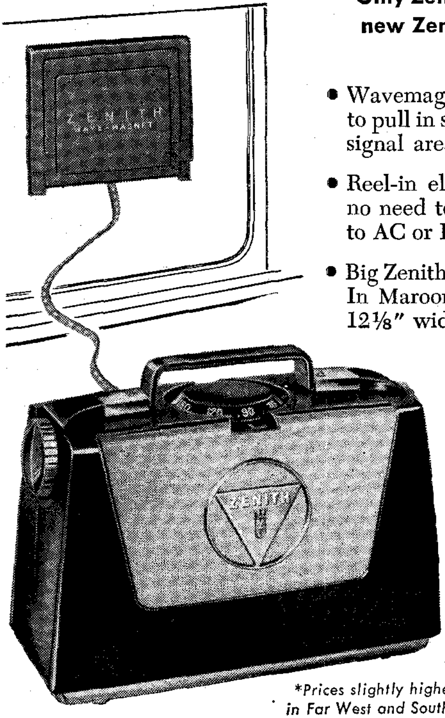
For the back yard or beach, home or picnic table

Even distant stations are no problem for this powerful 3-way portable. Covers the entire range of Standard Broadcast. Zenith speaker has a heavier Alnico 5 magnet for extra power. Zenith built-in Wavemagnet® antenna has new iron core loop for increased sensitivity. Collapsible handle. Plays on AC, DC or Battery. In a choice of colors, 6⅛" high; 8$\frac{1}{16}$" wide; 4¾" deep. The Zenith "Zenette," Model L403. $39.95*.

This Zenith has up to 10 times more battery life . . . plus a new Zenith-built speaker that gives you tone beauty you'd expect to find only in a set much larger than the compact "Personal." "Range Finder" Switch can be set for either local or distant reception—conserves battery. Battery only. Choice of colors, 6" high; 8½" wide; 2$\frac{3}{16}$" deep. The Zenith "Personal," Model L401. From $29.95*.

Turn the page for the sensational* ZENITH *"Universal"

World's only Standard Broadcast Portable with Wavemagnet® Antenna and Reel-in Electric Cord



Only Zenith's engineers could bring you this new Zenith "Universal" Portable—a really long-distance performer!

- Wavemagnet® antenna tilts out from back of set to pull in stations with greater clarity even in weak signal areas. Only Zenith has this!
- Reel-in electric cord winds itself automatically—no need to open set when changing from battery to AC or DC. Only Zenith has this!
- Big Zenith-built Alnico speaker gives glorious tone. In Maroon, Ebony or Glacier Green. 8⅜" high; 12⅛" wide; 5¼" deep. Model L505—$54.95*.

One of these 6 dependable Zenith portable battery-powered radios is as necessary in your home as a flashlight in case of electric power failure caused by an air raid or any other emergency.

ZENITH

The royalty of television and RADIO®

Backed by 35 years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively. Also makers of fine hearing aids.
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill.

**Prices slightly higher in Far West and South.*

See your local Zenith dealer for a demonstration or consult the yellow pages of your phone book for name and address of nearest dealer.

For more information on any of these radios, mail this coupon

Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. C73
Chicago 39, Illinois

Please send me more information on the Zenith________________Portable Radio. I understand this information is Free, and no one will call on me.

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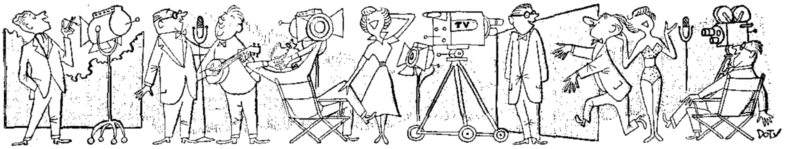
City____________________*Zone*______*State*____________

So Say the Stars



I ALWAYS LIKE to hear a man talk about himself, because then I never hear anything but good. —Will Rogers

MY WIFE COOKS for fun—for food we go to a restaurant. —Bob Hawk

A BEAUTY CONTEST is like a tennis match, only instead of going from left to right, the heads of the audience go up and down. —Phil Baker

USUALLY JUST BY looking at a girl, you can tell what kind of a past she's going to have. —Arthur Godfrey

MOST WOMEN marry for keeps. They keep asking for furs; keep asking for jewels . . . —Vivian Blaine

SHE'S THE SORT of a girl you bring home to meet your mother—after you lock your father in the garage! —Bob Hope

COLLEGE PROFESSORS are the fellows who get what's left after the football coach is paid off. —Joan Davis

I REFUSE TO believe that dollar bills carry germs. Germs couldn't live on a dollar bill these days. —Ronald Rogers

IF YOU'RE ON A health diet, it don't make you live longer—it only seems longer. —Jimmy Durante

IT'S ALWAYS a good idea to keep your words soft and sweet, because you never know when you will have to eat them! —Dave Garroway

NO MATTER WHAT we've learned since 1492, today the world is flat. —Eddie Cantor

COLUMBUS DISCOVERED America so that if some other country needed money, they'd have a place to borrow it from. —Judy Canova

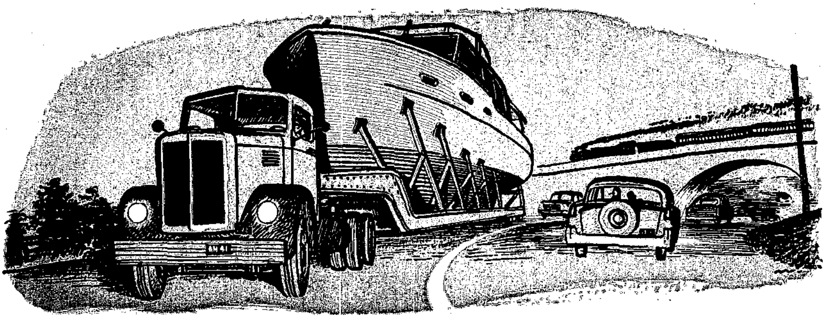
I FIGURE marriage is like a suit of long underwear. Once you're in it, you're always itching to get out. —Herb Shriner

HAPPINESS often sneaks in through a door you didn't know you had left open. —John Barrymore

THE MAN WHO said there's a place for everything forgot your elbows when you sit between two fat people at a movie. —Cedric Adams

THERE'S ONE THING that can be said for late marriages. They don't last so long. —Eddie Davis

SINCE WOMEN have been wearing shorter skirts, there have been 50 per cent fewer car accidents. Why not eliminate such accidents entirely? —Milton Berle, *Out Of My Trunk* (Grayson Publishing Corp.)



Woman Skipper of Highway Boats

by **WILLIAM BANCROFT MELLOR**

Young Helen Slocum built an idea and a few dollars into a unique, thriving business

HAVE YOU EVER DRIVEN past an inland lake, thousands of miles from the nearest ocean, and wondered how the big seagoing yachts on its waters ever got there?

Back in 1932, Helen Werner Slocum, with three small and hungry children to feed and only $2.50 in the bank, wondered about it, too. And out of her curiosity grew a business which now grosses $250,000 a year.

Mrs. Slocum, a petite redhead, is president and active operating head of the Boat Transit Company, world's largest concern devoted exclusively to boat hauling. Her big, specially designed trucks cruise the highways of America from coast to coast, carrying everything from speedboats to 49-foot cabin cruisers, while from her office in St. Clair Shores, Michigan, the lady commodore of this dry-land tugboat fleet follows their movements as closely as a steamship line keeps tabs on its vessels at sea.

In a pinch, she can take over the duties of any one of her 25 employees, from manning a winch and cradling a cruiser aboard a low-bed trailer to driving the tractor which hauls it. She has done it, for when she got into the unusual business in 1932, it was a one-woman show.

Finding herself, at 24, with no resources but a second-hand tractor-trailer that her husband, a free-lance auto-hauler, had left behind when the couple separated, she went into the trucking business—but with a different twist.

Remembering those boats on the inland lake, she invested 50 cents of her $2.50 in a yachting magazine. Then she sat down and wrote to every boat-building firm whose advertisement she found, offering her transportation services.

"I didn't know much about the trucking business, and I didn't know anything about boats," she admits, "but it seemed like a good idea, because at that time there was not a single firm which specialized in that type of hauling."

She got three replies from that first batch of letters. One of them was from the Richardson Boat Company in North Tonowanda, New York, which wanted a boat hauled to Louisville. Mrs. Slocum took the job, got the boat loaded on her trailer—and then found she would have to get special highway permits from the states she had to cross.

"I thought I was out of business right there," she says, "because the cost of those permits was $65, and all I had in the world was a little over a dollar in change. So I just went back to the Richardson office and told them honestly what the situation was. When they finished laughing, they advanced me the money and I was on my way."

Although she had little competition from over-the-road haulers, jobs in those early days were few and far between, for the boat business had yet to start the upsurge which was to result in the present record total of nearly 5,000,000 privately owned small boats. As word got around, however, business picked up to a point where she no longer could handle it by herself, and she persuaded her younger brother, Bernie, now indispensable to her as her operations manager, to quit his office job in Grand Rapids and drive for her. She also rented a small trailer to use behind her own coupe.

One of the first jobs she got for the new trailer was hauling a speedboat from Michigan to Chippewa Lake, Medina, Ohio, for sportsman Parker Beach of Akron. All went well until, rounding a curve, she was on a section of freshly tarred road before she knew it. She hadn't yet learned to back a trailer, and there was nothing to do but go on.

When she got off the tarred stretch, Mrs. Slocum climbed out, went back to look at her load . . . and almost collapsed in panic. The beautiful white speedboat was now a mottled brownish black.

Pulling into a gasoline station, she bought a gallon of kerosene, borrowed a rag and went to work. With the help of a passing motorist who volunteered his services, she got most of the tar off. But the boat still had a pretty sickish look.

"Don't worry about it," advised the motorist, "just take it on to Akron. The old coot will never know the difference. Take my word for it."

So she did. But when she delivered the boat to Beach, she almost sank through the floor. Yes, the owner was the man who had helped her at the gas station.

The red-haired lady trucker met one crisis after another in those early days, and licked them. Once, when she was towing a powerboat over a little-used detour on a West Virginia mountainside, she came to a curve so sharp the big rig couldn't make it without slipping off the side. Below was a 400-foot drop, and no place to turn around. Helen and her brother got out the heavy planks they had brought along to skid the boat off the truck at its destination, and with them built an extension of the roadway, jutting over the side of the cliff. Then, very gingerly, they drove around the curve to safety, reloaded the platform, and went on their way.

GETTING READY TO move a boat overland is pretty much like planning a cruise at sea. The exact route has to be selected, avoiding towns where traffic is heavy, narrow bridges and low underpasses.

Bridges cause the greatest trouble. Frequently, they are just high enough for boat and trailer to squeeze through.

That happened once when she contracted to haul two identical cruisers to the Chicago Boat Show. One went under the 95th Street viaduct like a breeze. The other arrived at the show without any cabin roof. Between trips, the roadway had iced up, eliminating the tiny margin of clearance, and the cabin roof had snagged on a rivet head projecting from the underpass.

Helen Slocum's peak operations occurred during the war, when her trucks hauled 7,640 landing craft, seagoing tugs and assault craft for the government alone. During those operations she frequently worked around the clock.

One of her rush jobs involved transporting an Army catamaran—a boat with twin hulls joined by a raftlike platform surmounted by a deckhouse—from Detroit, Michigan, to Ogdensburg, New York. The "cat" was 22 feet wide—wider than some of the roads over which it was carried—and in several small towns, mailboxes along the curbs had to be taken down by the Army escort to allow its passage. But it made the 622-mile trip in two and a half days.

Mrs. Slocum gets most of her business today from big boat-builders like Chris-Craft, Matthews, Lyman, Century and Richardson, all of which are centered around the Great Lakes area, but orders for hauling boats come from the East and South, as well.

Her longest haul was from coast-to-coast in two jumps, when she ferried a big racing yacht from Rhode Island to Detroit, then took it on to the West Coast when the owner sold it to a Seattle man.

The lady tugboater has come a long way indeed since that first haul for Richardson. She now has a big, well-equipped terminal in St. Clair Shores; a comfortable, rambling brick bungalow in exclusive Grosse Pointe Shores; two boats—a racing sloop and an express cruiser on Lake St. Clair; and she has put her children through college—all because of curiosity over boats on that inland lake.

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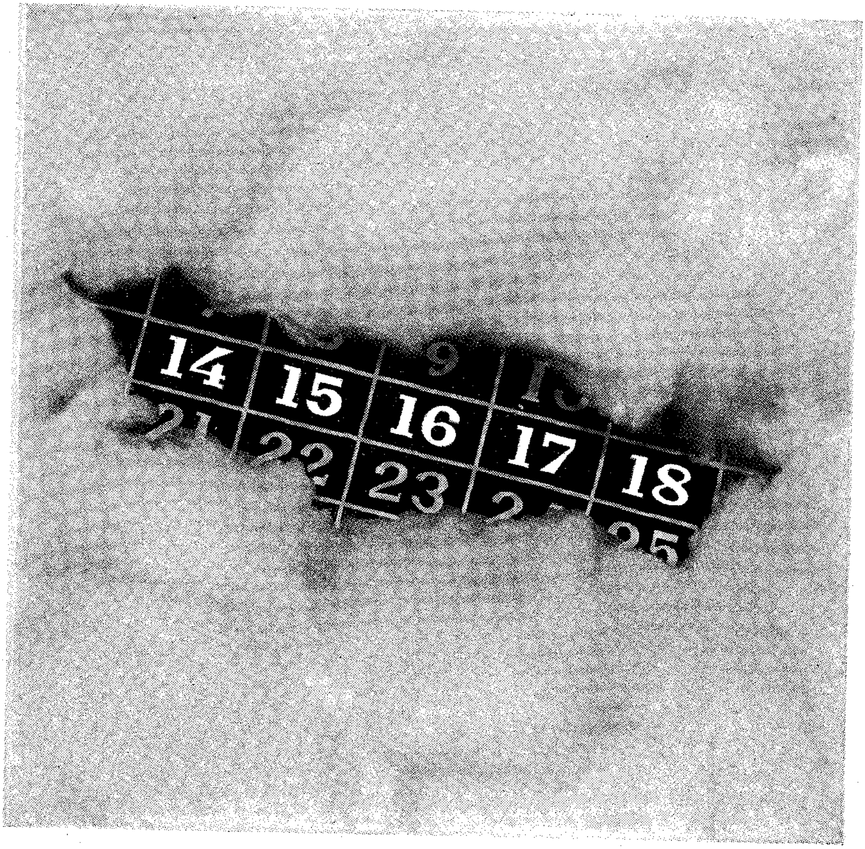

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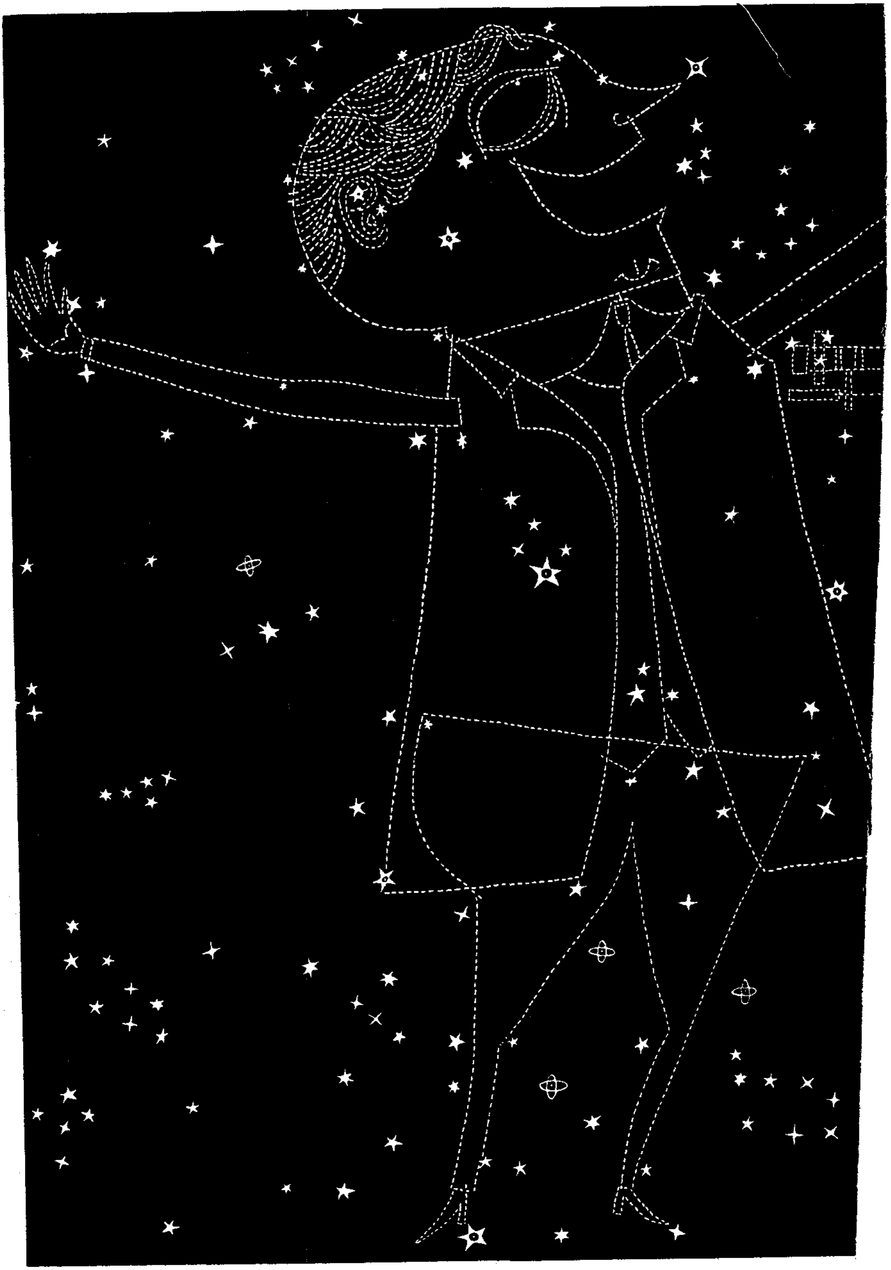

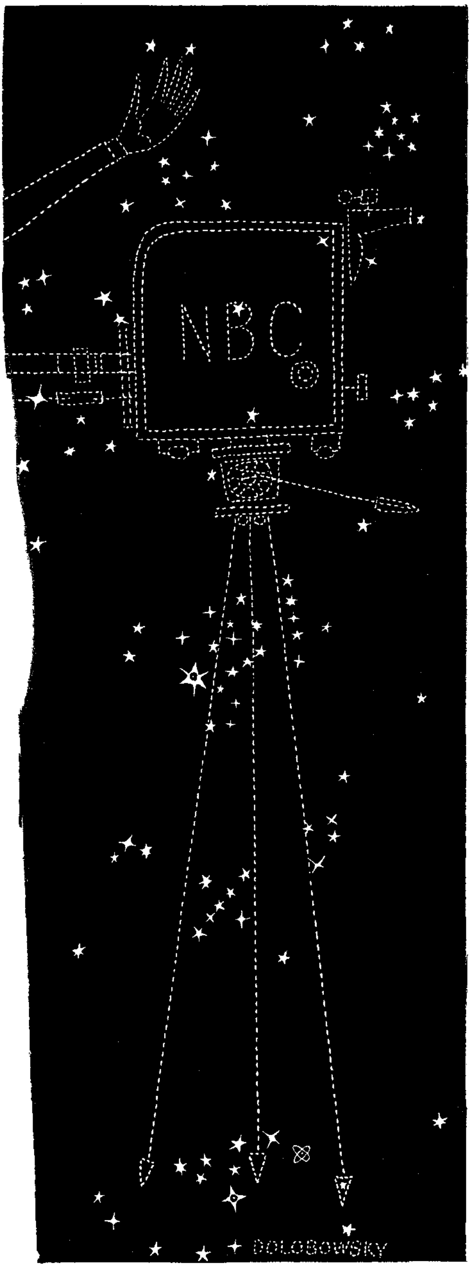

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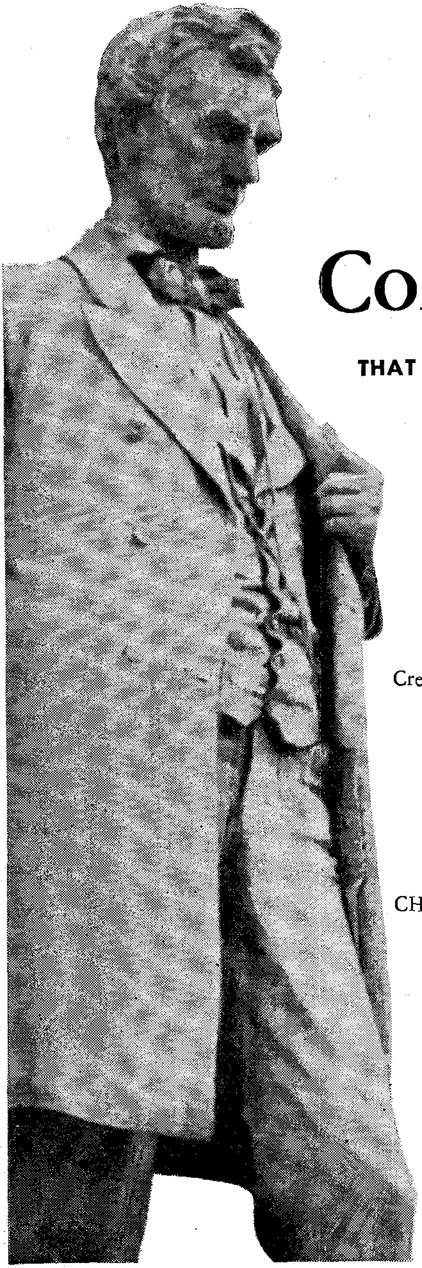

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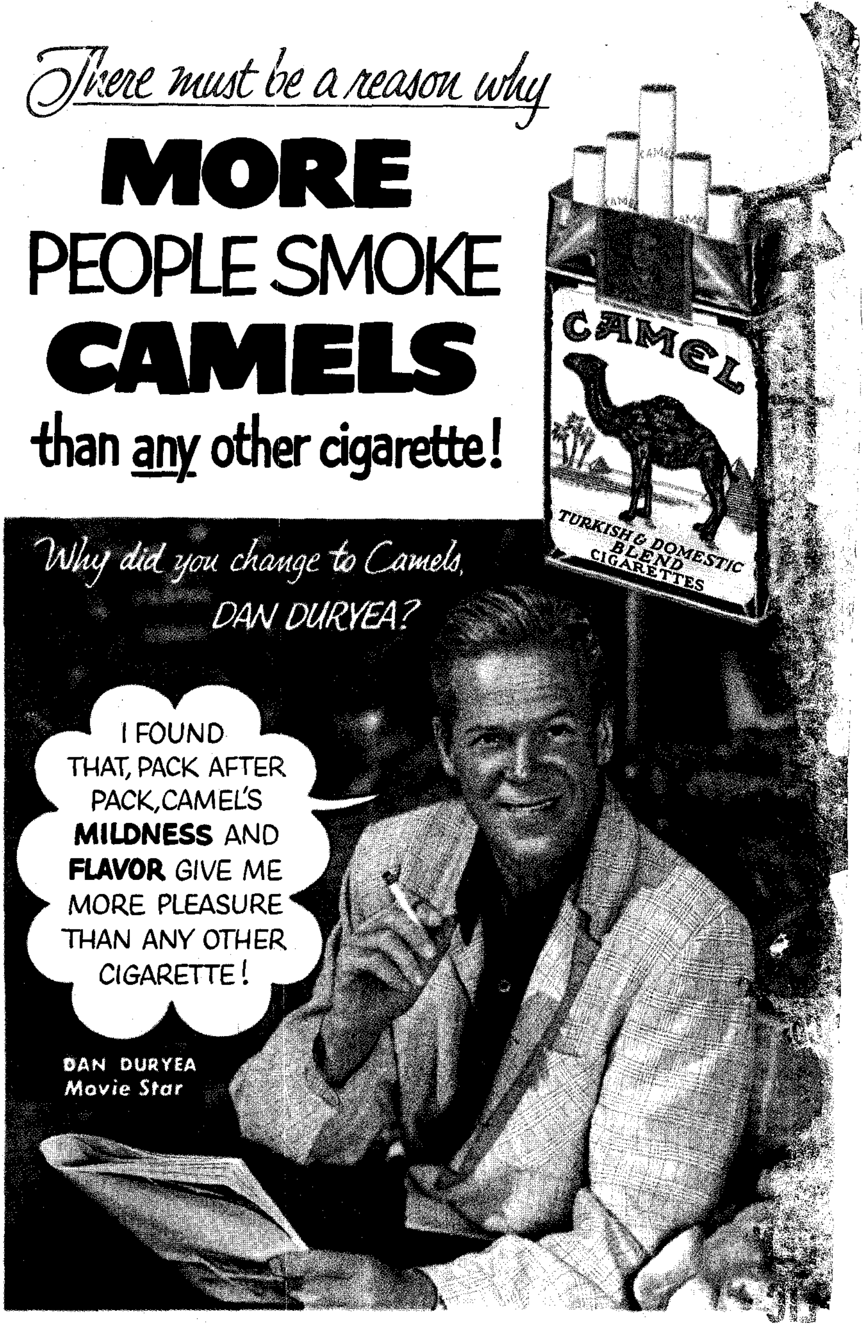
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